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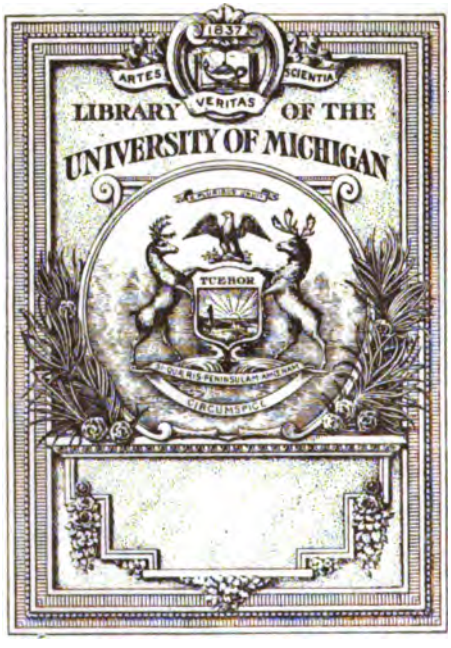

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1878.

THE BASILICA.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

PART V.

MATERIALS AND MOSAIC ORNAMENT.

I HAVE rambled from the word at the head of this paper into various parts of the subject of Christian architecture, considerably, but I trust excusably. The best excuse for wandering about on a subject is, I believe, to induce one's readers to follow one's devious course, and at all events to bring them back *ad rem*. Now, we could not well have begun about materials in explaining the word Basilica, though we should have had to do so in building the thing Basilica. That is the difference between analysis or investigation, and synthesis or construction: one takes the whole thing to pieces to see what it is made of; the other brings the materials or pieces together, simplest first, and makes the whole thing. I have been trying to be analytic or explanatory, and now I have got from the whole thing to the simplest or earliest part of its construction, *i.e.* to what it was built of.

I do not see why the materials of a building should not be considered, just before one begins about its decoration; for the nature of the decoration depends, in reason and practice, on the materials of construction. For instance, mosaics, the subject we are trying to get to, and cannot at present get to, are more properly used in a brick building than a stone one; in a cavern, or catacomb, or a church of cognate architecture, than in a Gothic cathedral of fine stone: in a hot bright Eastern climate than in France, England, or Germany. Then materials affect ornament naturally, because they influence construction. In Egypt, the rectilinear and horizontal character of the architecture, say Messrs. Texier and Pullan, and the employment of innumerable columns, suited a country which furnished shafts and blocks of unlimited size, as did the quarries of porphyry and grey or

red granite. The builders had only to cut blocks from the mountain's side of the dimensions required for the erection and covering of their temples. Of course, when your construction is marble or fine stone, your ornament is sculptural. Then again the Egyptian surface ornament, its excellences of sharp and shallow cutting, reliance on accurate outline, the great sense of character which followed as a matter of course, its breadth, solidity, and dignity of endurance like the everlasting hills—all this depends on the hardness of the granite. Marble is comparatively soft, plenty of it is cream-white, you can modify line or form in it with a light touch of chisel or rasp, its texture expresses light, shade, and projection, as well as paper and chalk, and better; it is made for sculpture of beauty. Granite is intensely hard; if you are to carve anything in it it must be by heavy blows; you cannot cut the fingers of a hand in high separate relief in it, because you would knock them all off before you had marked the joints in one. Granite is made for sculpture of awe and power, for temples of eternal record, for monumental history. Had the Greeks tried to work in granite, and the Egyptians in marble, the records of Abou Simbel would all have perished long ago, and the Venus de Medici, as Professor Ruskin says, would look like some exquisitely graceful description of frog.

In Egypt then, where the best limestone and sandstone for building, and the best granite and porphyry for ornament, were ready to hand in unlimited quantity, the architecture was entirely and in all respects a stone architecture, the decoration in its more striking features sculptural,* both in bas-relief and in detached statuary, and the whole powers of the builder were directed to the use of unlimited means with unlimited power. Hence the colossal character of their buildings, and hence their eternal endurance. The Pyramids are like natural features in a landscape. All travellers will tell you the same story of how they impress them with the idea of a human work taking rank in actual greatness with a minor hill or a cliff, or some marked detail of the work of God. Whether one sees them (as one generally does for the first time) towards evening from the train running into Cairo from Alexandria, purple against the unnamable hues of the afterglow, or (as one oftenest takes leave of them in starting for Sinai) grey or rose-tinted shadows on the pink African desert—they take the sunrise or sunset like mountains and no less. Well, as we have said, the Parthenon, though not so vast, is built on the same principle of unlimited liability, defying time and crime, the great enemies; and so are many Sicilian temples and the colonnades of Pæstum. This is stone or marble architecture; horizontal and of the lintel: not incrusted or plated with any richer material, but showing what it is; adorned with devices cut in its own substance, or jewelled with yet richer stones, as

* I know there is indefinite use of colour; but it begins as an addition to bas-relief, and is continued for record and historical or descriptive purposes; it is subordinate both to architectural *construction* and glyptic *decoration*.

the rarer marbles, granites, and porphyries. Its construction should be of superfluous strength, and it is regardless of expense.

Greece, then, so far resembled Egypt in her great early buildings. But the construction of Rome was all brick, and therefore much nearer akin to the early works of Assyria and Babylonia. Their architects had neither wood nor building stone; and they adopted a style of construction quite unlike their contemporaries in the valley of the Nile. They had to use bricks, sometimes only sunburnt,* consequently they had to build immensely thick and massive walls, in the first place, and to use arcades, instead of architraves, in the second. There is no doubt that the vault appeared in Assyria in times of the most remote antiquity. Further, as to decoration: 'Nineveh was built on a stratum of alabaster, and that material was employed for the decoration of her public buildings. There, the column, the most elegant and varied feature of architecture, is entirely wanting; it is to be found only in Persepolis, a town situated at the foot of a high limestone mountain, which furnished blocks of every dimension.' (Texier and Pullan, Introd. p. 1.) The brick-builders of Babylon had the immense advantage of bitumen for cement. 'Brick had they for stone, and slime instead of mortar;' and the use of the arch, vault, and cupola followed quite naturally.

Let us just understand that what we call a brick would not have passed for one in Roman times or before. The classical brick was much more like a large square tile, one and a half inch thick, and it will be seen how easily such materials bound into round arches. The Lydian form, so called, was the smallest, about one foot by one and a half inches; then the tetradoron and pentadoron, four or five palms square. The excellence of the mortar used from the Augustan age (and indeed long before) down to the later successors of Constantine, made both Greeks and Romans rather prefer brick walls in the matter of strength; they were held to resist the battering-ram better in fortification (Texier and Pullan, p. 5); being more of a single mass like a rock, and capable of being beaten to powder at a given point, without much shock to the construction elsewhere. They were used like ashlar-work for the outer shell of a great wall, its core being formed of concrete.

The opus reticulatum,† like the meshes of a net, was the native or truly Roman form of stonework. It consists of small square long-shaped blocks of peperino, or of the lithoid or building-tufa of Italy, and is hardly to be found out of the peninsula. When used with pumice-stone, it made walls and arches of wonderful lightness and strength, especially when it was also cemented (as was often the case) with the Puzzuolana-sand cement, which was to the Romans what bitumen was to the Babylonians. The blocks were about six inches

* The Babylonian bricks were baked in kilns. *Herodotus* i. 179.

† See D'Agincourt, *Architecture*, pl. 71, vol. iv., and text in vol. i.; also the Muro Torto in Rome, between the Porta del Popolo and the Villa Borghese.

long, and generally used as facing over internal rubble-work. Masonry was called *certum* if in square stones, *incertum* if there was any irregularity of form. Walls of the latter sort were often bound together by angles and horizontal courses of good brickwork. The Romans had of course learnt how to build round arches in large blocks of stone from the Etruscans. All visitors to Rome remember the opening of the Cloaca Maxima into the Tiber near the Temple of Vesta. It may well stand to this day, for it is formed of three tiers of arches one within the other, built of great hewn blocks, wedged into a mass without cement. The interior is a semicircular vault of about fourteen feet in diameter. Nevertheless the tetradoron or the pentadoron of fifteen inches square, and an inch-and-quarter thick, or smaller sizes in smaller edifices, were the chief materials of Roman buildings up to the time of Augustus;—and when he said * he had found Rome of brick (*lateritiam*) but left her marble, *marmoream*, he meant, not that he had reconstructed the city, but introduced the practice of incrustation, and covering brickwork with marble. The relieving arch in large walls, where bricks are arrayed in solid arch form so as to hang together and save downward dead-weight pressure, is said to be an invention of his time.

The Byzantine builders of course used much the same material as the Romans. The Puzzuolana sand,† indeed, was sent in large quantities to Constantinople in the first instance, for building purposes, with other materials and decorations. (Used one third, with one third lime, and one third brickdust.) But the principle of incrustation (and mosaic is only one form of incrustation out of many) seems to be derived altogether from the brick architecture of Greece and Rome, and from the great change which took place in the latter in Augustus' time.

Roman bricks are often historical documents on which dates and questions on other issues may depend. Every tetradoron or pentadoron had its date and the mark of its maker, down to the time of Justinian at earliest. The monogram of our Lord is often found on bricks used in church-building;‡ for secular architecture, the names of the consuls or emperors were used. There is a really interesting question of date in the catacombs, which is up to a certain point effectually settled in this way. The tomb or vault of St. Domitilla is the most ancient part of the catacomb or cemetery which bears her name, and in part that of her attendants SS. Nereus and Achilles. If the original tomb really was made to receive her body, we are sure that we possess the grave of a granddaughter of Vespasian, a confessor, and the wife of a martyr.

* "Ut jure sit gloriatus, marmoream se relinquere, quam lateritiam accepisset. —SUETONIUS. *Octav.* 28.

† See Texier and Pullan, *Byzantine Architecture*, Introd.

‡ T. Flavius Clemens, the husband, or possibly the brother, of St. Domitilla, was accused with her of Christianity, as a Jewish superstition, in the reign of Domitian, A.D. 95.

The case, as people say, is strong and clear in favour of the name Cæmeteriun Domitillæ having belonged to the tomb (which is distinct from the later catacomb) from the earliest times, and a strong feature of collateral evidence is that dated tiles found there go back to the times of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius 117—161, scarcely more than twenty years from the death of Domitian—the last Flavian emperor—in 96.

A German scholar, Mr. P. E. Wiener, has traced the 22nd Legion in its movements through a great part of Germany by the bricks which bear its name, and Roman bricks have been found among the Silures, our friends of Shropshire and the Welsh marches (see Part I), with the inscription, LEG. II. AVG., stamped upon them.

Buildings may be sheeted or incrusted, with a stronger or more valuable material over one less durable or precious, either on the inside or the outside. We have nothing to do here with external incrustation; the Duomo of Florence, and more especially the Campanile of Giotto, are its great mediæval-modern examples. It is not quite easy to understand Mr. Fergusson's objection to all external 'veneering' as disguising the actual material. There is no falsehood or imposition on the spectator in such ornament, because it at once proclaims itself for what it is, and nobody either supposes or is intended to suppose that the Campanile is built of solid blocks of fine marble. And as the great Florentine incrustations have lasted so well from Giotto's time to the present, that work may be considered durable enough when honestly and ably executed; if not in a northern climate, still in Italy; or if not on the outside of a building, still in its interior. Still when our building* (as St. Paul's in London) is of fine stone, it must be considered a waste of good material, and unnecessary sacrifice of its beauty, to sheet it entirely with marble, however precious. In such cases, it seems to us, the marble should be used in disks and panels, exactly like jewellery on a very large scale, and be placed in the walls as in a setting. This was done with the most beautiful results in the later mediæval buildings of Venice. (See *Stones of Venice*, plate 1, vol. i.) Then there is the final question of architectural casuistry, how far are we bound to show our material in a building of fine brick, when we have marble enough to incrust it? Professor Ruskin I think implies in his chapters on St. Mark's at Venice, that we may cover it up entirely if we like, because the result is indefinitely beautiful without any insincerity at all, as nobody thinks we are building in solid masses of precious material; any more than it was supposed that the gates of Ghiberti, in their fresh gilding, were cast in pure gold. This seems true and reasonable, and I think the result of the determined candour of the architect of Keble College, Oxford, is unfortunate as to effect; as the strong bright red of his interior brickwork sadly overpowers the russet marble. It should have been opposed everywhere,

* Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, s. v. Later.

as in the nave, with green serpentine; or with green or grey marble jewelled again with porphyry 'red as blood that gusheth from a vein.' *

So much for outer incrustation. I suppose if we were asked to distinguish the terms Mosaic and Incrustation, we should have to say that the former depends chiefly on the beauty of the plates of marble for effect, and leans less on arbitrary pattern or pictorial design. The veining of two slabs of alabaster will determine how they should be set relatively to each other; the marble having a pattern of its own. But when we come to using black, white, and red, or any two of them, in geometrical or other planned forms, so as to convey ideas of our own, we may say that then mosaic begins. As to when it began to be used, that carries us back to the pomps of ancient Persia, and the palace of Ahasuerus at Shushan, 'Where were white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings, and pillars of marble. . . . . upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble' (Esther i. 6). The choice of colours here certainly indicates pattern or arrangement, though perhaps only in stripes or chequers, as in the red-black-and-white buildings of Damascus, and the red-and-white streaks of Cairene mosques to this day. At all events, Syrians, Greeks, and Romans learnt the art from Persia and the east, and the Romans used it lavishly, and carried it all over the empire, as, to do them justice, they did all other arts. Pliny says they first took to it in the time of Sylla. For examples of Roman mosaic pavements found in England, they are engraved in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, published by the London Society of Antiquaries. Those who can get into a good library, and are not afraid of manageable folios, will find all that is in these articles, and much more, in Ciampini's *Vetera Monumenta*, and *De Sacris Ædificiis*. It is a quaint-looking work; but there are very few facts worth knowing about Roman-Christian and other antiquities which will not be found in it; and those who can appreciate the amount of skilled and well-read labour that has been bestowed on it, will get perhaps a new notion of the old Roman scholars of the seventeenth century. What they did, they did in grand style; and even the photograph and Mr. Parker's valuable works only increase the value of Ciampini, by proving his substantial accuracy in all he effected.

The photographs, however, are all-important to those who can get at them; and I have taken down the following references from a single volume (No. XII.) of Mr. Parker's series. I believe they can be had separately, and for this chapter on materials and mosaics they will supply us with capital examples; † and when you get at these

* Dante, *Purgatorio*, ix.

† Materials: Fine first-century brickwork, Cœlian Hill, Phot. 1755. Ditto, Palace of Domitian, Phot. 1756. Stone arcade of Flavian emperors, and brickwork of Nero (Colosseum), Phot. 1762. Stone and brickwork bridge, Via Ostiensis, Phot. 1826.

or other good photographs of authentic remains of ancient Rome, *in situ* and as they are, always take time over them, think of their history, and all the generations they have seen. Claudia and Pudens saw such brickwork put up; and well-dressed ladies, who look at it to-day, may be wearing long cream-white skirts in folds, and curled hair low on their foreheads—just as Claudia dressed herself in her day, and in revival of Augustan fashion. May it, on the whole, be their only reproduction of the feminine-classical manners of that time! The great truly-hewn stones, and immortal clay of well-burnt Roman bricks are as great memorials of the constructive art of Rome, as beautiful legs and torsos of the decorative skill of Greeks; and though you may not be able to go abroad, you may be able to enjoy some of the best thoughts of reflective travel, by indulging in a little reverie over one or two good photographs. You may miss the golden or purple light of Italy in the picture, but take up Liddell or Mommsen, and read of the period, and see if you cannot see it in the inner sunset-glow of history.

Now, as to all the names of various kinds of work in mosaic, I shall put them down with examples from photographs, referring either to Parker's List of Photographs, or to the lately-published volume on Mosaic Pictures in the Archæology of Rome, for which I had the honour of writing some appendices; or to both when possible. 'Mosaicum,' 'musivum,' musaicum,' 'mosibum,' and 'museum,' are all adjectives agreeing with 'opus understood,' and they all mean tesselated pictures in small cubes of marble, glass gilt or backed with gold and silver, of clay, or vitreous pastes, and so on.

'Opus tessellatum' must mean what we still call tesselated pavements, which also form pictures either in black-and-white only, or in colours. This work is generally used for floors; and the word 'lithostrotum,' Greek for pavement, seems to answer in the same way as a general term. Pliny applies the name to the celebrated picture of the Doves * which bears his name. See Parker, Phot. 1695, Plate I. Vol. i. on Mosaics. It may have been part of the flooring in the Palace of Attalus of Pergamus, whence it most probably came; though we know from Pompeii that mosaic pictures were inserted in walls or ceilings as well as floors, at a very early date. There is an early second century pavement, A.D. 120 (Parker, Phot. 1700, 1738, 1737, and Mosaics, Plate II.), which is all black-and-white, of pattern planned to the room in Hadrian's private palace † to which it belonged. It represents birds and vegetation, with large vases at the corners, and a black border of guilloche, or intertwined pattern.

There is a curious detail in the Gospels connected with this kind of tesselation. The word pavement reminds every Christian reader of the 'Gabbatha,' the room, hall, or place so-called, in the prætorium, or palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. The name points to the existence of

* *Nat. Hist.* xxxvi., 26—60. † *Privata Hadriana*, in the Regionary Catalogue.

some mosaic pavement there; and it appears that a mark of the special importance of the 'Bema,' or judgment-seat, a rostrum for the judicial sentences, or other solemn communications of a Roman prefect or general in command, was to place it on such a flooring. It seems, even, that a tesselated pavement was sometimes cemented to a surface of felt or canvas to be rolled up or carried with an emperor or general as a carpet of office for his 'Bema,' or tribunal on special occasions. Suetonius says Julius Cæsar did so (*Cæsar*, xlvi.), and no commander was less likely than he to indulge in personal pomp or superfluous ceremony. It is curious that M. Gustave Doré's enormous picture of Our Lord in the Prætorium, should omit the only detail of the scene or building of which the Gospels tell us anything. There is a ruder kind of tesselated pavement in larger squares of black-and-white only in black lines on white ground, common in the houses of the early empire. Work in very small dies of plain pattern, or white only, of diminutive size, is called 'opus vermiculatum;' there is some in both the upper and under church of S. Pudentiana; and the ground of the great Barberini Mosaic, Ciampini, i. p. 81, is 'vermiculatum' also. Then, 'opus sectile,' work in slices of marble carefully cut to form, and accented by outlines filled with colour, is exemplified, Parker, Phot. No. 1460, and Mosaics, Plate IV., especially in the wonderful works now in S. Antonio Abbate, at Rome. The Tigress and Calf is really a great work of art, showing the highest power of representing animal character, cruel as the subject is. This kind of work has been revived by M. Salviati with excellent results, in the chapel at Windsor, now called the Memorial Chapel of the late Prince Consort. It is hard to say why mosaic of genuine marble material has invariably so good an effect. The beautiful semi-transparent whites have much to do with it, as they throw up the other colours so very well, and the blacks, sparingly used, are very powerful. But there is a cheaper material for this work recently introduced, which I think will prevail very generally; and that is Mr. Powell's opaque glass, which under certain rules, and in the subjects and patterns which we have unquestionably inherited from the Early Church, will be of the greatest value in church decoration. It ought to be used, I think, in rather solid sheets or plates, and set in stone, so as to get rid of the idea of fragility, and entirely dismiss the notion of a built-up window. And in pictures of this kind, and all mosaic *pictures* representing actual events or scenes, the present taste for half-tint and subdued colour seems far too strong: the mosaics of a church should be like the illuminations of a rich Service-book, and tell in rich rejoicing hues, as in all the ancient work of Rome and Ravenna, which I have soon to speak of. However, 'opus sectile' is work in comparatively large pieces of marble cut to form and incised where emphasis in form is needed.

The 'opus Alexandrinum'* is mosaic pavement in geometrical

* Phot. 1711, Colonna Pavement, in Lateran.

forms for the most part. It was produced largely by the Cosmati family in after days, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The name, however, goes back to the use of precious marbles from Egypt, *viâ* Alexandria, in Augustan Rome. 'Opus albarium,' seems to mean any small white tesselation.

The Doves, the St. Antonio Abbate Tigress, and the pavement from Hadrian's private palace will give a sufficient idea of various kinds of fine mosaic of the best age, up to A.D. 120; though Mr. Parker places the second of these as late as Constantine. The two other examples are unquestionable, and there is one more, probably a Christian one, from the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, now in the sacristy of the Church of St. Maria, in Transtevere, whereof later. This last example is of two small tombstones, one representing birds, the other a harbour with the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. The first is one of beautiful fine mosaic of the second century; the second probably of the third.

For the term Cosmati-work, it derives from the family of Cosmati, and their continuance or revival of tesselation from the twelfth century. The chief masters of that name executed various and important pictures in mosaic, of which the one photographed by Mr. Parker, the work of James and Deodatus Cosmati, in the thirteenth century (340, 1948) is an excellent example. It represents our Lord setting free two slaves, one white and the other black, and is over the door of the church of the Redemptorists on the Cælian Hill. For their ornamental work, it consists much of ribbons of mosaic with small sparkling forms, sometimes inlaid spirally round columns. See examples, Altar and Confession, Church of St. Cesareo, Parker, Mosaics, Plate XVII. It has no artistic value, and conveys a disagreeable feeling of insignificance and wasted labour and marble.

Thus much for the various kinds of, or names for, mosaics, and we have now sufficient examples of the secular or ordinary work of that kind so as to know opus this from opus that. The whole system of decoration was imported, like other arts, by Roman conquest; and it took root and grew with the magnificence of the Augustan age. As brick buildings were incrusted with marble without, they were sheeted with mosaic within. The work was ingenious, but never creative or really artistic. It never had any soul till the Church took it in hand. And then, I think any one who will look at the pictures of SS. Cosmo and Damian and others, will say that it did acquire a soul, and that a new element had come into art once more. It may be gloomy, forbidding, grotesque or ugly. I have heard a great deal of sarcasm about winking Madonnas and starveling saints—everybody knows what it is to be drenched, as Horace says, with Italian or other verjuice, about early Christian art. For the present, all I have to say is that there are a thousand years of it to the Pisan Renaissance; and that all the works of that time cannot be lumped together and taken an offhand view of, like a thousand new pictures in Burlington House. At the

earliest period of Christian art, as frescoes and sculptures prove to a demonstration, work was produced which was classical and pretty, and Italian-Greek in its style; and it symbolized the Parables of our Lord and the miracles of His mercy. But no miraculous gift of drawing or colour could be expected; and when the arts degenerated in heathen hands, they fell off in Christian also. Well, that process went on till art utterly died out in heathen hands, and was preserved in a faint way by Christians. All we have to show after the second century is Christian; no Pagan work survives. Greece and her arts remain, but they are transformed into Neo-Greek or Byzantine. These lean forms and brilliant colours are all that is left of the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the great academies of the Augustan age. The Church in Rome was an absolutely Greek body for three hundred years. In services, literature, daily life and death, all down to the very names of Bishops of Rome inscribed in Greek upon their sarcophagi, the written, or the carved and painted, language of Greece prevailed. And Greece herself, all that was left of her, having done with beauty, did unquestionably take up with Christian asceticism; and showed it at once in her long ago changed and ruined arts, which through good or evil she never would or could relinquish. After all Renaissance criticism about starveling saints, it remains to be said that the artists of these horrors were the lineal scholars and representatives of Phidias and Myron, Polycletus and Praxiteles, Aristides and Apelles, Parrhasius and all the sculptors. But what was it had made the Neo-Greek art sad, and ascetic, and archaic, and starveling? Was it that a certain number of Greeks had turned Christians by A.D. 312? or that before the Christian era they had all turned into a race of clever, supple, sinful slaves, and now saw a new and painful way to some better state than that? They say art became stiff with her new religious standard; I daresay she did; she had got a backbone once more after many flaccid ages; she had to be sad enough for many ages more, but at all events she had acquired a soul to be sad with. Classicalists never consider the inanity and tediousness of second-rate classical work. I am sure that Mr. Parker's beautiful first and second century decoration, in stucco, mythologies and monsters, would bore anybody intolerably if he looked at it attentively; at least, for myself, I always experience a sense of weary, fretful impatience and tedium in looking at hippocampi floundering on ceilings, and nymphs floundering on hippocampi; and their want of meaning is as tedious to me as the grave import of the early mosaics is unwelcome to Neo-Renaissance authors. Does it very much matter to the history of art, whether these pretty things went on or not? At all events they came to an end without Christian influence, and long before Constantine, and quite of themselves; and Greece did no more work in that style, but betook herself to saints and angels. I daresay the 'Christian mobs' broke up a great deal of third-rate sculpture,

but they never had the chance of murdering Phidias. That had been done long ago, by his graceful and grateful fellow-countrymen. But as Greek artists and their patrons by the fifth century were chiefly people of ecclesiastical as well as religious interests and opinions, Greek art reflected their strength and weakness. They were not handsome, they did not care about their bodies enough. Their fathers had left them an inheritance of national shame and distress, and evil habits and broken nerves, and shattered voluptuous tastes, which made them despise and hate their flesh; unnaturally and wrongly, no doubt. But their weary contempt for the body enabled them to make such a protest on the part of the soul as all men must hear to this day. The purity and singleness of their faith lasted as well, if no better than the purity of the Athenian sculpture and painting. With the sixth and seventh centuries begins the period of Iconoclasm, to be broken in on too roughly in the eighth century, by Leo the Isaurian soldier. The empire had to be defended against both the North and the East, and he wanted men to fight rather than fast, to man his quinqueremes and close up in phalanx, rather than call on the Kalendar in general. He saw that the unity of the Holy Trinity, the one Godhead of Three Persons, was no longer the leading popular Christianity, and he saw the force Mohammedanism had gained from its strong monotheism. Therefore he fell with a heavy hand on all the revived polytheism of the people, and opened the chief wounds by which the Eastern Empire bled to death.

Now, it is in the history of the mosaics, more particularly, that the development or degeneracy of Christian belief may be traced with considerable accuracy, and they throw a specially important light on *popular* thoughts about the spiritual world. For as St. John Damascenus observed in the eighth century, little aware of the various applications which might be made of his words, 'Pictures are poor men's books;' and the bas-reliefs of the Gospel history, and the brilliant apses filled with imagery of the Church Triumphant in Heaven, and Militant or wandering in the symbolic wilderness, were great part of the Church's teaching for suffering people. And the mental sufferings of all thinking men and women within the bounds of civilization must have been, to say the least, fearfully great from the end of the fourth century. They knew and felt the approaching destruction, in Rome most of all, since Rome herself was to be made the first example of condign punishment, and Alaric was to avenge the world upon her first in A.D. 410. It is to be remembered, too, that the monasteries and ecclesiastical bodies in general, by or through whom this mystic painting was done, had always the first news and the best prescience of misfortune. There are few more striking pieces of picturesque history than the forebodings of Arsenius, the monk-statesman, in *Hypatia*. He is telling Philammon what the world is like, which he so longs to enter.

'These are the last days spoken of by the prophets, the beginning of woes such as never have been on the earth before. "On earth distress of nations with perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for the dread of those things which are coming on the earth. I have seen it long. Year after year I have watched them coming nearer and ever nearer in their course, like the whirling sandstorms of the desert, which sweep past the caravan, and past again, and yet overwhelm it after all—that black flood of the northern barbarians. I foretold it, I prayed against it, but like Cassandra of old, my prophecies and my prayers were alike unheard; I ceased to pray for the glorious city, for I knew that her sentence was gone forth; I saw her in the spirit, even as St. John saw her in the Revelation; her, and her sins, and her ruin. And I fled secretly at night, and buried myself here in the desert to await the end of the world. Night and day, I pray the Lord to accomplish the number of His elect, and to hasten His kingdom. Morning by morning I look up trembling, and yet in hope, for the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, when the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the skies pass away like a scroll, and the fountains of the nether fire burst up around our feet, and the end of all shall come."'

Men in great trial dwell naturally and rightly on their chief hope; and the Church in Rome, Ravenna, and even Constantinople seemed oftentimes to have no hope nearer than that shadowed forth in the Apocalypse. More particularly we should consider, if we are really to understand Christian feeling after the sack of Rome by Alaric, that that vast event, with its untold, unspeakable distresses, was to most believers a direct and visible sign of the Son of Man, and a token of the immediate end of the world. Rome was not in the fifth century the centre of a Western church opposed to an Eastern, and claiming Christian authority over Western Europe. To the Church which saw her sack by Alaric, she was the mystic Babylon, drunk with the blood of the saints; she was not the city of the temporal power of the Church but of her chief temporal sufferings, and agonies of extreme trial. Her ruin seemed a part of the Apocalyptic vision literally fulfilled, as indeed in a sense it was; and after such an event it must have seemed, at least to Italy and the nearer Empire, as if the world would or could scarcely go on longer. St. Augustine wrote the *De Civitate Dei* after a time, and set before men the great ideal which they have thus so far imperfectly apprehended, of a spiritual city, begun here on earth, and reaching to heaven, in whose citizenship death, now, as it seemed, poured out against all the children of men, should only be a step of great promotion and perfect completion. Men set their hearts on Paradise and the presence of God in a way which we have difficulty in understanding, because most of us have to see long worldly toil and trial first; and many of us seem blinded in that toil, or dully

satisfied with it. And as we shall see in our next chapter, the decoration of their churches expressed popular hope and expectation, and told sad worshippers what to look for, with mystic signs and glowing colours; neither like the things that should be, nor taken as like them; but symbolizing them and setting them forth to the hopeful imagination.

It has always seemed most probable to me, that the pictures of the earlier circles of catacomb decoration, which are all of Scriptural subjects or persons, were multiplied to assist oral instruction. Whatever date they may be of: whether they were done for illiterate or polyglot churches of catechumens in the first four centuries—or if they were renewed for northern and western pilgrims after that time (and the fact is both these accounts of them are true) they had a real purpose. They were, as it were, texts of instructive discourse, perhaps of catechetical lecture. The Good Shepherd, who was He? the vine-ornament round Him, had that any meaning? He had said, I am the Good Shepherd, and am known of mine; I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman. An illuminated evangeliary was a Gospel with pictures, and the catacomb cubiculum was a church with pictures. In the book the pictures helped a man to understand if he could only read imperfectly; on the walls, the pictures enabled a mixed audience of different races to understand, if they only imperfectly apprehended the Greek in which the preacher would almost certainly address them. For more than 200 years, as has been said, and as Dean Milman abundantly proves (*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 32), 'the Church of or at Rome was in fact a Greek religious colony. Its language was Greek, its organization Greek, its writers Greek, its Scriptures Greek, and many vestiges and traditions show that their ritual and their liturgy was Greek.' So that instruction would have to be given in Greek to Latins, Hebrews, Syrians, and Goths: and the pictures would come in admirably to assist the preacher. All the leading doctrines of the Faith gathered naturally round those symbolic forms of Christ the Lord, which represented Him as the Shepherd and the Vine. From the interrupted sacrifice of Isaac to the Rock of Moses, from that to the history of Jonah by which our Lord foretold the resurrection, the picture-writing on the wall spoke in the universal language of the eye, and the catechumens looked and listened. And it was pretty much the same thing, one may think, *mutatis mutandis*, when Latin became the prevailing or cosmopolitan language, and the Gothic or northern pilgrims crowded into Rome: certainly it must have been so when the first barbarian converts entered the Christian churches. The clergy taught them in great part by pictures representing the chief doctrines of the faith; and according to the faith of the clergy for the time, according to their views of the doctrines vitally necessary for the people, and their own spiritual hopes and fears, would be the subjects they painted or inlaid upon their walls.

The whole Church of Rome was Greek at first, but most of all things in its decoration, painted and carven; for that had been a gift of Greece long before the faith was preached in Greek words or figured with Greek skill. Perhaps the Hellenic tendency to represent everything in graphic form, the longing to see with eyes, and to make an icon or image or symbol of the things unseen, became a snare to the Church in after centuries. Probably the downfall of Paganism and vast numbers of half converted polytheists, who made their untaught and partial submission to the Church after 410, because the gods of Rome had failed her and them so utterly, forced idolatrous tendencies on her communities, being too many and too rude to learn the purity of the faith. But in any case the progress of doctrine, and in part the development of error, is clearly traceable in the mosaic pictures of the first eight or nine centuries, and these shall be described in my next paper.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITHIN a few months after the martyrdom of S. Ignatius the Emperor Trajan was succeeded by Hadrian. Although perhaps Hadrian cannot be classed with those princes who waged war directly against the Christians, still the proceedings against them which had been carried on under Trajan were not discontinued. The profession of Christianity was still a capital offence, and the populace were as exasperated against them and as bitter as ever. It is true that the rescript of Trajan, in his letter to Pliny, discouraging any search, and also forbidding anonymous accusations, had both its favourable and unfavourable bearing towards them; but, granting that they were no longer attacked by individual accusers, the multitude who were assembled in the amphitheatres learnt to call for a sacrifice of the Christians, as wretches whose impiety was the cause of earthquakes, plagues, famines, and defeats, and they expected that whatever was their pleasure concerning them should be carried out.

Hadrian, capricious, paradoxical, and a slave to restless vanity, was scarcely likely to appreciate Christianity rightly, for his mind was essentially imbued with the philosophic spirit, and every abstruse research had irresistible attraction for his curious and restless spirit. It was in this reign that the Sibylline books were forbidden to be read, because they favoured the Christians and were retorted upon the heathen.

According to mediæval legends the Sibyls stand next in rank to the Prophets of the Old Testament. They were held in greater

veneration at Rome than anywhere else, although they were universally esteemed as revealing to mankind the secrets of futurity. The predictions of the Sibyls, written in verse, were religiously guarded amongst the other sacred archives of the city. Indeed, to open any of these Sibylline books was an event of such rare occurrence that it was only resorted to on occasions of great peril and disaster.

These reputed prophetesses are represented to have foretold the coming of the Saviour to the ancient pagan nations, just as the prophets predicted His advent to the Jews. All antiquity has admitted, as an undisputed fact, that there existed in the bosom of paganism—be it one, or several—women to whom God confided, in a certain measure, the spirit of prophecy, if not for the direct purpose of drawing the heathen from the darkness of idolatry, at least to dispose them to receive the divine light. Nevertheless, the Fathers of the Church did not confound women known under the name of Sibyls with the true prophets. Some authors mention only four Sibyls—the Erythræan, the Samian, the Egyptian, and the Sardian; but it was more commonly believed that there were ten—*i.e.*, the Babylonian, Libyan, Delphian, Cimmerian, the Erythræan, Samian, Cumæan (who is sometimes identified with the Erythræan), the Hellespontian or Trojan, the Phrygian, and the Tiburtine. Of these the most celebrated is the Cumæan, who is mentioned under several other names, such as Herophile, Demo, &c.

Pausanius applies the term Sibyl to female soothsayers of the historical times, but, in more correct language, the name is only applied to mythical personages. The Cumæan Sibyl is said to have offered Tarquin the Proud nine books of the Sibylline oracles for a fixed sum. These he refused to buy; leaving him the Sibyl burnt three of them, and returned with six, for which she asked the same price, only to be again refused by Tarquin. Nothing daunted, she again burnt three, and brought the remainder, which he was at last persuaded to buy by the soothsayers, his curiosity having been excited about them. They were kept in a stone chest underground, in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, under the care of special officers.

The Sibylline books are supposed to have been written on palm leaves, partly in verse and partly in symbolical hieroglyphics, and the public were never allowed to inspect them. On all occasions when the gods showed their anger by inflicting calamities upon the Romans, and when all human help and wisdom were ineffectual in appeasing their wrath, then the officers consulted the Sibylline books. It was customary to open the volume at random, and the first passage upon which the eye fell was imagined to contain suggestions for the solution of the question then perplexing them. The answers thus derived were generally of a religious nature, either commanding the introduction of some new ceremonies or the rejection of old ones. Owing, however, to the mystery which had surrounded them, from the time

that one of the keepers of the Sibylline books had been put to death for revealing the secrets they contained, it is difficult to discover whether the oracles were predictions, or merely directions as to what was to be done for appeasing the gods.

When the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was destroyed by fire—B.C. 82—the Sibylline books perished. In order to replace them ambassadors were sent to various towns in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. So soon as a fresh collection had been made and the temple rebuilt they were replaced where the former books had been kept. But as in the meantime a number of books, pretending to be Sibylline oracles, had got into general circulation at Rome, it was ordered by Augustus that on a certain day all such should be given up, and that for the future they should be kept only by the public officers appointed for this purpose. These were called Decemviri, and the appointment was for life.

The origin of the Sibylline books is unknown; but it is certain that before the Christian era they began to be interpolated from time to time. A kingdom not of this world was an idea that the heathen could not grasp. We find, later on, that Maxentius listened with trembling deference to these signs and omens: for before the battle of Verona he commanded the Sibylline books to be consulted. 'The enemy of the Romans will perish,' answered the prudent and ambiguous oracle. And of the Emperor Constantine we read that, in one of his religious discourses, he recommends the Christian religion, dwelling on the evidence borne by prophecy, with which he classes the Sibylline verses and the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, which we will quote for the benefit of our readers.

'Muses of Sicily, a loftier strain
Be ours; the lowly offspring of the plain,
Shrubs and the humbler tamarisk, please not all;
Worthy of Consuls be our woodland pastoral!
Comes the last age, by Cumæs maid foretold:
Afresh the mighty line of years unrolled,
The Virgin now, now Saturn's sway returns,
Now the vast globe a heaven-sprung child adorns,
Whose genial power shall whelm earth's iron race,
And plant once more the golden in its place.
Thou chaste Lucina, but that child sustain,
And lo! disclosed thy own Apollo's reign!
This glory Pollio in thy year begun,
Thence the great months their radiant course shall run,
And of our crimes should still some trace appear,
Shall rid the trembling earth of all her fear.
His shall it be a life to hold,
With heroes mingled and mid gods enrolled,
And formed by patrimonial worth for sway,
Him shall the tranquil universe obey.'

The collection of Sibylline Oracles which we now possess was published by an anonymous Christian about the year A.D. 138. Although we might possibly find in these books a curious amalgamation of

apocryphal and even ridiculous things, they were nevertheless held in great estimation by the Fathers. S. Clement, of whom we have already written, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians invokes the witness of a Sibyl upon the judgment to come by fire. 'The end is near when all things shall be burnt up by fire. So the prophets and apostles testify: so also the Sibyl has declared. Prepare for this great and terrible day.'

He attributes to S. Paul a discourse, upon what grounds it is not known, in which the Apostle induces his hearers to read the oracles of the Sibyls, promising them that they will find there many things relating to the one God and the things of the future. Hermes, who was supposed to have been a disciple of S. Paul, names, in his *Shepherd*, a Sibyl which is believed to be Cumes.

S. Justin, who wrote towards the middle of the second century, thought that the Sibyl who had written certain books appearing to support Christianity was Cumes, who had sung by a divine or supernatural impulse, while he was convinced that in the books which he considered to be the Sibylline Oracles might be found a condemnation of the superstitions of the pagans.

S. Justin thought that the writings of the Sibyls gave the clearest evidence against the vanity of the false gods, in favour of the unity of one God, and even of the divinity of Christ; and the books of the Sibyls, it was his conviction, contained a clear account of the coming of the Saviour, as well as of the principal events of His mortal life. Nor is S. Justin the only one of the Fathers who entertained this belief. Burton remarks *: 'Though such a conclusion may lead us to impugn his critical powers, it does not prove him less sincere in his attachment to the Gospel, or weaken his other arguments in support of it. In the present day there is perhaps no person who does not consider the Sibylline Oracles to be forgeries, and yet in the age of Justin Martyr there was perhaps no person who did not believe them to be inspired.'

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, Athenegoras, whom some imagine to have presided over the first school of Christians at Alexandria, also quotes the Sibyls; but no one more decidedly insisted upon the value of the Sibylline books than Theophilus of Antioch, who wrote under Commodus. He attributes to the Sibyl the character of a true prophetess, and shows that they are full of agreement with the Hebrew Prophets, whether they announce the past, the present, or the future.

Shortly after Theophilus comes Clement of Alexandria, who affirmed that the pagans had also prophets chosen of God, who predicted truly the things of the future by a divine inspiration; amongst these prophets he includes the Sibyls. He enumerates also a number of opinions upon the prophetesses which induce him to believe that there was not one only or a few, but a multitude; until at last, pushed to an extremity

* *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.*

by the invectives of the enemies to Christianity, who taxed all the arguments drawn from the Sibylline Oracles with falseness, and surnamed the Christians Sibyllists, S. Clement was obliged to admit that the Sibyls were pagans. As early as the second century the Sibylline books were much interpolated and falsified to assist the progress of the new faith; they became then a curious mixture of Jewish, pagan, and Christian writings, and the collections of them also bear the name of the Sibylline books. After S. Clement of Alexandria the Greek Fathers, S. Basil, S. Chrysostom, S. Epiphanus, and others of the fourth century, kept a profound silence on the subject of the Sibyls and the Sibylline books; S. Gregory of Nazianzen makes mention of them, but as a poet more than as a Bishop.* The most serious writers amongst the Greeks, if we except S. Clement, began, after the dawn of the third century, to completely abandon the argument drawn from the witness of the Sibyls in favour of Christianity. Nevertheless the people continued to consult them in large numbers, and as the Latins had had a much later knowledge of them than the Greeks, so they continued to put their confidence in them longer. Amongst the writers of the Latin Church who were strongly in their favour was Tertullian, who goes even to the length of attributing to them a priority to all other works of the Spirit—'Ante enim Sibylla quam omnis litteratura extitit,' and to proclaim their truthfulness with emphasis—'Illa scilicet Sibylla veri vera vates.'

Some of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* may remember to have seen in the passage leading to the sacristy in Amiens Cathedral a number of frescoes representing the Sibyls, who bear their emblems in their hands. The circumstance of their appearing thus in works of art shows that they were held in veneration during the Middle Ages; both before and after Michael Angelo's time the Sibyl's were represented in connection with Scripture subjects by different painters.

A famous painting by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome represents the Prophets Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel, and Isaiah, alternately with the Persian, Erythræan, Delphic, Cumæan, and Libyan Sibyls. We find S. Augustine† speaking of the Erythræan Sibyl's testimony directly before alluding to that of the Old Testament prophets, which may account for their ranking equal with them in works of art. The Sibyls are represented also on the south side of the choir of Ulm Cathedral. The well-known hymn in the liturgy of the Roman Church may also account for our finding the Sibyls accompanying the prophets and Apostles in the decorations of a church about the thirteenth century:—

'Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla.'

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* In his poem to Nemesius.

† *De Civit. Dei*, 11—48.

'Day of wrath! that day of woe,
Doomed to melt all things below,
Psalms and Sibyl songs foreshow.'

Like the prophets, they stand on the threshold leading to holy ground, as from the sacristy to the cathedral at Amiens. There is no Sibylline figure in the catacombs or in the earlier mosaics.

The emblems of the Sibyls, which are little known, may be found in an old book of French prayers, *Heures à l'usage de Chalons*, Paris, 1514. They are—

Agrissa	A scourge.
Cumana	A crib.
Cyrenaica . . .	A horn.
Delphica	Holding a crown of thorns.
Elspontia . . .	Holding a cross.
Europa	A sword.
Frigea	A cross with pennon.
Libica	A lighted taper.
Persian	Holding a lantern, and trampling on a dragon.
Samia.	A rose.

Upon the borders of the river Yonne, about a mile and a half from the little town of Corbigny, in Nivernais, rises the castle of Chitry. It is in one of the rooms of this castle, named the Gallery of the Sibyls, that one may admire the last tribute that has been paid by Christian art to these antique prophetesses.

Upon the stained glass in Auch Cathedral a Sibyl may be seen whose name is not indicated. She holds in her left hand a death's head, and in the right a raised mirror, in which her features are reflected. The same figure is reproduced in the stalls of the church. What does this mirror and this death's head mean? The double attribute surely relates to one of our great truths. May one not recognise here the Sibyl who had announced the resurrection of the body? The body is destroyed, its features are effaced, but they will return. Can you not see them reflected in this mirror as though Job were saying, 'In my flesh I shall see God,' or S. Paul asking of death, 'Where is thy victory?'

After this digression upon the Sibyls, we must return to Hadrian, who was one of the most locomotive emperors that Rome ever had. His life was almost a perpetual journey; indeed there was not a province in his vast empire which he had not visited. On the frontier, at the head of the army, he adopted the hardihood and simplicity of a soldier, disdaining any distinction either of food or comfort from his commonest legionary, and he marched on foot through the most inclement seasons. In the peaceful and voluptuous cities of the south he became the careless and luxurious epicurean. However well disposed Hadrian might have felt towards the Christians, the very fact of his continued absence from the seat of government must have given occasion to those who sought it to act against the Christians on their

own account. That they did so there is little doubt, and when the cry against them was raised, the magistrates found it difficult to restrain their enemies; indeed the populace at this time began to expect that whatever was their pleasure concerning the Christians should be at once obeyed.

When the frequent excesses of fury were made known to Hadrian by the pro-consul of Asia, he directed to his successor a rescript, in which he ordered that only those Christians who should be arraigned and condemned according to law were to be executed, and that all false accusers should be punished. It is supposed that Quadratus and Aristides, who addressed the emperor in favour of their brethren, won from him this protection; at any rate, the edict does credit to the wisdom and humanity of Hadrian.

The perusal of the written defences of Christianity may possibly have had something to do with its leniency; indeed the generally humane and pacific character of Hadrian's government would be a security against any violent measures of persecution, and his liberal study of the varieties of human opinion would induce, if not a wise and rational spirit of toleration, yet a kind of contemptuous indifference towards aberrations from his own religion. But probably he was more influenced by the representations of Serrenius Granianus, the pro-consul of Asia Minor, who complained of the disorderly attacks of the populace on the Christians than by either Quadratus or Aristides; for the former knew well enough how to touch Hadrian's sense of justice and love of social order. But notwithstanding his active and inquisitive mind, and the ability of Hadrian's general policy, few persons were perhaps less qualified to judge fairly of the real nature of the new religion, or to comprehend the tenacious hold which it would obtain upon the mind of man. Hadrian's character wanted depth and seriousness to penetrate the workings of a high, profound, and settled enthusiasm.

In A.D. 123, we find him visiting Athens, in order that he might become acquainted with, or initiated in, the Eleusinian mysteries which had attracted the attention of some of the noblest and wisest of his subjects, who boasted their knowledge of these secrets. Of all the existing Pagan rites these maintained still the greatest respect: for religion and philosophy had united in them to a certain extent. The Eleusinian mysteries were solemn rites performed to Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, in memory of great benefits derived from her, to the full participation in which candidates were not admitted until after a five years' probation, which had several steps, and each its peculiar rites. First, there were the 'Expiations;' then followed the 'Lesser Mysteries,' when they were solemnly initiated and taken in; and lastly, after some time, they arrived at the 'Greater Mysteries,' which were the most secret of all. After this they were admitted to a full sight of the whole mystic scene, and were thenceforward called

'Inspectors;' they were then bound under an oath not to reveal these mysteries to any one.

Hadrian, no doubt, became at once a candidate and inspector, the law, as it was sometimes allowed, being dispensed with in his case. On this subject of the mysteries a modern author * writes, 'The last hope of the ancient religion lay in the mysteries, of them alone the writers about the time of Christianity speak with uniform reverence, if not with awe. They alone could bestow happiness in life and hope in death. It may indeed be questioned whether the mysteries did not owe much of their influence to their secresy, and to the impressive forms under which they shadowed forth their more recondite truths. These, if they did not satisfy, yet kept the mind in a state of progressive and continual excitement; they were, if it may be so said, a great religious drama, in which the initiated were at once spectators and actors; where the fifth act was designedly delayed to the utmost possible point, and of this still suspended catastrophe, the *dramatis personæ*, the only audience, were kept in studied ignorance. The mysteries had perhaps from an early period associated a moral purport with their sacred shows; and, with the progress of opinion, the moral would more and more preponderate over the primitive religious meaning. Yet the morality of the mysteries was apparently that of the ancient nature worship of the East; it taught the immortality of the soul as a part of that vast system of nature which, emanating from the Supreme Being, passed through a long course of deterioration or refinement and at length returned and resolved itself into the primal source of all existence. But the mysteries from their very nature could only act upon the public mind in a limited manner; as soon as they ceased to be mysteries they lost their power.'

Philo demands, 'Why, if they are so useful, they are not public. Nature makes all her most beautiful and splendid works, her heaven and all her stars for the sight of all; her seas, fountains, and rivers, the annual temperature of the air, and the winds, the innumerable tribes and races of animals, and fruits of the earth for the common use of man. Why, then, are the mysteries confined to a few, and those not always the most wise and virtuous?'

Aristides assures us that the temple of the goddess Ceres would contain as many people as the town of Eleusis itself; but that it was lighted by one window only, because all mysterious ceremonies love the dark, without which they can act but very feebly upon the imagination of those assistants whom it was desirable to startle and captivate.

If but one-half of the numerous works written by the ancients on the subject of their mysteries and their ritual had come down to us, we should not only have been instructed in the details and ceremonies which they practised, but we should also have had a more exact idea of the doctrine they taught; this was less known than the rites.

* Dean Milman.

Seneca compares philosophy to the rite of initiation, of which the most sacred ceremonies were reserved to adepts, while the precepts and many other things, of which they only formed a part, were not unknown to the profane. The general disgrace into which the mysteries had fallen by the propagation of Christianity, and the care which the first Christians took to stifle all the germs of superstition, makes any ideas which may have been formed upon the secret doctrine taught in the Eleusinian mysteries, very uncertain. Herodotus assures us that they were celebrated annually, which distinguished them, according to Aristides, from the other *fêtes* and public games of Greece, which were held, some once in three years, and others in five.

The heathen inhabitants of Athens hoped from Hadrian's visit to have an opportunity of wreaking their vengeance on the Christians; and indeed the persecution grew so hot that the Christians felt at last bound to remonstrate. The apologies (so called, because they were a defence before a judge) of Quadratus, Bishop of Athens, and of Aristides, were very favourably received, in spite of the exertions of Pagan writers and philosophers, who with the aid of ridicule, misrepresentation, and calumny, tried to disgrace the Christian religion in the estimation of the learned. We learn from Eusebius, who was the first to make a catalogue of the martyrs, that Quadratus was a disciple of the Apostles, as were S. Ignatius and Polycarp, in all probability, more especially of S. John.

The Church at Athens, when Quadratus succeeded to the government of it, after the martyrdom of Publius, the former Bishop, lacked almost every distinguishing feature of the Christian faith. S. Quadratus with zeal, energy, and decision, did his utmost to bring back the people to order and discipline, and, by preaching and diligence, succeeded admirably in the task that he had undertaken. Some years later we find Origen, when instancing the wonderful efficacy of the Christian religion over the minds of men, quoting this very Church at Athens as an example of good order and constitution, of meekness, quietness, and constancy. 'Its Bishop was gifted by God,' says Eusebius, 'with the spirit of prophecy and of speaking readily upon great and important occasions, of interpreting obscure and difficult Scriptures, but especially of fortelling future events.' The Greeks add about Quadratus, that he 'possessed the power of working miracles, and that, in virtue of his prayers, he ruined the idolatrous temples of the heathen, and brought in many to the faith.'

In his Apology to the emperor, S. Quadratus took particular notice of our Lord's miracles, His curing diseases and raising the dead, affirming that some persons thus raised were alive in his time. The aim of all the Christian apologists was to prove that there was no ground for the various accusations brought against Christianity. After Hadrian's departure from Athens, we learn little more of him than that, driven by the enemies to Christianity from his see, he was

stoned, and then set on fire; he received the crown of martyrdom towards the end of Hadrian's reign, probably at Magnesia, a city of Ionia, in Asia Minor. About a year after the apologies of Quadratus and Aristides we find a heathen consul, who was about to resign the pro-consulship of Asia Minor, Serennius Granianius, begging for mercy on behalf of the Christians, whom he represents as the victims of cruel atrocities. This induced the emperor to address a rescript to his successor, Minucius Fundanus, and to some of the other provincial governors, which had the desired effect, for the Christians were ordered to be condemned only according to the law, while any unfounded charges against them were to be severely punished.

Lampridius reports that Hadrian had even admitted Christ amongst the number of his gods, and that he had built temples without idols that he might place in them the statues of Jesus, but that he was diverted from his purpose by the machinations of the priests. It seems therefore quite possible that this emperor had his eyes opened for a short space of time to the glorious light of Christianity. The temples were built, it is true, and left without idols, not to receive the statue of Christ, but that of the emperor.

These defences of the Christian apologists were the first of a series of works which powerfully and effectively set forth the truth of the Gospel; the hideous nature of paganism was exposed, while the governors were dissuaded from the cruelties which they had practised, and the Christians were justified in their defection from the religion of the state.

Amongst the most ancient of these apologies that have been preserved to us, is that of S. Justin the martyr; his writings mark what may be termed the ecclesiastical, in contradistinction to the the apostolical, period, which may account for the care with which his opinions have been examined, and the importance which has been attached to them.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLIII.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.

1555—1557.

Long since had Charles V. and Francisco de Borja promised one another to retire from the world, and attend to the affairs of their souls during their old age. Borja had fulfilled his purpose, and was already a Jesuit father, and Charles thought his time had now come. He had not succeeded in the purposes of his life. He had been frustrated in collecting the Council of Trent, or keeping it together; he had been forced to sanction the pacification of Passau, and he had

been unable to carry out his plans of defeating the Mahometans; but though only fifty-five years old, his health and strength were failing him. Gout, his great enemy, was gaining ground on him, and he felt that if he waited to accomplish all he had hoped to effect, when in the prime of his youth he had taken *Plus ultra* for his motto, he should die in the fetters of royalty.

Even before Philip had left Spain, Charles had written to him to build at the Hieronomite Convent of Yuste, in Estramadura, a house large enough to contain him and his servants, and greatly had the friars wondered and gossiped over the mysterious building, which was three years in hand.

The death of the unfortunate Queen Juana his mother, on the 11th of April, 1555, made his plans more feasible. For half a century had she been watching her husband's coffin, but during the last few days of her life her reason returned, and she sent her last words to her sons by Father Francisco de Borja. Her name had always preceded that of her son in all acts and proclamations, and he was only now legally king of Spain.

Having made all his arrangements, Charles summoned his son to meet him at Brussels. Mary had recovered some slight measure of health during the summer, but was still in a state of spirits which made her disproportionately unhappy at letting her husband leave her. She was committed to the care of Cardinal Pole, while Philip early in September sailed for the Netherlands, and met his father at Brussels, where he also found his two aunts, Leonor, the widow of François I., a sweet and gentle lady, much beloved by the emperor; and Maria, widow of the King of Hungary, a much more high spirited lady, much like her aunt, Margarita, whom she had succeeded as governess of the Low Countries. She could hunt for days and nights together without fatigue, and did not shrink from the acts of slaughter usually performed by foresters, but she was an excellent ruler, and had kept the turbulent Low Countries for twenty years quieter than they ever were before, or ever would be after her time.

On the 25th of October, 1555, the emperor called together the deputies of the provinces of the Low Countries, clergy, nobles, and burghers. These were the men with whom he was most at home. He was more a Fleming than anything else, and of all the orders and decorations of his realms, he chiefly prized the Golden Fleece, instituted by his forefather, Philippe the Good, of Burgundy.

On the 22nd of October he had held his last chapter of this order, comprising the noblest and most able men of Flanders, Holland, and Spain, men whom he had trained to war and statesmanship, and who were devoted to his person. Egmont was among them, and so was William Count of Nassau, on whom the little principality of Orange, on the borders of Provence, had descended through his grandmother, Claude de Chalons, sister of that Philibert who had figured in the sack

of Rome. The possessions of the house of Nassau were immense, and the family had always been favoured by Charles. William had been his page, and had been observed by him as likely to be capable of great things. At present he was living the life of a magnificent noble, or rather prince. His palaces at Brussels and Antwerp were splendid, and so was his hospitality. Twenty-four nobles and eighteen pages belonged to his household, and he had no less than twenty-eight master cooks. Egmont's splendour was scarcely inferior to that of Orange; indeed, his wife was of the electoral family of the Rhine. The other Flemish nobles were in their degree all wealthy, and full both of liberality and courage. They had been deemed, ever since the days of Philip the Good, the finest chivalry in the world, and the Golden Fleece had always ranked as the grandest order of knighthood.

'See, my son,' said Charles, 'I make you chief and sovereign of the most noble Order of the Golden Fleece. Keep it and maintain it in dignity and honour, as I, as my father, and all my ancestors have guarded and maintained it. God give you grace to prosper and increase.' Then turning to Philip, he continued, 'Prince, my son, you see all these knights? They have been the chief and most faithful props of my empire. By their support I have surmounted so many perils and dangers, and therefore I have vowed to them a singular love. If you deal with them as I have done, I am sure they will shew you the same affection, but if you treat them otherwise, they will be the cause of the loss and ruin of your state. Love them and honour them.'

This was his manner of giving to Philip the Grand Mastership he had hitherto held. There is something in the ring of the words as if he knew that it was not in Philip to give the same hearty and generous trust as he had given, and that towards those whose minds and opinions were not in the same groove as his own, the prince was full of distrust and dislike. At any rate, when we remember that Orange, Egmont, and Hoorn were among the knights who stood round, the words have a melancholy significance.

On the 25th, the States-General met. Three chairs were set for Charles, Philip, and Maria, as the regent, in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. The whole of the deputies took their places, and then from the Chapel advanced the emperor, leaning on the arm of the Prince of Orange, and followed by his son, his two sisters, and his nephew Ferdinand, the second son of his brother the King of the Romans. All rose as he entered, and when the muster roll of the deputies had been gone through, he commanded the Counsellor Philibert de Bruxelles, the president of the Council of Flanders, to explain the causes of their being thus convoked.

Philibert explained that it was not age, but exhaustion from his labours and infirmities, that caused the emperor to resign the government to his son. The gout was the only enemy over which he had

not triumphed—the only one that forced him to retire into a climate milder than that of his native land. Then came congratulations on the good qualities of his successor, and exhortations to loyalty. The assembly listened with much feeling, and then Charles, rising, and leaning still on the Prince of Orange, made a speech, summing up the chief events of his reign, chiefly as regarded the Low Countries. The conclusion was thus: 'As to my government, I confess that I erred at times, through the rawness and hastiness of youth, through inexperience or other imperfections of human nature; but I declare that never knowingly or willingly have I done injury or violence to any of my subjects, nor allowed wrong to be done to them. If, however, such have been done, I protest that it was not known to me, and against my will and intention. I implore all here present to pardon and absolve me from this error, and from all other complaints that may arise against me.'

He took breath, and drank off a cordial presented to him by his sister Leonor, and then, turning to Philip, said: 'Son, if it were my death which put you in possession of these provinces, I should still deserve your gratitude for so rich a patrimony, and still more when it is by my own will that I make you forestall my death and obtain your inheritance. I have the right to ask that you should also inherit my love and care for these people;' and, after more like exhortations, he ended with: 'May your son deserve to succeed you when the moment shall come for succeeding you, but may you, unlike me, not be forced to resign in his favour.'

He sank back exhausted in his chair. Philip knelt to kiss his hand, and the emperor laid it on his head in blessing. Tears were shed by many of the spectators, who loved and honoured their great emperor; and the Syndic of Antwerp made a loyal speech. Then Philip stood up, and said a few words in French, lamenting that he could not fully express himself in either French or Flemish, and desiring Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, to speak for him. After this oration, and its answer, the Queen of Hungary resigned her vice-royalty; and after due thanks had been rendered to her, the royal party left the palace for a small house of one story in the park, where Charles remained with his two sisters.

The oaths to Philip were taken on the 27th of October; and on the 17th of January, 1556, Charles, before some Spanish deputies, renounced the kingdoms of Castille and Aragon, with their appendages in Africa and America; and, at the same time, Philip was proclaimed in Spain. The Italian possessions had been made over to Philip before his marriage, but it was not as yet possible to leave the Low Countries, as the French war was still lingering on. However, a truce of five years was agreed upon, and his cousins, the two sons of the Constable de Montmorency, with his nephew, the Admiral de Coligny, and some other French noblemen, were sent to Brussels to

arrange the terms early in 1556. Their feelings were hurt by being received by Philip in a hall hung with tapestry representing the battle of Pavia and the captivity of François I., and they were not soothed by his cold, dry manner.

It was very different when, on Palm Sunday, they were received by the emperor in his little lodge in the park of Soignies, where, in a room hung with black, they found him sitting by a table, and were most graciously received.

Coligny presented him with a letter from King Henri, and, as his gouty fingers found it hard to break the seal, the Bishop of Arras was coming to his help. 'What, my lord of Arras!' said he, 'would you rob me of the duty I owe to the king, my brother? Please Heaven, none but I shall do this!'

When he had opened it, he turned with a smile to Coligny, adding, 'What shall you say of me, Monsieur l'Amiral? Am I not a fine knight to break a lance, when I can scarcely open a letter?'

He talked politely of the King of France; and some one mentioning that Henri, young as he was, had some grey hair, the emperor laughed, and said, 'I was about the same age as the king your master when I came back to Naples from my expedition to Tunis. You know the beauty of the city and the charms of the ladies there. I wanted to please them, and deserve their good graces, and I sent for my barber to dress and perfume my hair. Looking into the glass, I saw a few white hairs: "Pull them out," said I to the barber; "leave none." And so he did; but do you know what happened? Some time after, when I was looking in the glass again, I found that for every white hair I had pulled out, three had grown. If I had taken out those, I should have been as white as a swan.'

Then seeing among the train Brusquet, the court jester, who had set him down in the calendar of fools for his journey through France, he recalled a great carousal, and said, 'Ah, ha, Brusquet, do you remember the day when the constable was going to hang you?'

'Don't I,' said the jester. 'It was the day when your majesty bought those fine rubies and carbuncles on your hands.'

Unpleasant as this allusion seems to the excrescences on the emperor's hands, it made Charles laugh, and say, 'Thanks for the lesson, friend. I must take care how I attack a man who can hit back again so hard.'

Charles then considered the world to be as much at peace as he could hope to see it, and prepared for his departure—his son all the time envying him his return to sunny Spain, and entreating the Queen of Hungary to resume the government of the Netherlands.

In August the formalities needful for resigning the empire were complete. This was done at Ghent, where Charles had been born, and where he sealed his deed of renunciation, and placed it in the hands of the Prince of Orange, to be laid before the diet.

Then he and his sisters went to Flushing, accompanied on his way by his son, and his daughter Maria, with her husband, Maximilian, King of Bohemia. His ship was Biscayan, a two-decker, of 565 tons, called the *Espiritu Santo*, where the lower deck was formed into two apartments for him, with a swinging bed and green hangings. The two queens were together in a Flemish ship, and the whole escort amounted to fifty-six, of which twelve were English.

Queen Mary had urgently invited her father-in-law to come and pay her a visit on his way, but he refused, remarking that it would be awkward to receive an emperor, who had become a private gentleman. Had he come, his counsels might have led her to more toleration. He was obliged to take shelter under the Isle of Portland, and was very near landing in the Isle of Wight, but was able to proceed, and arrived safely in the Gulf of Laredo.

Everybody was ill, the emperor himself and many of his people, and the whole place was in disarrangement and confusion, nothing to eat and no doctors, and the Flemings were exceedingly cross and grumbling, auguring very ill of Spain. However, Don Luis Quixada, the emperor's chamberlain, a gallant old knight, hurried to the spot, and obtained provisions from Valladolid. The church at Laredo still possesses two bronze eagles as lecterns, given by Charles in honour of his landing there. As soon as he had recovered from the voyage, he was taken in a litter, sometimes exchanged for a chair, carried by men, by easy stages, to Valladolid. At the last stage, Cabernon, he was met by his little grandson, Don Carlos, the only child of Philip II., born of his first marriage, with Maria of Portugal, and now eleven years old.

The Church had divined, as it were, the dangers of perpetual marriages between near kindred; but the House of Austria, more perhaps than any other houses on record, disregarded the laws she had made, obtained dispensations from the Pope, and suffered in consequence. The strain of melancholy insanity inherited from Queen Juana was perpetuated, and intensified in every generation, in both lines of the house. All the children of Charles V. had married their first cousins, and few of their children escaped the melancholy of their race, while some became even half-idiotic. One of these was the unfortunate little Carlos, whom his grandfather beheld for the first time. He was brought to him by his tutor, Don Onviato Juan, who was vainly trying to make him care for Cicero's *De Officiis*, but Carlos was by no means an Edward VI., and much preferred strangling young rabbits with his own hands.

The boy supped with his grandfather, and showed himself bold and unawed, asking questions about his adventures. When the emperor mentioned his retreat from Innspruck, the boy exclaimed—

'I like all the rest, but I don't like you to have fled.'

'What would you have done in my place?' said the grandfather.

'I would not have fled.'

'What! betrayed, ill with gout, on the point of being made prisoner?'

'I would not have fled,' reiterated Carlos, and the hearers tried to admire his courage; but he soon grew too familiar, would not take off his cap before his grandfather, and rudely demanded a little portable stove, which Charles used to warm his hands, persisting so much that the emperor said at last—

'You will have to wait till I am dead.'

The next speech displeased him still more, for the prince took upon him to observe that if he should have a brother born in England, and expecting to inherit both England and the Low Countries, he (Carlos), would take care he did not get them!

The emperor did not augur well of the boy. He advised the tutor not to spare the rod, and told his sister, Queen Leonor, that he thought him presumptuous and ill-tempered, and added—

'I do not know what will become of him.'

At Valladolid he met his daughter Juana. She had been married to Joao, the only son of the King of Portugal, and had lost him at the end of thirteen months, when she was only nineteen, a few days before the birth of her child, Sebastiao. This was two years and a half ago, and Portuguese jealousy had deprived her of the care of her child, and sent her to Spain, where her brother had made her his regent on going to England. She was devotedly pious, and always longing to retire into a convent. She never showed herself but in a thick veil, and was no small contrast to her merry aunt, the Queen of Hungary, who was so much delighted with the banquets at Valladolid, that she declared that she daily rejoiced more in having come to Spain.

Here Charles received an envoy from Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, by the recent death of her father, stout old Henri d'Albret, who had died, bidding his coffin be preserved till Pampeluna should be recovered, and he could rest in its cathedral. Her husband, Antoine de Bourbon, had persuaded her to offer to renounce her rights to a crown or a grave at Pampeluna, if she might be strengthened in her possession of her little principality of Béarn.

He sent on the letters to his son, and hastened to leave the city; but as the buildings at Yuste were not ready, he only went as far as the village of Xarandilla. On his way, at Medina del Campo, he lodged in the house of a rich banker, who had provided for him a gold chafing dish, filled with fine cinnamon. He thought this a useless piece of ostentation, or else he was otherwise displeased with his host, for he would not let him kiss his hand, and ordered his entertainment to be paid for.

He was anxious to avoid great cities and public receptions, and so instead of going through Plasenza, crossed the range of mountains that fence in Estramadura, carried in his chair by the peasants of the country.

'This is the last pass I shall ever go through,' he said, much enjoying the pure mountain air and scenery, which disgusted his Flemish attendants.

He lodged for three months in the house of the Counts of Oropesa, at Xarandilla, in such terrible weather, that Quixada had to wade about the streets in fishermen's boots, made of cowhide, lined with felt, and everybody was horribly discontented except the emperor. And he followed his life-long passion; not merely for gourmandise, but for gluttony. His huge and insatiable appetite was protested against by his confessor, for his soul's health, by his physicians, for his bodily health, but both alike in vain. Sometimes his jaded palate relished nothing, and his cook would exclaim, thinking of his taste for mechanical toys, that he knew not how to please the emperor, unless by sending up a pasty of watches. All sorts of dainties were sent to him from all parts, and faithful Quixada sighed over the certainty that these would tempt him to over-indulgence. Though professing to leave the world, and give himself to devotion, he was still set on this form of enjoyment, and suffered for it so much, that it is strange to find him persisting with what can be only called childish folly in his greediness.

His friend Francisco Borja, who came to see him at Xarandilla, had made a far more real renunciation of the world and the flesh than he had done. The emperor, who hated novelty, much disliked the Order of Jesuits, and tried to bring his friend to forsake them in favour of the Jeronimites at Yuste; but Borja, who regarded no man, would not hear of giving up the brotherhood where he had been trained to higher devotion.

A sharp illness delayed the emperor till February, when he was at last able to take possession of his chosen home. He arrived on St. Blaise's day, the 3rd of February, and went straight to the chapel, where a *Te Deum* was sung, and he heard vespers. Then the Prior came forward to welcome him, and, in his confusion, fell into the ecclesiastical form of address, and called him 'Your Paternity,' but was nudged by one of his brethren, and admonished to say 'Your Majesty.'

Charles's new buildings were in two stories, of four rooms each, looking out on the garden, which had two terraces, covered with orange and myrtle-trees and sweet flowers, and looking out on the valley of Estramadura, planted with mulberry, fig, almond, and orange-trees like a great garden.

He had a garden of his own on three sides of his abode, shut in with elm-trees and the paths bordered with citrons. In the middle was a fountain, with a *jet d'eau* falling into a basin, to which he added two more basins, lined with Dutch tiles, as a preserve for tench and trout on fast-days. Beyond the great fountain a broad path edged with cypresses led to the principal gate. Over the cloister wall could be

seen a huge walnut-tree, under whose shade the first founders, in 1404, had taken refuge, and which still remains, though the Order of S. Jerome has passed away. The emperor's rooms were tapestried with hunting-pieces from the Flemish looms, his chairs were of walnut covered with velvet, his carpets came from Turkey, and he had silver-plate for all uses at meals and for washing. A few choice pictures had been brought with him. A splendid Titian in honour of the Holy Trinity, with Charles and his wife Isabel adoring, was over the Altar in the church, and his rooms were adorned with sacred subjects and family portraits by the great masters of his time. He had only taken about thirty books with him, chiefly religious and historical, and he could also have access to the convent library, but his eyes had grown so weak that he could no longer read to himself, and was forced to employ one of his gentlemen.

His suite only consisted of sixty persons, and besides the horses, mules, and dogs that would naturally be expected, he had, as special favourites, two little Brazilian cats, presented to him by his sister Catalina, as well as a clever talking parrot, which she had caused to be educated for him at Lisbon. An aviary likewise contained partridges and other half-tamed birds.

Though he was so fond of animals, he much enjoyed shooting the pigeons which were found in hosts in the chestnut-woods adjoining, and the exercise and air improved his health greatly on his first arrival. He was wonderfully happy, and so full of graciousness that his gentlemen only feared that he would encourage the monks to be too familiar, and find some of them unbearable. Some of them were very shy at first. One in his embarrassment at having to offer holy water to the emperor, let the sprinkler fall; Charles picked it up, and, after dashing the water over himself, returned it, saying, 'This is the way to hold it, father.'

Some of the monks were highly cultivated. The greatest scholar of all was Father Fernando Corral, who was besides so immensely strong, that when one of his brethren was late at mass, he stalked out of his stall and reappeared bearing the defaulter in his arms, as a nurse carries a naughty child.

The best preachers of the Order were sent in turn to Yuste, that the emperor might enjoy their eloquence; but what he cared chiefly for was the music. He had an excellent ear, and had always kept the best singers in his private chapel, and he was almost choir-master at Yuste, trying the new voices over again, and taking his own part in the chants. Even when he was not well enough to be present in chapel, he could be plainly heard through the glass-door by which his bedroom communicated with it.

His day has been closely described. His watchmaker, Giovanni Torriano, was the first to enter his room in the morning; then came his confessor, to join in his morning prayers; afterwards his Flemish

doctor inspected him, and his servants helped him to dress. He took a draught of spiced milk while getting up, even when he was going to communicate, having had a special dispensation for this. Mass came next, followed by dinner, a very long meal, for his appetite was large and his teeth had failed, but all the time a book was read aloud to him, or he talked to his physician on scientific subjects—a happy exchange for his jesters! Sometimes he took a *siesta*, or else talked over a letter of Pliny, a chapter of Thucydides, of S. Bernard, S. Augustin, or S. Jerome, till three o'clock, when a bell rang, and on Wednesdays and Fridays everybody met in chapel for a sermon, or on the other days for a reading from Holy Scripture. The rest of the day he gave to visitors, or letter-writing, or sometimes to the work-shop of Torriano, who was trying to make a wonderful astronomical clock, to tell the movements of the planets and the days of the month and year. It had 1,800 wheels, and must have been a marvel of art; and he also constructed many curious mechanical toys, the contrivance of which was a great amusement to the emperor.

Then came vespers, and then supper, which lasted almost as long as the dinner, and in which Charles too often provided himself with a bad night. His attendants thought the life exceedingly dull, but it suited him perfectly, and he resisted all entreaties to leave his retreat.

Indeed what it really did was to give him time to enjoy himself in all the ways to which he was equal. His advice was sought as much as ever by his son and daughter, and he felt himself important and influential as before without the trouble of business, and he could get all his most valued friends about him without interruption. His love of watch-making led to a story that after trying in vain to make many clocks keep perfect time, he declared that he saw it was equally vain to try to regulate the consciences of men, and reproached himself for his measures of coercion. But this is clearly untrue, for though he had never permitted persecution in Germany, he was exceedingly indignant at finding that Lutheranism had spread to Spain, and urged his son, his daughter, and the Inquisitor-General to its speedy destruction by the terrible machinery used at first for the Albigenses, and since for relapsed Jews and Moslems. The first Lutheran *autos da fé* in Spain took place under his sanction, including even an ex-chaplain of his own, who had been with him in Germany, and he declared that he regretted the having spared Luther for the sake of his promise.

It was the less wonder, as he saw the evils to which the Reformation was running, though it was a pity that he should have repented of a truthfulness and honour, to which and to the noble uprightness of his brother and nephew it is probably owing that German Catholics and Protestants have been free from that mutual rancour that has everywhere else prevailed.

NOTE.—*Herict's Choice* has been unluckily delayed, but will be continued in our next.

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER VII.

'CHRISTMAS WREATHS RED-HOT.'

'*You will kindly undertake the Font, then?*' Thus spoke the clergyman in charge of the English church at Rio, to me the Monday before Christmas Day, 1874, as we stood near the vestry discussing decorative ways and means—he, the Bishop, Miss S——, myself, and one or two others, in busy conclave. I rashly answered 'Yes' without a moment's consideration, for my mind was still running on other matters which had also been under discussion that morning, and being somewhat pressed for time, added my *adios* to this precipitate undertaking, and left them there contentedly disposing of the other portions to be provided with adornment. Next minute I was hurrying through the blazing streets, still half pre-occupied with many subjects for thought, while the other half of my perceptions was engrossed with the one sole object of getting as swiftly as might be through the fiery heat and glare. Picture such a *December* walk to yourself, reader, and the look of the scene around me, if only by way of contrast to the matter in hand; streets long and narrow, horribly dirty, though dry to the excess of dustiness, but all aglow with life and sunshine; houses painted white, picked out with gay colours and ornamented with balls of coloured glass on the balconies; shops with gaudy signboards, flags and carpets hung out from the upper story; a multitude of varied costumes, and faces, black, sallow, and fair, jostling each other on the filthy pavements (which always struck me more in the light of monster dining-boards for the *baratas*—a huge cockchafer—than of civilized flag-ways of a city!) Down every by-way a glimpse of palm-trees, blue waters, or glorious mountains, all a-glitter in the flood of sunlight beneath the intensely blue skies; while jingling bells on the mules ring out a sort of perpetual jubilee as the tram-cars go by. Can you fancy planning out Christmas decorations amid such surroundings? It was not until I was safe in the cool shade of the ferry steamer going across the bay that I began to do so, and then it flashed across me with a sudden terror *what* I had undertaken to do. 'The font is of a good size; where in the world am I to get substitutes for laurel, holly, and ivy, wherewith to make the sufficient lengths of garlanding? And how keep them fresh in such weather when made? Lastly, how—*how* can I ever get them to the church, considering the two miles' walk, twenty minutes' tramway, half-an-hour's steam across the bay, and final ten minutes' of the streets of Rio, which intervene between my home at Jurajuba and the said Font. I must have been quite mad when I uttered that little affirmative monosyllable,' I concluded, mentally groaning in spirit. Yet in my secret heart I was deeply glad to be

employed for such a purpose. Beautiful Rio grows very dear to those who live in it according to the spirit of its natural loveliness, instead of after the manner of its sordid-minded natives; it had so become to me, long ere the eighteen months of my sojourn there had gone over my head. And this, probably my last Christmas there, seemed no common festival, while its rejoicings were crowned by having our beloved chief pastor to keep it among us. Moreover the special task allotted me (the decorating of the Font) was in itself most congenial; there my dear little pupils at Jurajuba had all been baptized, save the one newly arrived among us during our stay there, and she was to be brought thither too in a few weeks, perhaps ere my wreaths should be taken down. How many more children of friends in Brazil might also there receive their Second Birth into the one Catholic and Apostolic Church in days to come! . . . . The difficulties of such an undertaking could, should, and must, be overcome I resolved, thinking over these things; and its accomplishment be worthy of its intrinsic preciousness, so I beguiled the long, hot walk home from the tramway with plans to that end.

A substitute for evergreens was the first desideratum, and, of course, I appealed for advice on this matter to the kind heads of the family, as I was wont to do in every other difficulty. (Brave, loyal, upright friends, I pause, as I write, to think of your many valued counsels, and of the habitual generous goodness I met with under your roof; the fruit of those quiet teachings is daily gathered into my harvest of life even yet—how better can I thank you for them than by most gratefully acknowledging it? Hour after hour, your examples, often also your wise words, as we sat talking over the pleasant evening meal, the bright morning one, or—best of all, in the long restful leisure of Sundays—made an ineffaceable impression, which recurs to me continually at this day. Truly may I remember *you* among 'my gentle teachers!')

The leaves of the mango-tree were recommended to me by the elder Mr. W——, and he at once sent a grand supply of them into the veranda, so that I might both have a cool place wherein to keep them as fresh as might be, and also some shade to work in. Here I sat making them into the necessary lengths of garlanding, at every spare minute of Tuesday and Wednesday, often sprinkling them with water to keep them fresh, and on Thursday I was promised the use of Fritz, the German servant boy, to carry them into town for me. Tuesday was suffocating, simply, and I gasped with the insupportable heat as I wreathed busily away; the inevitable thunderstorm rolled up towards evening, and next day was wet. I rejoiced to awake and find it so; my poor leaves had thus a fair chance of greenness when required for use. But, lo and behold, Thursday morning also proved rainy, a consummation I had neither expected nor desired, as I was pledged to take them, completed, to their fontal goal as early as possible, and the prospect of wind and wet was anything but encouraging. For a few hours I chafed in an unwilling imprisonment to the

house, then, defying the weather with waterproof and strong boots, I rushed desperately forth into the road near our house and gathered ferns there until basket and hands could hold no more. Such ferns, reader! the most choice and delicate sorts you could covet for such a purpose, and all obtained by the road-side within a quarter of a mile of home. Next I proceeded to the house of a lady in San Domingos, who had promised me the run of her garden for the occasion, and who accordingly bestowed upon me such a basketful of flowers as I only longed to share with many a dear church that Christmas Eve at home, a huge mass of everything gorgeous and lovely that you can imagine by the light of conservatories in England. Then Fritz and I went forward with our triple burden—wreaths in one big basket, ferns and flowers in two others—upon the long journey to Rio Church; the weather was clearing now, and my heart was with you all at home as I went along, thinking how you were finding your work at R——, and C——, and H——, and many another dear spot at the other side of the world. At R—— the decorations must be finished, doubtless, and the Festal Evensong beginning, I remembered; the sound of its carols seemed ringing in my ears as I worked away over my own task beyond the Atlantic, and sometimes I could not refrain from softly taking up the strains with you—

'Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

'Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

'Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!'

Fingers plied string and scissors only the more swiftly for the sweet echoes in one's mind; but there was need for industry and promptitude, for the weather had so hindered me that it was past six o'clock before I was really well at work on the actual adornment of the Font, and it took me quite a couple of hours to finish. Once I was called away for a few minutes to give an opinion on the Altar decorations; their effect was oh! so lovely, a mass of tropical plants, tree-ferns, dwarf-palms, &c., filling up the space within the rails. As to my own performance I was greatly out of conceit with it, being too much pressed for time to carry out my ideas properly; the light wanes so fast after sunset that my concluding touches were given groping on my knees. The outlines of the Font were traced out in dark green garlands, and bunches of vivid colouring and graceful form, made of ferns and flowers for every few inches: carefully worked out, the effect might have been good. However, the local critics graciously commended it, and, much better

guerdon for my toil (did *that* work ever ask a reward other than the honour of doing it!), Bishop S—— gave me one of his own peculiarly kind and cordial words of commendation thereupon afterwards. Such praise only deepens the sober thoughts of to Whose Glory one has been offering one's small share of taste and skill; and, moreover, I had twined a special association with every spray and blossom. . . Our little 'Néné,' the sweet baby-girl who was to come there so soon for baptism, how fervently I wished her all the grace and purity and perfection of beauty, of the ferns and flowers with which her christening Font was preparing for her; how earnestly desired of the Lord of the Gardens of Paradise to accept her too, as an offering to Himself, both for time and at the Eternal Ingathering hereafter! . . . .

All was accomplished by half-past eight, and I set off under Fritz's escort on our long homeward way; fortunately it was lighted by a bright Christmas moon, beneath which some of you were doubtless also taking your way home after midnight Communions.

Christmas Day dawned cloudless and magnificent, and I was up betimes to arrange the few flowers and ferns (over after the Font was completed) which I had brought home to make bouquets for the breakfast-table. Very gay it looked, a nosegay and Christmas card to every plate, as we gathered round it with affectionate greetings and good wishes of the season, reminding me of a bygone Christmas morning in London, when my niece had made us a like floral gift apiece, from some conservatory—indeed to her I owed the idea, which gave no little pleasant surprise. As soon as the meal was ended, all church-goers had to make haste on their way to Rio. Mr. C. W—— mounted his mule to ride to the ferry; his elder brother benevolently undertook to pioneer me through the unutterable mud, which the sunshine was making a few degrees worse than last night. Imagine pea-soup, putty, and the stiff clay of a ploughed field, well mixed, the delightful agglomerate being nearly knee deep in places, and a blazing sun streaming upon our heads for the whole two miles of it! Picture to yourselves tall Mr. W—— stalking on before me in 'tamancas' (a kind of rude wooden clogs without heels), turning every other minute to tell me where to set my feet, and sometimes stopping to jump me over the worst bits; both of us of necessity habited in festal array for church-going on a remarkably bright and warm summer day, and I making a most ridiculous figure, with my flowing light skirts tucked as best they might be out of reach of the mire! Mr. C. W—— passed us half way, temporarily stuck in one of the most awful quagmires of the way, with a mischievous laugh at our sorry plight, as well he might, from his comfortable vantage of mule-back, well out of the mud. You will hardly believe that I arrived at church ultimately with scarce a visible speck, but so it was, though I confess to a draggled underskirt artfully concealed from view. Little it irked me during the service; the blessedness of union with all one loves best,

however distant in time, place, or circumstance, was too real and happy in that Festal Worship for any outward trifle to disturb. . . . The whole day was overpoweringly hot, so much so that at dinner we actually passed a unanimous vote in favour of adjourning to the veranda instead of eating any pudding! Here we sat and watched a great storm coming up, which afterwards, just as we were gathering round the piano for some Christmas music, broke directly over our heads, in one terrific crash and roar, with a perfect sheet of blinding white flame. 'That must have been a bolt!' was the breathless exclamation of one of us, while instinctively we glanced round upon each others' faces to make sure that all were safely there, not one called hence by that 'minister of flaming fire;' then, without another pause began to sing our *Adeste Fideles.*

'Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation!
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to God in the highest!
Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!'

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIVAL HEIRESSES.

One curious part of the reticence of youth is that which relates to its comprehension of grown-up affairs. There is a smile with which the elders greet any question on the subject, half of wonder, half of amusement, which is perfectly intolerable to the young, who remain thinking that they are regarded as presumptuous and absurd, and thus will do anything rather than expose themselves to it again.

Thus it was that Mrs. Brownlow flattered herself that her children never put two and two together when she let them know of the discovery of their relationship. Partly she judged by herself. She was never in the habit of forecasting, and for so clever and spirited a woman, she thought wonderfully little. She had plenty of intuitive sense, decided rapidly and clearly, and could easily throw herself in other people's thoughts, but she seldom reflected, analysed or moralised, save on the spur of the moment. She lived chiefly in the present, and the chief events of her life had all come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon her, that she was all the less inclined to guess at the future, having always hitherto been taken by surprise.

So, when Jock observed in public—'Mother, they say at Kenscroft that the old miser ought to leave you half his money. Do you think he will?' it was with perfect truth that she answered, 'I don't think at all about it.'

It was taken in the family as an intimation that she would not talk about it, and while she supposed that the children drew no conclusions, they thought the more.

Allen was gone to Eton, but Janet and Bobus had many discussions over their chemical experiments, about possibilities and probabilities, odd compounds of cleverness and ignorance.

'Mother must be heir-at-law, for her grandmother was eldest,' said Janet.

'A woman can't be heir-at-law,' said Bobus.

'The Salique law doesn't come into England.'

'Yes it does, for Sir John Gray got Graysnest only last year, instead of the old man's daughter.

'Then how comes the Queen to be Queen?"

'Besides,'—Bobus shifted his ground to another possibility—'when there's nobody but a lot of women, the thing goes into abeyance among them.'

'Who gets it, then?'

'Chancery, I suppose, or some of the lawyers. They are all blood-suckers.'

'I'm sure,' said Janet, superior by three years of wisdom, 'that abeyance only happens about Scotch peerages; and if he has not made a will, mother will be heiress.'

'Only halves with that black Undine of Allen's,' sturdily persisted Bobus. 'Is she coming here, Janet?'

'Yes, to-morrow. I did not think we wanted another child about the house; Essie and Ellie are quite enough.'

'If mother gets rich she won't have all that teaching to bother her,' said Bobus.

'And I can go on with my education,' said Janet.

'Girl's education does not signify,' said Bobus. 'Now I shall be able to get the very best instruction in physical science, and make some great discovery. If I could only go and study at Halle, instead of going on droning here.'

'Oh! boys can always get educated if they choose. You are going to Eton or Winchester after this term.'

'Not if I can get any sense into mother. I don't want to waste my time on those stupid classics and athletics. I say, Janet, it's time to see whether the precipitation has taken place.'

The two used to try experiments together in Bobus's end of the attic to an extent that might make the presence of a strange child in the house dangerous to herself as well as to every one else.

Mrs. Gould herself brought the little girl, trying to impress on Mrs. Brownlow that if she was indocile it was not her fault, but her grandfather could not bear to have her crossed.

The elders did not wonder at his weakness, for the creature was wonderfully lovely and winning, with a fearless imperiousness that

subdued every one to her service. So brilliant was she, that Essie and Ellie, though very pretty little girls, looked faded and effaced beside this small empress, whose air seemed to give her a right to bestow her favours.

'I am glad to be here!' she observed, graciously, to her hostess, 'for you are my cousin and a lady.'

'And pray what are you?' asked Janet.

'I am la Señora Doña Elvira Maria de Guadalupe de Menella,' replied the damsel, with a liquid sonorousness so annihilating, that Janet made a mocking courtesy; and her mother said it was like asking the head of the house of Hapsburg if she were a lady!

With some disappointment at Allen's absence, the little donna motioned Bobus to sit by her side at dinner-time, and when her grandfather looked in somewhat later to wish her good-bye, in mingled hope and fear of her insisting on going home with him, she cared for nothing but his admiration of her playing at kings and queens with Armine and Barbara, in *the* cotton velvet train of the dressing-up wardrobe.

'No, she did not want to go home. She never wanted to go back to River Hollow.'

Nor would she even kiss him till she had extorted the assurance that he had been shaved that morning.

The old man went away blessing Mrs. Brownlow's kindness to his child, and Janet was universally scouted for muttering that it was a heartless little being. She alone remained unenthralled by Elvira's chains. The first time she went to Kenscroft, she made Colonel Brownlow hold her up in his arms to gather a bough off his own favourite double cherry; and when Mother Carey demurred, she beguiled Aunt Ellen into taking her on her own responsibility to the dancing lessons at the assembly rooms.

There she electrified the dancing-master, and all beholders, seeming to catch inspiration from the music, and floating along with a wondrous swimming grace, as her dainty feet twinkled, her arms wreathed themselves, and her eyes shone with enjoyment.

If she could only have always danced, or acted in the garden! Armine's and Babie's perpetual romantic dramas were all turned by her into homage to one and the same princess. She never knew or cared whether she were goddess or fairy, Greek or Briton, provided she had the crown and train; but as Babie much preferred action to magnificence, they got on wonderfully well without disputes. There was a continual performance, endless as a Chinese tragedy, of Spenser's Faery Queene, in which Elfie was always Gloriana, and Armine and Babie were everybody else in turn, except the wicked characters, who were represented by the cabbages and a dummy.

'Reading was horrid,' Elvira said, and certainly hers deserved the epithet. Her attainments fell far behind those of Essie and Ellie, and

she did not mean to improve them. Her hostess let her alone till after she had twice shaken her rich mane at her grandfather, and refused to return with him; and he had shown himself deeply grateful to Mrs. Brownlow for keeping her there, and had said he hoped she was good at her lessons, it was clearly necessary to do something.

The first trial resulted in Elvira's going to sleep over her book, the next in her playing all sorts of ridiculous tricks, and sulking when stopped, and when she was forbidden to speak or go out till she had repeated three answers in the multiplication table, she was the next moment singing and dancing in defiance in the garden. Caroline did not choose to endure this, and went to fetch her in, thus producing such a screaming, kicking, rolling fury that Mrs. Coffinkey might have some colour for the statement that Mrs. Folly Brownlow was murdering all her children. The cook, as the strongest person in the house, was called, carried her in and put her to bed, where she fell sound asleep, and woke, hungry, in high spirits, and without an atom of compunction.

When called to lessons she replied—'No, I'm going back to grandpapa.'

'Very well,' was all Caroline answered, thinking wholesome neglect the best treatment.

In an hour's time Mr. Gould made his appearance with his grandchild. She had sought him out among the pigs in the market-place, pulled him by the coat, and insisted on being taken home.

His politeness was great, but he was plainly delighted, and determined to believe that her demand sprang from affection, and not naughtiness. Elvira stood caressing him, barely vouchsafing to look at her hostess, and declaring that she never meant to come back.

Not a fortnight had passed, however, before she burst upon them again, kissing them all round, and reiterating that she hated her aunt, and would live with Mother Carey. Mr. Gould had waited to be properly ushered in. He was distressed and apologetic, but he had been forced to do his tyrant's behest. There had been more disturbances than ever between her and her aunt, and Mrs. Gould had declared that she would not manage the child any longer, while Elvira was still more vehement to return to Mother Carey. Would Mrs. Brownlow recommend some school or family where the child would be well cared for? Mrs. Brownlow did more, offering herself to undertake the charge.

Spite of all the naughtiness, she loved the beautiful wild creature, and could not bear to think of intrusting her to strangers; she knew, too, that her brother and sister-in-law had no objection, and it was the obvious plan. Mr. Gould would make some small payment, and the child was to be made to understand that she must be obedient, learn her lessons, and cease to expect to find a refuge with her grandfather when she was offended.

She drew herself up with childish pride and grace, saying, 'I will attend to Mrs. Brownlow, for she is my cousin and my equal.'

To a certain degree the little maiden kept her word. She was the favourite plaything of the boys, and got on well with Babie, who was too bright and yielding to quarrel with any one.

But Janet's elder-sisterly authority was never accepted by the new-comer. 'I couldn't mind her, she looked so ugly,' said she in excuse; and probably the heavy, brown, dull complexion and large features were repulsive in themselves to the sensitive fancy of the creature of life and beauty. At any rate, they were jarring elephants, as said Esther, who was growing ambitious, and sometimes electrified the public with curious versions of the long words more successfully used by Armine and Babie.

Caroline succeeded in modelling a very lovely profile in bas-relief of the exquisite little head, and then had it photographed. Mary Ogilvie, coming to Kenminster as usual when her holidays began in June, found the photograph in the place of honour on her brother's chimney-piece, and a little one beside it of the artist herself.

So far as Carey herself was concerned, Mary was much better satisfied. She did not look so worn or so flighty, and had a quieter and more really cheerful tone and manner, as of one who had settled into her home and occupations. She had made friends, too—few, but worth having; and there were those who pronounced the Folly the pleasantest house in Kenminster, and regarded the five o'clock tea, after the weekly physical science lecture at the school, as a delightful institution.

Of course, the schoolmaster was one of these; and when Mary found how all his paths tended to the Pagoda, she hated herself for being a suspicious old duenna. Nevertheless, she could not but be alarmed by finding that her project of a walking tour through Britanny was not, indeed, refused, but deferred, with excuses about having work to finish, being in no hurry, and the like.

'I think you ought to go,' said Mary at last.

'I see no ought in the case. Last year the work dragged, and was oppressive; but you see how different it has become.'

'That is the very reason,' said Mary, the colour flying to her cheeks. 'It will not do to stay lingering here as we did last summer, and not only on your own account.'

'You need not be afraid,' was the muttered answer, as David bent down his head over the exercise he was correcting. She made no answer, and ere long he began again, 'I don't mean that her equal exists, but I am not such a fool as to delude myself with a spark of hope.'

'She is too nice for that,' said Mary.

'Just so,' he said, glad to relieve himself when the ice had been broken. 'There's something about her that makes one feel her to be altogether that doctor's, as much as if he were present in the flesh.'

'Are you hoping to wear that out? For I don't think you will.'

'I told you I had no hope,' he answered, rather petulantly. 'Even were it otherwise, there is another thing that must withhold me. It has got abroad that she may turn out heiress to the old man at Belforest.'

'In such a hopeless case, would it not be wiser to leave this place altogether?'

'I cannot,' he exclaimed; then remembering that vehemence told against him, he added, 'Don't be uneasy; I am a reasonable man, and she is a woman to keep one so; but I think I am useful to her, and I am sure she is useful to me.'

'That I allow she has been,' said Mary, looking at her brother's much improved appearance; 'but——'

'Moths and candles to wit,' he returned; 'but don't be afraid, I attract no notice, and I think she trusts me about her boys.'

'But what is it to come to?'

'I have thought of that. Understand that it is enough for me to live near her, and be now and then of some little service to her.'

'You troubadour!'

They were interrupted by a note, which Mr. Ogilvie read, and handed to his sister with a smile:—

'Dear Mr. Ogilvie,—Could you and Mary make it convenient to look in this evening? Bobus has horrified his uncle by declining to go up for a scholarship at Eton or Winchester, and I should be very glad to talk it over with you. Also, I shall have to ask you to take little Armine into school after the holidays.

'Yours sincerely,

'C. O. Brownlow.'

'What does the boy mean?' asked Mary. 'I thought he was the pride of your heart.'

'So he is; but he is ahead of his fellows, and ought to be elsewhere. All measures have been taken for sending him up to stand at one of the public schools, but I thought him very passive about it. He is an odd boy—reserved and self-concentrated—quite beyond his uncle's comprehension, and likely to become headstrong at a blind exercise of authority.'

'I used to like Allen best,' said Mary.

'He is the pleasantest, but there's more solid stuff in Bobus. That boy's school character is perfect, except for a certain cool opinionativeness, which seldom comes out with me, but greatly annoys the under-masters.'

'Is he a prig?'

'Well, yes, I'm afraid he is. He's unpopular, for he does not care for games; but his brother is popular enough for both.'

'Jock?—the monkey!'

'His brains run to mischief. I've had to set him more impositions than any boy in the school, and actually to take his form myself,

for simply the under-masters can't keep up discipline or their own tempers. As to poor M. le Blanc, I find him dancing and shrieking with fury in the midst of a circle of snorting, giggling boys; and when he points out *ce petit monstre*, Jock coolly owns to having translated "*Croquons les*," let us croquet them; or "*Je suis blessé*," I am blest.'

'So the infusion of brains produces too much effervescence.'

'Yes, but the whole school has profited, and none more so than No. 2 of the other family, who has quite past his elder brother, and is above his namesake whenever it is a case of plodding ability *versus* idle genius. But, after all, how little one can know of one's boys.'

'Or one's girls,' said Mary, thinking of governess experiences.

It was a showery summer evening when the brother and sister walked up to the Folly in a partial clearing, when the evening sun made every bush twinkle all over with diamond drops. Childish voices were heard near the gate, and behind a dripping laurel were seen Elvira, Armine, and Barbara engaged in childhood's unceasing attempt to explore the centre of the earth.

'What do you expect to find there?' they were asked.

'Little kobolds, with pointed caps, playing at ball with rubies and emeralds, and digging with golden spades,' answered Babie.

'And they shall give me an opal ring,' said Elfie. 'But Armine does not want the kobolds.'

'He says they are bad,' said Babie. 'Now are they, Mr. Ogilvie. I know elder women are, and erl kings and mist widows, but poor Neck, that sat on the water and played his harp, wasn't bad, and the dear little kobolds were so kind and funny. Now are they bad elves?'

Her voice was full of earnest pleading, and Mr. Ogilvie, not being versed in the spiritual condition of elves, could best reply by asking why Armine throught ill of their kind.

'I think they are nasty little things that want to distract and bewilder one in the real great search.'

'What search, my boy?'

'For the source of everything,' said Armine, lowering his voice and looking into his muddy hole.

'But that is above, not below,' said Mary.

'Yes,' said Armine reverently; 'but I think God put life and the beginning of growing into the earth, and I want to find it.'

'Isn't it Truth?' said Babie. 'Mr. Acton said Truth was at the bottom of a well. I won't look at the kobolds if they keep one from seeing Truth.'

'But I must get my ring and all my jewels from them,' put in Elfie.

'Should you know Truth?' asked Mr. Ogilvie. 'What do you think she is like?'

'So beautiful!' said Babie, clasping her fingers with earnestness. 'All white and clear like crystal, with such blue, sweet, open eyes. And she has an anchor.'

'That's Hope?' said Armine.

'Oh! Hope and Truth go hand in hand,' said Babie; 'and Hope will be all robed in green like the young corn-fields in the spring.'

'Ah, Babie, that emerald Hope and crystal Truth are not down in the earth, earthy,' said Mary again.

'Nay, perhaps Armine has got hold of a reality,' said Mr. Ogilvie. 'They are to be found above by working below.'

'Talking paradox to Armine?' said the cheerful voice of the young mother. 'My dear sprites, do you know that it is past eight! How wet you are! Good night, and mind you don't go up stairs in those boots.'

'It is quite comfortable to hear anything so commonplace,' said Mary, when the children had run away, to the sound of its reiteration after full interchange of good nights. 'Those imps make one feel quite eerie.'

'Has Armine been talking in that curious fashion of his,' said Carey, as they began to pace the walks. 'I am afraid his thinker is too big—as the child says in Miss Tytler's book. This morning over his parsing he asked me—"Mother, which is *reallest*, what we touch or what we feel?" knitting his brows fearfully when I did not catch his meaning, and going on—'I mean is that fly as real as King David?" and then as I was more puzzled he went on—"You see we only need just see that fly now with our outermost senses, and he will only live a little while, and nobody cares or will think of him any more, but everybody always does think, and feel, and care a great deal about King David." I told him, as the best answer I could make on the spur of the moment, that David was alive in Heaven, but he pondered in and broke out—"No, that's not it! David was a real man, but it it just the same about Perseus and Siegfried, and lots of people that never were men, only just thoughts. Ain't thoughts *realler* than things, mother?"'

'But much worse for him, I should say,' exclaimed Mary.

'I thought of Pisistratus Caxton, and wrote to Mr. Ogilvie. It is a great pity, but I am afraid he ought not to dwell on such things till his body is grown up to his mind.'

'Yes, school is the approved remedy for being too clever,' said Mr. Ogilvie. 'You are wise. It is a pity, but it will be all the better for him by and by.'

'And the elder ones will take care the seasoning is not too severe,' said Caroline, with a resolution she could hardly have shown if this had been her first launch of a son. 'But it was about Bobus that I wanted to consult you. His uncle thinks him headstrong and conceited, if not lazy.'

'Lazy he is certainly not.'

'I knew you would say so, but the Colonel cannot enter into his wish to have more physical science and less classics, and will not hear of his going to Germany, which is what he wishes, though I am sure he is too young.'

'He ought not to go there till his character is much more formed.'

'What do you think of his going on here?'

'That's a temptation I ought to resist. He will soon have outstripped the other boys so that I could not give him the attention he needs, and besides the being with other boys, more his equals, would be invaluable to him.

'Well, he is rather bumptious.'

'Nothing is worse for a lad of that sort than being cock of the walk. It spoils him often for life.'

'I know exactly the sort of man you mean, always liking to lay down the law and talking to women instead of men, because they don't argue with him. No, Bobus must not come to that, and he is too young to begin special training. Will you talk to him, Mr. Ogilvie? You know if my horse is not convinced I may bring him to the water, but it will be all in vain.'

They had reached the outside of the window of the dining-room, where the school-boys were learning their lessons for the morrow. Bobus was sitting at the table with a small lamp so shaded as to concentrate the light on him and to afford it to no one else. On the floor was a servant's flat candlestick, mounted on a pile of books, between one John sprawling at full length preparing his *Virgil*, the other cross-legged, working a sum with ink from a doll's tea-cup placed in the candlestick, and all the time there was a wonderful mumbling accompaniment, as there always was between those two.

'I say, what does *pulsum* come from?'

'What a brute this is of a fraction! Skipjack, what will go in 639 and 852.

'*Pulsum*, a pulse—*volat* flies. Eh! Three'll do it. Or common measure it at once.'

'Bother common measure. The threes in——'

'*Fama*, fame; *volat*, flies; *pulsum*, the pulse; *cecisse*, to have ceased; *paterius regius*, in the paternal kingdom. I say, wouldn't that rile Perkins like fun?'

'The threes in seven—two—in eighteen——'

'I say, Johnny, is *pulsum* from *pulco*?'

'Never heard of it.'

'Bobus, is it *pulco, pulxi, pulsum*?'

'*Pulco*—I make an ass of myself,' muttered Bobus.

'O murder,' groaned Johnny, 'it has come out 213.'

'Not half so much murder as this *pulsum*. Why it will go in them both. I can see with half an eye.'

'Isn't it *pello—pulsum?*'

'*Pello*, to drive out. Hurrah! That fits it.'

'Look out, Skipjack, there's a moth.'

'Anything worth having?' demanded Bobus.

'Only a grass eggar. *Fama*, fame; *volat*, flies; *Idomæea ducem*, that Idomæeus the leader; *pulsum*, expelled. Get out, I say, you foolish beggar' (to the moth).

'Never mind catching him,' said Bobus, 'we've got dozens.'

'Yes, but I don't want him frizzling alive in my candle.'

'Don't kick up such a shindy,' broke out Johnny, as a much stained handkerchief came flapping about. 'You've blotted my sum. Thunder and ages!' as the candlestick toppled over, ink and all. 'That is a go!'

'I say, Bobus, lend us your Guy Fawkes to pick up the pieces.'

'Not if I know it,' said Bobus. 'You always smash things.'

'There's a specimen of the way we learn our lessons,' said Caroline, in a low voice, still unseen, as Bobus wiped, sheathed, and pocketed his favourite pen, then proceeded to turn down the lamp, but allowed the others to relight their candle at the expiring wick.

'The results are fair,' said Mr. Ogilvie.

'I think of your carpet,' said Mary, quaintly.

'We always lay down an ancient floorcloth in the bay window before the boys come home,' said Carey, laughing. 'Here, Bobus.'

And as he came out headforemost at the window, the two ladies discreetly drew off to leave the conversation free.

'So, Brownlow,' said Mr. Ogilvie, 'I hear you don't want to try your luck elsewhere.'

'No, sir.'

'Do you object to telling me why?'

'I see no use in it,' said Bobus, never shy, and further aided by the twilight; 'I do quite well enough here.'

'Should you not do better in a larger field among a higher stamp of boys?'

'Public school boys are such fools!'

'And what are the Kenites?'

'Well, not much,' said Bobus, with a twitch in the corner of his mouth; 'but I can keep out of their way.'

'You mean that you have gained your footing, and don't want to have to do it again.'

'Not only that, sir,' said the boy, 'but at a public school you're fagged, and forced to go in for cricket and football.'

'You would soon get above that.'

'Yes, but even then you get no peace, and are nobody unless you go in for all that stuff of athletics and sports. I hate it all, and don't want to waste my time.'

'I don't think you are quite right as to there being no distinction without athletics.'

'Allen says it is so now.'

'Allen may be a better judge of the present state of things, but I should think there was always a studious set who were respectable.'

'Besides,' proceeded Bobus, warming with his subject, 'I see no good in nothing but classics. I don't care what ridiculous lies some old man who never existed, or else was a dozen people at once, told about a lot of ruffians who never lived, killing each other at some place that never was. I like what you can lay your finger on, and say it's here, it's true, and I can prove it, and explain it, and improve on it.'

'If you can,' said Mr. Ogilvie, struck by the contrast with the little brother.

'That's what I want to do,' said Bobus; 'to deal with real things, not words and empty fancies. I know languages are necessary; but if one can read a Latin book, and understand a Greek technical term, that's all that is of use. If my uncle won't let me study physical science in Germany, I had rather go on here, where I can be let alone to study it for myself.'

'I do not think you understand what you would throw away. What is the difference between Higg, the bone-setter, and Dr. Leslie?'

'Higg can do that one thing just by instinct. He is uneducated.'

'And in a measure it is so with all who throw themselves into some special pursuit without waiting for the mind and character to have full training and expansion. If you mean to be a great surgeon——'

'I don't mean to be a surgeon.'

'A physician then.'

'No, sir. Please don't let my mother fancy I mean to be in practice, at everyone's beck and call. I've seen too much of that. I mean to get a professorship, and have time and apparatus for researches, so as to get to the bottom of everything,' said the boy, with the vast purposes of his age.

'Your chances will be much better if you go up from a public school, trained in accuracy by the thorough work of language, and made more powerful by the very fact of not having followed merely your own bent. Your contempt for the classics shows how one-sided you are growing. Besides, I thought you knew that the days are over of unmitigated classics. You would have many more opportunities, and much better ones, of studying physical science than I can provide for you here.'

This was a new light to Bobus, and when Mr. Ogilvie proved its truth to him, and described the facilities he would have for the study, he allowed that it made all the difference.

Meantime the two ladies had gone in, Mary asking where Janet was.

'Gone with Jessie and her mother to a birthday party at Polesworth Lawn.'

'Not a good day for it.'

'It is the perplexing sort of day that no one knows whether to call it fine or wet; but Ellen decided on going, as they were to dance in the hall if it rained. I'm sure her kindness is great, for she takes infinite trouble to make Janet producible! Poor Janet, you know, dressing her is like hanging clothes on a wooden peg, and a peg that won't stand still, and has curious theories of the beautiful, carried out in a still more curious way. So when, in terror of our aunt, the whole female household have done their best to turn out Miss Janet respectable, between this house and Kenscroft, she contrives to give herself some twitch, or else is seized with an idea of the picturesque, which sets every one wondering that I let her go about such a figure. Then Ellen and Jessie put a tie here, and a pin there, and reduce the chaotic mass to order.'

It was not long before Janet appeared, and Jessie with her, the latter having been set down to give a message. The two girls were dressed in the same light black-and-white checked silk of early youth, one with pink ribbons and the other with blue; but the contrast was the more apparent, for one was fresh and crisp, while the other was flattened and tumbled; one said everything had been delightful, the other that it had all been very stupid, and the expression made even more difference than the complexion, in one so fair, fresh, and rosy, in the other so sallow and muddled. Jessie looked so sweet and bright, that when she had gone Miss Ogilvie could not help exclaiming, 'How pretty she is!'

'Yes, and so good-tempered and pleasant. There is something always restful to me in having her in the room,' said Caroline.

'Restful?' said Janet, with one of her unamiable sneers. 'Yes, she and H. S. H. sent me off to sleep with their gossip on the way home! O mother, there's another item for the Belforest record. Mr. Barnes has sent off all his servants again, even the confidential man is shipped off to America.'

'You seem to have slept with one ear open,' said her mother. 'And oh!' as Janet took off her gloves, 'I hope you did not show those hands!'

'I could not eat cake without doing so, and Mr. Glover supposed I had been photographing.'

'And what had you been doing?' inquired Mary, at sight of the brown stains.

'Trying chemical experiments with Bobus,' said her mother.

'Yes!' cried Janet, 'and I've found out why we did not succeed. I thought it out during the dancing.'

'Instead of cultivating the "light fantastic toe," as the *Courier* calls it.'

'I danced twice, and a great plague it was. Only with Mr. Glover and with a stupid little middy. I was thinking all the time how senseless it was.'

'How agreeable you must have been!'

'One can't be agreeable to people like that. Oh, Bobus!' as he came into the room with Mr. Ogilvie, 'I've found out——'

'I thought Jessie was here,' he interrupted.

'She's gone home. I know what was wrong yesterday. We ought to have isolated the hypo——'

'Isolated the grandmother,' said Bobus. 'That has nothing to do with it.'

'I'm sure of it. I'll show you how it acts.'

'I'll show you just the contrary.'

'Not to-night,' cried their mother, as Bobus began to relight the lamp. 'You two explosives are quite perilous enough by day without lamps and candles.'

'You endure a great deal,' said Mr. Ogilvie.

'I'm not afraid of either of these two doing anything dangerous singly, for they are both careful, but when they are of different minds, I never know what the collision may produce.'

'Yes,' said Bobus, 'I'd much sooner have Jessie to help me, for she does what she is bid, and never thinks.'

'That's all you think women good for,' said Janet.

'Quite true,' said Bobus, coolly.

And Mr. Ogilvie was acknowledged by his sister to have done a good deed that night, since the Folly might be far more secure when Janet tried her experiments alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

BY C. R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

FORESHADOWINGS.

'The child is father of the mān.'

In a small marble-paved court belonging to the newly-built palace of King Joao I. of Portugal, on a splendid summer day in the year 1415, five youths were engaged in earnest consultation. The summer air, the luscious scent of the orange-trees beneath which they were seated, might have inclined them to mere lazy enjoyment of their young existence—the busy sounds from the tilt-yard near have summoned them to the sports and exercises for which their graceful, well-grown strength evidently fitted them, or the books, several of which were scattered on the marble steps of the court, have employed their attention. But they were evidently so deeply interested by the subject in hand as to have

no thoughts to spare for anything else—a fact the more remarkable as they were not engaged in a dispute, but were discussing something on which they were evidently all agreed, and which they regarded as of the highest importance.

'When our great uncle, Edward the Black Prince, won his spurs,' said the eldest, a tall, dark-haired young man, with a singularly considerate and intelligent countenance, 'it was at Crecy by hard fighting. *He* did something to deserve knighthood. His father let him win the field for himself. "Is my son unhorsed," he said, "or mortally wounded? Nay, then let him win his spurs." And see how he won them!'

'And *he* was only sixteen!' said the second brother, who resembled the first speaker, but had a more fiery and vivacious expression.

'Ay, Pedro, we have waited too long for our chance; it suits not with our honour.'

'Oh,' broke in the fourth boy vehemently, 'why cannot the King find some pretext for a war? If Castile or Arragon would but insult us! By my father says he cannot engage in an unjust war merely to knight his sons. 'Tis very unlucky.'

'Nay,' said the eldest brother, 'I cannot blame him. He must consider the country's good.'

'Ah!' said Pedro, 'there always *were* wars and deeds of arms in those good old days. But these are dull times; it is not worth while living in the world now. Everything is for policy and justice; no one acts for pure glory and knight-errantry.'

'That is a stupid thing to say,' said the third brother, who had not hitherto spoken, a youth with broad, thoughtful brows and large grey eyes. 'We do not know what one half of the world is like; there is quite enough to do in finding out.'

'Enrique is for ever wondering about countries beyond seas,' said Pedro. 'Are Duarte and he and I to seek knighthood by sailing away to look for savages—the saints know where?'

'We have not yet killed *nearly* all the infidels,' said the youngest brother of all, rather dreamily.

'There are no Crusades now, Fernando,' said Duarte; 'and to my thinking absent sovereigns make ill-governed kingdoms.'

'And are there no infidels except in Palestine?' cried the little Fernando, springing to his feet. 'I would sooner earn *my* knighthood by destroying the villains who steal children and imprison noble knights than by fighting with brave gentlemen like ourselves. I would sooner be Godfrey de Bouillon than our uncle Edward. Let us go and take Tangiers or Ceuta at the sword's point; then can we be knighted with honour, and the blessed Cross——' Here the child's excitement fairly overcame him, tears filled his eyes, and he hid his face behind Enrique.

'There is much in the child's words,' said Duarte. 'Weep not,

Fernando, if I go to fight the infidel, thou shalt be my page. Come, Pedro and Enrique, walk this way with me.' And the three elders strolled away together, leaving their juniors to speculate on their subject of conversation.

These five brothers, afterwards perhaps among the most brilliant, and certainly among the most virtuous, princes who ever adorned a royal house, were the sons of Joao I. of Portugal, the founder of the house of Avis, so called from the order of knighthood of which he was grand-master. He succeeded to the throne of Portugal rather by election than by inheritance, and after a period of disturbance and trouble; but his great qualities raised the little kingdom to quite a new place among nations, and in Philippa of Lancaster, the daughter of John of Gaunt by his first wife, he met with a Queen fully worthy of him. The interest which John of Gaunt's second marriage gave him in the affairs of Castile made an alliance in the Peninsula desirable to him; but Philippa was free from the distracting claims to the Castilian succession of her young half-sister Catherine, and involved her husband in no quarrels. It may well be a source of pride to the English reader to remember that her sons were of Plantagenet blood, for they inherited all the virtues and few of the faults of that noble and generous race.

Perhaps the profound peace which made it so difficult to these young princes to signalise their knighthood by any deed of arms worthy of their name, may seem more to King Joao's credit in modern eyes than in those of his sons; but it was not strange that young men, all with talents and aims far above the average in any age, rank, or country, should wish to make a reality of that which was perhaps on the verge of becoming a splendid form, and burning with the truest spirit of chivalry, should, as many have done since, sigh for times when it was easier to express it. They were all as highly educated as was possible to the times in which they lived, and Edward, or Duarte, as he was called by the Portuguese form of his English name, was a considerable scholar; but war was still the calling of a prince and a gentleman, and they felt hardly used in being debarred from it. King Joao, however, was of so enlightened or so degenerate a spirit that he refused to plunge his kingdom into war solely for the purpose of knighting his sons. Hence the foregoing discussion.

The three elder brothers walked up and down under the shade of the orange-trees—tall and stately youths, with serious faces, and minds set on the subject in hand. Duarte walked in the middle, and seemed to be weighing the arguments addressed to him by Enrique; his more rounded outlines, and a certain tender gentleness of expression in his dark eyes, gave him the air of being younger than Pedro, whose colouring was darker and his face sterner and more impetuous. He was sometimes arrogant and hasty; but no one ever heard a sharp word from the just and gentle Duarte, whose mental power and high scholarship seemed but to add to his unselfish consideration. The

tallest of the three was Enrique, in whose great size and strength and fair skin the English mother loved to trace the characteristics of the Plantagenets. He talked with intense eagerness, and his great dark eyes were full of ardour, but of the dreaminess accompanying ardour for an unseen object. The two younger boys had meanwhile remained sitting on the steps, ostensibly learning their lessons from a very crabbed-looking Latin manuscript spread out between them. Joao was a fine dark-eyed boy of fourteen, with an exceedingly acute and intelligent countenance. Fernando was two years younger, and though tall for his age, was slender and fragile. He had the flaxen hair and brilliant fairness of his mother's race, but the large blue eyes had the same dreamy intensity that marked Enrique's, with a sweetness all their own. These two were kindred spirits beyond the bond that united all the five, and never failed them through the long lives spent in toil and self-denial.

Enrique having parted from the two elder ones came up to the steps, and Fernando looked up at him eagerly, while Joao jumped up, announcing that he knew his lesson, and should go and play.

'But I do not know mine,' said Fernando, disconsolately.

Enrique sat down on the step, and drawing the child up to his side, began to translate the Latin for him into French, in which language the Portuguese court, in imitation of the English one, usually conversed. Fernando was so delicate that the strict and severe system under which they were all educated was sometimes relaxed in his favour. He was, however, an apt pupil, and presently Enrique closed the book.

'There, now you can go and play.'

'No,' said Fernando, pressing up to his brother. 'Tell me, have you been talking about the knighthood?'

'Yes,' said Enrique; 'we are resolved that if we have to wait for ever, we will not make a pretence of that which should be so great a thing. Not the year of tournaments shall tempt us.'

'When I am knighted,' said Fernando, 'I will go and fight the Moors in Africa, and destroy the castles where they make good Christians to toil as slaves. Would it not be joy to open the prisons and set them free!'

'Ay,' said Enrique, looking straight out of his wide-opened eyes as if he saw far away. 'Then, too, should we see what lies behind—behind Tangiers and Ceuta, beyond the sands. There might we spread the Cross.'

'And there maybe are the two-headed giants and the dragons like the one St. George of England killed; and magic castles, and fiery pits, the very entrance of hell. You used to say so.'

'Ah, may be,' said Enrique, smiling. 'Anyway there is the wide earth, the world that we do not know.'

'Then you do not think all the countries are discovered yet?' looking up in his face.

'Nay, surely not,' said Enrique, with gathering eagerness. 'There,' pointing to the sparkling bay before them, 'does that go on for ever, and for ever. Well is the Atlantic called the Sea of Darkness, blue and bright as it may be! But the lost path to the Indies, where is it? Where is that island the Englishman saw in mid-ocean? Where, where?' Enrique paused, his face one unanswered question. 'Some day I will know.'

'But in the meantime,' said Fernando, 'the enemies of the Blessed Saviour are here close by, killing and destroying good Christians!'

'Well,' said Enrique, coming out of the clouds, 'we will deal first with them, sooner maybe than you think for! But there are more ways than one of subduing the world for Christ. You can win your knighthood in Barbary by and by, while *I* look for the fiery dragons beyond.'

He pulled a roughly-drawn map towards him, and began to study it.

'Ah, but not all alone,' said Fernando, vehemently; 'the fiery dragons might kill you, and I could not fight the infidels by myself.'

'Not yet,' said Enrique, soothingly, 'you have to grow strong first.'

He stretched himself out, leaning on his elbow, and knitting his brows in absorbed study of the map before him. Fernando sat leaning against him in silence. His brothers were all tender and good to him; but Enrique was the best-loved of them all, and the idea that these eagerly desired adventures involved a parting had never been realised by him before. Presently he raised himself, and sat a little apart, looking before him with a face that, with all its fair tinting and delicate outline, set into lines of remarkable force and firmness.

'Enrique,' he said, presently.

'Well?'

'I *will* go without you to fight the infidel if there is no other way. For we are soldiers of the Cross, and our Blessed Lord is our Captain, and He would be with me. But oh! dear Enrique, I will pray every day that He will send you too.'

'Now then, mother will be angry,' said Enrique, as the excitable boy broke into a passion of tears. 'Did she not say you should not talk of infidels, or Christians either, if it made you cry? I feel sure our uncle Edward did not cry at the thought of the French.'

'I am not afraid; it is not that I am afraid,' sobbed Fernando, indignantly.

'No, no! I know. See, Fernando, I promise I will go with you when you win your spurs. Hush, now, it is almost supper-time. Shall I take you to mother first?'

'No,' said Fernando, recovering himself. 'I will not cry.'

'Come then,' said Enrique, pulling his long limbs up from their lounging attitude, and holding out his hand. 'Come and see the English mastiffs, and some day, maybe, I will tell you a secret.'

CHAPTER II.

THE DEED OF ARMS.

'I know, Sir King,
All that belongs to knighthood, and I love.'

THE supper was over, and King Joao was seeking for some relaxation from the cares of state in the society of his wife and children. He and his fair English Queen would then sit in their private room, and the five sons would give an account of their studies, exercises, and amusements during the day, or sometimes practise speaking English with their mother, or receive from her good advice or tender encouragement. The King and Queen sat on chairs, the princes stood respectfully near them, when, after a silence, Duarte suddenly advanced and spoke.

'Sire, I and my brothers have a proposal to make to your grace.'

'Say on. I am ready to hear you, though I do not promise to find wisdom in the proposals of your rash youth,' said Dom Joao, while the fair-haired mother smiled encouragement.

'Sire, it has pleased you to regard without displeasure our wish not to receive the sacred order of knighthood without some deed of arms that should render us worthy of it; and I, and at least my brother Pedro, have waited till the usual age is past, in the hope that some fortunate quarrel would give your highness the power to grant our request.'

'My son,' said King Joao, 'I cannot risk the interests of my subjects for your desire of fame. A knight has other duties—to guard the oppressed, to defend the weak, is indeed the calling of princes; but not always at the point of the sword.'

Duarte bowed submissively; but, after a pause, he continued—

'Yet there is one enemy with whom we cannot be said to be either at war or at peace, since there cannot be honourable peace with the enemies of Christ. Yet Christian nations suffer nests of pirates to dwell undisturbed opposite our very coasts. Our soldiers, our ships, and innocent children, are not safe from the Moors of Africa. When they swoop down on our shores, it is death or apostasy for Christian men, and for our maidens slavery and imprisonment. The very key of their fastnesses is Ceuta. Could we but take that fortress at the point of the sword, it would be a deed worthy of Christian princes, of use to your grace's subjects, and honourable in the eyes of Europe.'

Dom Joao looked at his son as if somewhat surprised, to hear so reasonable and well-considered a proposal. His authority was absolute over his five young sons, and though he could not but be satisfied with their progress and development, he had not expected from any of them an independent opinion.

'Since when have you thought of this expedition?' he said.

'It was suggested to me, sire, by some words of Fernando's,' said Duarte; and Fernando, who had listened with breathless interest, sprang forward, and, with more freedom than Duarte had ventured to use, exclaimed—

'Oh, dear father, it is the greatest desire of us all!'

'It would be fitter for you and Joao to pursue your studies at home,' said the King. 'Nevertheless, I will consider of this proposal.'

The five lads did not shout, as perhaps nature would have inclined them to do, they bowed, and stood silent till their father withdrew, when there was a sudden relaxation of their attitude of respectful attention, and they surrounded their mother, pressing up to her, kissing her hand, and demanding if they had not at last found the right thing to do.

Philippa was a tall, fair woman, with a beautiful Plantagenet face, and an expression at once simple and noble, a fit mother of heroes.

'My fair sons,' she said, 'it is a noble purpose, an object worthy of Christian swords. It is good that you should win your knighthood by fighting for Holy Church, rather than for your own vain-glory. If your father thinks this attempt wise, it will be well, if not——'

'If not,' said Dom Duarte, 'I will not consent to the year of tournaments my father proposed for us. It is a mockery, a pretence—I hate false seeming.'

'You do well, my son,' said the English mother; 'yet the tournaments might show you fit for real warfare.'

'That might be very well for the younger ones,' said Pedro.

'I am taller than you,' said Enrique, indignantly.

'You said I should be your page, and I will not stay at home,' said Fernando.

'Hush, my boys; do not dispute,' said the Queen. 'Remember, the true glory is in doing our duty. If every prince and gentleman went out to war, who would punish evil-doers and succour the distressed at home? Your father, who is the wisest man alive, knows that; and Edward must remember it when his time comes. For you younger ones it will be different. The blessed saints guide you to seek the right, and to be worthy of your forefathers.'

To whatever degree of cultivation and even of virtue the Mohammedan kingdoms had attained among themselves, and whatever injury to learning may have been caused afterwards to mediæval Christendom by their violent expulsion from the Peninsula, the Moors of Africa were and must have been simply an embodiment of evil. The organized system of piracy which they maintained rendered life and property totally unsafe all along the Mediterranean. A regular system of ransom was in vogue, and where the friends of an unfortunate captive were unable to satisfy their demands, neither rank, nor age, nor calling, was any protection; and noble knights and aged priests were chained

to the oars of their galleys, or toiled among the sands of Africa, while their fate remained a mystery to their friends at home — whether death, prolonged suffering, or far worse, apostasy had been their portion. Martyr or renegade, it was an awful choice, to be placed once for all before many an honest, ignorant squire or knight; but 'captive among the Moors' was written in many a pedigree of southern Europe, in some few even of distant countries. More still returned, impoverished by their ransom, to tell of their frightful sufferings; while, most terrible thought of all, girls and children disappeared now and again—to what fate? Every Christian sovereign and gentleman felt the ransom to be a disgraceful black-mail demanded of them, which yet they knew not how to refuse! There is nothing in the modern world that is quite analogous to the situation.

The Moors were the enemies of life and property, like the brigands of our own time, only infinitely more powerful, and as such were feared and hated. They were also, of course, as now, unbelievers, outside the pale of the Church; their conversion was a subject of prayer; they were, or might have been, the objects of missionary labour. But the Moors of the Middle Ages were something more than this. They were not only ignorant of Christ; they were the hereditary enemies of Christendom: not merely of Spain, of Portugal, or of France, nor exactly of the Church Catholic, as we should understand it, but of that sort of visible, territorial embodiment of it for which, in old romance, the Seven Champions fought and which Arthur and his knights laboured to spread, and the defence of which made honour as well as religion a spur to every Crusader. Therefore it was not only as national and personal enemies, or as blinded heathens, that the knights of Europe regarded the Turks and Moors, but as the powerful foes of Christ's kingdom on earth, embodied in Christian nations; so that national honour and religious fervour worked together, and glory alike for earth and for Heaven was won in attacking the Crescent with the Cross. It was not only very sad for a Christian man to see the unbeliever triumph, it was very disgraceful also.

Alas! if *all* the evil in the world could have been so embodied!—if Christendom had had no foes in its own household!—the fight between good and evil would indeed have been simplified, though not dispensed with. It was very clear to an old Christian champion that it was his duty to fight with evil; to do so with a pure heart and unwavering spirit was just as hard then as now. Our heroes lived in the dawn of a new day: when other duties were rising into view, other talents coming to be consecrated, but when the old visible symbolical struggle was still in full force. For faith, for knowledge, for good government, for the honour of Christendom, for the old and the new, they all fought and toiled—and one died.

CHAPTER III.

THE THREE SWORDS.

'Oh, mother! mother! can this be true?'

MANY months passed before the crude suggestion of the young Infantes was worked by the King and his ministers into a practicable form; and it is not necessary here to enter into all the considerations of policy and prudence that were involved. In spite of many feints and pretences hardly worthy of so liberal a prince as Dom Joao, the Moorish sovereign became aware of his intentions, and sent offers of splendid presents to the Queen for her young daughter, if she would intercede with her husband and preserve peace.

'My daughter,' said Queen Philippa, 'has jewels enough of her own. I know not your customs; but with us, wives do not interfere with their husbands' business.'

So, after much discussion to and fro, the fleets were prepared, the army gathered together, and the King determined to take the command of the expedition. Still, the foremost places were to be given to his three sons, who would thus have every opportunity of earning worthily their long-deferred knighthood.

Joao and Fernando were too young for any such hopes, and, to their great disappointment, were forbidden to take any part in the expedition at all, but were to remain at home with their mother. Joao consoled himself with planning future feats of marvellous bravery; but Fernando, who had relied on Duarte's promise, was pronounced naughty and rebellious, and received double tasks, because he would not submit patiently to his father's decision. His conscience was very tender, and he learnt the hard lessons diligently, and repented of his fault, while he pondered over the tales of boy-martyrs and child-crusaders, which, though held up to his admiration, it seemed so impossible, and even so wrong, to imitate. It was much harder simply to do as he was told; but Fernando did his best, and practised patience.

The time was drawing near for the expedition to start, when one morning the little boy was sitting by himself in a room in the palace of Lisbon which was devoted to the studies of the young princes. Fernando sat on a bench by the great oak table, employed in what a boy would now call 'doing his sums'—that is to say, he was working out, in the cumbrous method of the time, a somewhat abstruse mathematical problem. There was no ornament to the bare wall, but a great crucifix over the high fire-place; the window was high up in the wall, offering no temptation to wandering eyes; and the only spot of colour in the room was the crimson dress and long fair hair of the little prince as he bent over his task. Fernando shared in some degree the strong mathematical turn of his elder

brothers, and did not find his work uninteresting, though it strained his boyish powers to the utmost. His brothers were engaged in preparations for war, and his mother and sister Isabel were at a place called Saccarem with the chief part of the court. The little boys had been left behind with their tutors.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Enrique, dusty and travel-stained, and with a face pale as death, came in. Fernando sprang up with a cry of joy, but his brother's look silenced him. Enrique took him into his arms and sat down on the bench.

'I have come to fetch you, Fernando,' he said, huskily. 'Be a brave boy; do not cry. You and Joao must come to mother, for she is ill at Saccarem, and—and—I must take you to her.'

Fernando was more frightened by his brother's look of anguish than by his words, which were too new and strange to be more than half comprehended, and there was little time for the indulgence of grief. Enrique hurried their preparations, and soon the two boys were riding beside him, with but a few followers, hardly realizing, in the haste of their journey, what awaited them at the end of it.

For the good Queen Philippa was dying, and the children must lose her motherly care—her encouragement of all their efforts after goodness and learning. High aims and kindly ways she had alike set before them; by her own example she had taught them the severest self-denial, in the midst of the state necessary for the support of their rank; and the old chronicles tell us that her five sons owed to her tender training much of the deep religious feeling, the loyalty to their father and to each other, the strong mutual affection and the remarkable virtue, that afterwards distinguished them. 'She constantly talked with them of their duties towards their father and to the state,' and, spite of the stiff and ceremonious manners of the times, they loved her tenderly, and showed their love; and for her dear sake, her English habits, opinions, and language became dear to her husband and children, and largely influenced the development of her adopted country.

She lay on her death-bed in the palace of Saccarem. Her ladies stood weeping round, her confessor was by her side, the low chanting of the priests who had been praying for her departing soul had ceased for the time, and before receiving the last Sacraments of the Church she had desired to take leave of all her children.

Joao and Fernando, as they entered awestruck into the dim chamber, were clasped and held back by their sobbing sister, who knelt at some distance from the high daïs on which the Queen's bed was placed. She lay raised high on her pillows, and on the silken coverlet beside her were three swords, their jewelled scabbards catching here and there the light of the lamp.

The King sat near her, his head resting on his hand, his elder sons standing behind his chair, and at the further end of the long room

several people were kneeling, sadly watching the dying Queen—her English squires, and other members of her household, to whom she had been the most faithful of friends. All was silent, save for the sounds of weeping that could not be repressed.

'My sons, come hither,' suddenly said the Queen; and the five brothers came slowly forward and stood beside her, Fernando following the rest in a sort of trance of awe and bewilderment.

'My sons!' said Philippa, in a clear and audible voice, 'you all know well that my blessing goes with you in your undertaking.'

'Alas, dear wife!' said the King, weeping, 'it will be long before your sons or I have heart for any such enterprise.'

'Not so,' said the Queen, heartily; 'you will sail, I doubt not, on S. James's Day, and the fair wind I feel in my face from the casement will fill your sails and blow you to victory.'

The King could not answer; but he felt as if S. James's Day might come and go before he could take the field, in his great grief.

'My sons!' again said Philippa, 'it has pleased me well that you have so earnestly desired to earn your spurs by real service, and especially against the enemies of Holy Church; for pretences and empty forms are unworthy of princes. Therefore, I have caused to be made these swords, which ye will draw, I trust, in many a good fight in a good cause, and never against your sovereign or each other. Duarte, the time will come when you must use this sword in defence of your subjects; see that you rule them with justice, and make their happiness your highest good. And, my son, be kind to your brothers, to Isabel, and to Fernando; he is weakly and young——'

'Always, dear mother, so help me God and the Holy Saints,' said Duarte, kneeling and kissing her hand.

'Pedro, you are brave and strong; let it be ever your part to do a knight's duty, in defending the weak and helpless,—fight for the oppressed. And Enrique, our soldiers love you, as my good father and uncle were loved; look ever to their welfare, nor ever regard them as churls and their deaths of no account.'

'Oh, mother, mother, give us swords too!' cried Joao, pressing forward as his brothers faintly promised all that was asked of them.

'Alas! my little boys,' said the mother, for the first time faltering, 'I have no swords for you. I had thought to keep you with me longer. Alas! what will become of you! Love God, and serve Him. What better can I say?'

Then gentle Duarte drew first Joao and then Fernando up to the bed-side for their mother's kiss. Joao sobbed aloud; but Fernando remembered how his mother had blamed him for his tears, and shed none; while in his childish heart was the thought that he too would one day be worthy of a good knight's sword.

Then the Queen commended her daughter to the King's care, and bid him choose a good husband for her, that her lot might be happy,

as her mother's had been before her; and then she grew worse, and her speech failed her; and Joao and Fernando were sent away into another room.

The fair wind of which the Queen had spoken blew into their faces as the two boys, so soon to be motherless, crouched up in the window and looked out at the sunset, feeling less wretched so than in the dark. It was not long before they heard a movement, and sounds of weeping and lamenting; but no one came near them, and they were afraid to stir.

'Let us say our prayers,' suggested Fernando; and they knelt down in the fading light; but it seemed an endless time before Enrique came in to them.

'Have you been here alone?' he said. 'Ah, there is no one now to care for us. Our mother is dead.'

Enrique's voice was stifled with grief; but Joao flung himself up against him, Fernando laid his head on his shoulder; both feeling their worst misery softened by the mere presence of their kind, strong brother.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

PART I.—THE UP-COUNTRY STATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

'WELL, dear old Kitty, I *am* glad to have you here in my new home; but what a change for you after the delightful S—— Hills!'

'Yes, Alice, it is woefully hot here. Oh dear! how can you exist? What is the thermometer?'

'Please don't faint if I tell you. It is ninety-seven degrees here under the punkah, and with these wet cuscous chicks.* But, come, don't look so horrified. Take some of this delicious tea—Belmont and China mixed—it will refresh you after your long journey.'

'How is Sydney? and where is he? Just fancy, this heat made me quite forget to ask after my new brother. Why doesn't he come in, and indulge in this "minor vice" of afternoon tea?'

'You ask so many questions at once. No. 1. He is not so well as he ought to be. The fact is, all the civilians have more work than they know how to get through. No. 2. He is in his cutcherry† conducting a magisterial case.'

'Why, Alice, that sounds quite grand for such a young man!'

'Nevertheless it's quite true,' said the young wife, with grave

* Blinds made of scented Indian grass. † Civilian's offices.

importance in her air and tone; 'and you can't possibly see him to-day till eight o'clock dinner; and then he will be so tired, that you will be a clever girl to get much out of him.'

The speakers were two companion sisters, who had not met since the marriage of the elder one to Sydney Leigh, a rising young civilian in the Madras Presidency. The girl addressed as 'dear old Kitty' was only eighteen, her sister was two years her senior. Their father, Colonel Desmond, was about to retire from the service, and join his family in England, whither they had preceded him.

Now to describe these sisters. Alice was thought pretty by some, but not by many. Her figure was lithe and arrowy; she had a spring in her step, and an elasticity in her whole manner; and, when her face was lighted by a smile, displaying a row of faultless teeth, few could deny that she was charming, for her expression was full of candour and reality.

As for Kitty, she used to rejoice in calling herself 'the ugly one of the family,' but there were many who said, that a girl endowed with such a wealth of dark auburn hair; merry grey eyes, twinkling with fun, shaded with dark lashes; cheeks, which even a tropical climate failed to fade, and a rosy little mouth, capable of any variety of expression, could scarcely be called ugly, in spite of a decided *nez retroussé*, which certainly did not fulfil the conditions of Tennyson's description, 'Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower,' being of a more sturdy rustic order.

We will now follow them for a few months during Kitty's visit.

Whilst they were slowly sipping their tea, and chatting, occasionally interrupted by a start and exclamation from Alice on account of the prickly heat, from which she was suffering, she said to her sister, 'Well, Katrina, I must say it will be delightful having you with us. I have been weeks and weeks in camp without seeing an English face except my husband's, and not a woman to talk to but my ayah; and I have been from morning to evening quite alone, dependent on my own resources.'

'Why,' said Kitty, 'where was Sydney?'

Alice laughed. 'Where was Syd? Why, Kit, don't you know—can't you take in—that he is the man at the wheel, steering over breakers and past shoals and over hidden rocks and trying, straining every nerve to bring this poor old famine-stricken ship safe into harbour?'

'Ah, well!' said Kitty, 'I must plead ignorance as to a civilian's work. I am *militaire*, you know, a regular *Figlia del Regimento*;' and before the words were out of her mouth, up she started, and strutted about the room singing *Ciascuna lo dice*, which she just travestied sufficiently to make it absurdly comical, and then relapsing into her arm-chair, exclaimed, 'Oh! it really is too hot for fun. I must take life easily here, and simply exist like a vegetable!'

'At all events, come and change your dress, and get ready for the evening drive; that will cool you, I hope, and give you an appetite for dinner.'

'Yes, I hope so; and you must tell me all about your last tour, or what do you call it? "Jummabundy"*—what a mouthful!'

'I shall be curious to see how you will like life in camp,' said Alice. 'We must be off again in a few days.'

'Hurrah!' said Kitty, 'gipsifying will be delightful after the long course of civilization which I have gone through; and if you will only let me mount Sultan, I'll ask no more.'

'He shall be yours whilst you are here,' said Alice. 'It is a case of "Love me, love my Arab." He is such a dear, following me like a dog, even up the veranda steps, and taking sugar-cane from my hands, oh, so gently. It is wonderful how humanized pet animals become.'

'Yes,' said Kitty, thoughtfully; 'it seems as if the notice of those above them raised them in the scale of creation. Don't you remember that sermon we heard in England on "The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption," &c., and how it gave good cause to think that the animal creation would have a part in the new earth?'

'Yes,' said Alice. 'I liked it so much, for when this earth is transfigured, how we should miss the "cattle upon a thousand hills," and the beautiful birds singing in the branches. And as for my Sultan, he has too much love in him to be annihilated. But we are getting beyond our depth, so let us return to every-day matters, and come and dress for the drive.'

She took her sister through a long passage, which led into the second bungalow, that formed a part of her house, for there was no up stairs.

The spare bedroom was light and airy, well surrounded with windows, only one of which was open, covered with a wet cuscous tat, so that the scorching wind was turned into a cool breeze in passing through it; but, even so, their first cry on entering was, 'Punkah! punkah!'

'Coming, mem!' was heard outside, and presently the holland frill, attached to a papered board, began to agitate, and then, with long sweeps, produced the currents of air so essential to English comfort. It was pulled by a rope, which passed through a hole in the wall, so that the punkah man sat in the veranda, or, if there were none, in a tiny shed, made on purpose to shelter him from rain or sun. At night two men were employed to relieve each other.

The cot, or bed, was placed in the centre of the room immediately under the punkah, a sofa at the foot of the cot, an *almirale*, or wardrobe, a dressing-table, and a few chairs and writing-table made up the furniture of the room, the floor of which was matted.

* A circuit in the district, combining the duties of a magistrate and collector of revenue.

The bath-room, though, contained the washing-stand and a large clothes-horse; for the clothes you take off have to be hung, not folded up, as in England.

The ayah had unstrapped and arranged the boxes of the weary young traveller, taking care to mount them on stones or bricks, to prevent the ravages of the white ants. She was pretty for a native, with regular features, and almond-shaped, liquid eyes. Her 'cloth' consisted of snowy white muslin, with a pink and green border, folded round her, and passing over one shoulder, displayed a small chintz jacket, with shirt sleeves, and so short in the waist that it left the sides bare.

She now greeted 'missus' ' sister, by putting both her hands to her forehead, while she bent low, saying—

'Salaam, missie, missie plenty tired. This hot country *veery* hot place for poor missie. Let ayah help.'

'No, thank you, ayah,' said Kitty; 'go help missus. If I want you, then I call.'

A few minutes after, the ayah returned with a message, which she delivered thus;—

'Please, missie-ammah, missus say, putting on holland dress, and pale blue ribbons; then same like missus.'

'Very well, ayah; but tell missus, then, she not like my chaperon; we, same like two unmarried sisters.'

The ayah looked puzzled, and said, in a deprecating way—

'That plenty hard word. Ayah stoopid woman, not knowing Englees poperly. Missie please say again.'

Kitty said, her eyes twinkling with fun—

'Ayah, say chaperon.'

'Saperon!' said the ayah.

'Sh—!' cried Kitty.

'S—!' said the ayah.

'There, go along, it's useless,' said Kitty; 'go, take my answer to missus.'

The ayah went, and on entering Mrs. Leigh's room laid her hand on her mouth, as is the custom of natives, when laughing in the presence of their superiors, and said—

'That missie, plenty funny missie; she use such big words.'

'Yes, ayah, but what did she say? Will she do as I asked her?' said Alice, somewhat impatiently, 'for I am waiting to dress.'

The ayah replied, as if repeating a lesson by heart. Missie say—'"Then missus not like one married lady; missus same like one unmarried sister. Not one saperon!"' added the ayah, triumphantly.

Mrs. Leigh, in despair, hurried into her sister's room to know what it all meant, and when she found her quietly putting on the holland, and pale blue ribbons, it was soon explained, to the amusement of both, and the mystification of the ayah; and the two fresh-looking young sisters went for an evening drive round the station.

What a change from the lovely green hills where Kitty had passed a portion of the hot season. The lake in the hollow of a hill, the twisted jungle trees clustering and nestling in the valleys and on the sides of the hills, the serrated mountain tops, which, when scaled, displayed glowing views of the vast low country, stretched out beneath in a sea-like plain, shimmering with the glaring heat, and making you thankful indeed for the cool refreshment of the mountain air.

Here, at K——, not a blade of grass was to be seen; the earth looked baked in an oven, the trees and hedges as if cut out of mahogany. A water famine was feared, in addition to the grain one, which was now causing such distress and starvation, that the Government was as its wits' end to know how to provide for the hungry millions.

A regular system of relief works had been wisely planned, so as to prevent pauperism, and a staff of civilians sent from Bengal to aid the over-worked servants of the Madras Government. Still, in spite of care and money, gaunt famine stalked through the land, and thousands palpitated between life and death, and already hundreds of human beings and cattle had perished.

The heat and unhealthiness of K—— were owing to its being situated in a hollow, the hills inclosing it like a horseshoe, forming almost a *cul de sac*.

The soil was black loam, favourable to the growth of cotton; but now, from the failure of the south-west monsoon in May, not a crop of rice, or any cereal, was to be seen, and the river P—— had for months been a river of sand, glittering hot and dry under the burning sun. Truly the words of the prophet of old lived again, 'The earth is as iron, and the heavens as brass.'

As the sisters were reclining in the comfortable open carriage, the two horse-keepers * running on either side, Mrs. Leigh pointed out to Kitty the few bungalows containing the residents, describing their status and characters, but she was soon called on to bow to each in turn, as they were all taking their evening drive, and many an extra nod did she receive, in congratulation at the sight of the companion sister, so long expected.

'You will see all the little community next Thursday,' said Alice, 'when we give our first dinner-party. We shall only be ten in number, including ourselves, so it is not formidable.'

'No,' replied Kitty; 'besides, you are such a veteran housekeeper, having acted so long for our mother. It gave you another pet name. Does Sydney ever call you Dame Durden?'

'Only,' replied Alice, 'when he sees me in my storeroom, surrounded by the servants, and striving to instil into the cook's comprehension the item of some new recipe.'

'I am glad,' said Kitty, 'that you have not become a fine lady, and

* Grooms, called in Bengal *sais* or *syce*.

left all the management to your butler. Many would grow lazy and indifferent in such a climate.'

'Nothing but illness,' replied Alice, 'would ever induce me to give up the reins; and I don't think any amount of riches would develop, or rather degenerate, me into a *laisser aller* luxurious, do-nothing. But here we are at home again, and there is dear Sydney ready dressed for dinner, and waiting to welcome you.'

At dinner nothing was on the table but fruit and a few Madeira feather flowers, as the sight of the steaming meats would have taken away what little appetite the heat had left them. Iced claret and soda-water revived their drooping natures and braced them to the close of the short evening, when they were glad enough to retire so as to divest themselves of the superfluous clothing, which, light as it was, seemed too heavy to be borne. Even rings were a burden.

'Shall we meet at chôta hazeree * in the veranda to-morrow at seven?' asked Mr. Leigh.

'Do not expect me to be visible till the second breakfast,' said Kitty. 'I must sleep off the effects of my long, dusty journey.'

'But after to-morrow I shall challenge you to a canter across country.'

'I shall be delighted,' said Sydney; 'and prophesy that you will be in a chronic state of breaking the Tenth Commandment whenever you ride Sultan.'

'In which case I shall probably break another, and end my visit by running off with him,' replied Kitty.

'It must be a clever dacoit,' retorted Alice, 'who would elude the sub-collector of K——!'

'*Of course!*' said Kitty.

'I believe this little wife of mine thinks her husband ubiquitous,' said Sydney, laughing.

'I think him good all round,' said Alice, proudly; 'and decidedly the "round man in the round hole!"'

'With which unanswerable statement,' said Sydney, bowing, 'we will conclude the evening.'

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

I.

THE name of Christopher Wren is familiar to most people, especially to Londoners, to whom the dome of S. Paul's, with its gold cross, has been from childhood a familiar object. The great architect's life was passed in stirring times, in which his family, especially one member of it, took an important part. It is thought that therefore a few

* Little breakfast.

sketches of the life of Sir Christopher, his family and his times, may prove interesting to some readers.

The Wren family was an old one, claiming its descent from the Danes; their name appears occasionally in history. Early in 1500, Geoffrey Wren, a younger brother of William, who possessed the family place, Sherborne House, in Durham, was confessor to Henry VII. and to Henry VIII., and a canon of S. George's, Windsor. He left as his memorial in the south lodge a window displaying his emblem and coat of arms, the emblem a Wren holding a trefoil in its claw, and his motto 'Turbinibus superest, cœlo duce præcius.' Dean Wren (his descendant) explains the emblem as having been chosen because the trefoil or clover, shrinking before a storm, foretold a change of weather, and 'this power of presage is eminently shown in those little birds, the Wrens.'

Both motto and emblem were, however, changed by the descendants of the family, Dean Wren and his son each taking one suited to their peculiar circumstances.

A grandson of the William Wren before mentioned was Francis, born 1552, two years before the close of Queen Mary's reign, at Kirby Monachorum, in Warwickshire, where the Wrens had property. He became a mercer and citizen of London, living in the parish of S. Peter's Cheap, where three children were born to him, a daughter, Anna, and two sons—Matthew, born 1585, and Christopher 1589. Matthew was educated at the Merchant Taylor's School, and there ttracted the notice of Lancelot Andrewes, who frequently came to the school, where he had been bred, and examined the boys in various subjects, especially the Hebrew Psalter. He was struck by the proficiency of young Wren, and obtained for the boy a scholarship at Pembroke Hall, of which he himself was then master. From that time, Dr. Andrewes appears never to have lost sight of Wren, but to have guided his studies, and fostered 'the most passionate affection for the ministry of the Church,' which the young man showed.

When, in 1609, Andrewes was translated from the see of Chichester to that of Ely, he, who always urged his friends 'to search out hopeful and towardly young wits' in the Universities, and to name such to him for preferment, did not forget Matthew Wren, but made him his chaplain, and gave him the Rectory of Feversham, in Cambridgeshire. When Bishop Andrewes was translated to Winchester, 1618, Wren continued to be his chaplain, and to attend him on various occasions.

In this manner he became known at Court, and when King James decided upon the singular plan of sending the Prince of Wales to Spain, to negotiate in person his marriage with the Infanta, he by the advice of Bishop Andrewes, and that of Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, chose Wren as one of the two chaplains who were to attend the Prince; the other chaplain was a Dr. Maw, who subsequently became Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Their post was one of much responsibility, and of some peril; the Spanish match was unpopular, and the nation in a state of ferment lest the Prince's faith should be tampered with, as well as his person endangered, during this strange expedition. Careful and detailed instructions were prepared by the two Bishops 'that there might appear a face of the Church of England in the outward forms of worship.' The instructions direct a room 'to be set apart for service, and decently adorned chappel-wise,' a full list of the vestments of the clergy and of the ornaments and hangings for the altar is given, daily services and frequent administration of the Holy Communion are ordered, 'and that in the sermons there be no polemical preaching to inveigh against them (the Romanists), or to confute, but only to confirm, the doctrine and tenets of the Church of England, by all positive arguments, either in fundamental or moral points.'

It is not in the scope of these papers to trace the course of the expedition, though it was of importance to Wren, as giving him an influence over the prince, and an insight into the character and intentions of his future sovereign. The entire failure of the journey, and the breaking off of the marriage, are well-known facts in history.

On the return of the prince and his attendants in the autumn of 1623, a curious incident occurred, while Wren was lodging in London, in Friday Street, with his sister, before going to his living in the country. He had paid his duty to my Lord of Winchester, and taken leave of him, 'When,' his narrative says, 'on Monday morne by break of day there was a great knocking at the door where I lay . . . . the apprentice who lay in the shop came up to my bedside, and told me there was a messenger from Winchester House to speak with me. The business being that my lord had given his steward charge to order it, so that I might be spoken with to be at Winchester House by ten of the clock, which I wondered the more at, his Lordship not using to come from his study before twelve' (a rule which the Bishop appears to have hardly ever broken).

Wren used his utmost despatch, and took a boat (it will be remembered that Winchester House was then in Southwark), and was at the water-gate soon after ten, where he found the steward waiting to admit him by the nearest way. Wren inquired where the Bishop was, and was told in the great gallery, a place where he knew the Bishop to come scarce once in a year. The gallery door was locked, but was opened to him by the Bishop of S. David's (Laud), and locked again. There were present only the Bishops of Winchester, S. David's, and Durham (Neile). The old Bishop of Durham spoke first, and said that they, 'foreseeing and conceiving what would ere long come to pass,' were anxious to know of him, who had been all this while with the prince, how his heart stood to the Church of England. After being further pressed, Wren replied, 'I know my master's learning is not equal to his father's, yet I know his judgment to be very right; and

as for his affection in these particulars, which your Lordships have pointed at, for upholding the doctrine, discipline, and right estate of the Church, I have more confidence of him than of his father, in whom they say (who know him better than I can), is so much inconstancy in some particular cases.'

Much discussion then followed between Wren and the Bishops of S. David's and Durham, for above an hour together; and then the Bishop of Winchester, who until then had not uttered a word, said, 'Well, Doctor, God send you may be a good prophet concerning your master's inclinations in these particulars, which we are glad to hear from you. I am sure I shall be a true prophet. I shall be in my grave, and so shall you, my Lord of Durham; but my Lord of S. David's and you, Doctor, will live to see that day that your master will be put to it upon his head, and his crown, without he will forsake the support of the Church.'

With these boding words the conference ended, the Bishops went their ways, and Wren went down to Feversham, and was soon afterwards installed as Canon of Winchester. The words of Bishop Andrewes had made a deep impression on his mind, and he recorded carefully all the circumstances of the meeting at Winchester House. How often must the Bishop's prophecy have recurred to him and to Laud, and the great gallery at Winchester House have risen before their eyes, as point by point the prediction was fulfilled in the stormy years of the Rebellion.

Meanwhile, Christopher Wren had passed through his years of training at S. John's College, Oxford, had been admitted to Holy Orders, and had, like his elder brother, come under the notice of Bishop Andrewes, who had made him his chaplain, and in 1620 gave him the living of Fonthill Bishops in Wiltshire.

It may be said in passing, that to receive preferment from Lancelot Andrewes was in itself a proof of merit, for it was his especial care in the three dioceses which he successively governed, only to promote able and good men to 'such livings and preferments as fell within his gift, and to give Church preferment to *none that asked for it.*' To this rule he rigidly adhered, and his disciple, Matthew Wren, adopted the same plan when he became a ruler in the Church.

Christopher remained quietly at his living, repairing the church at Fonthill, occasionally leaving it to attend upon Bishop Andrewes as chaplain, and at other times busying himself in the mathematical pursuits and quaint astrological studies in which he delighted. In 1623 Bishop Andrewes appointed him to the Rectory of East Knoyle, very near to his first living, and to Fonthill Abbey (afterwards a place famous for its beauty and its curiosities), then the property of a Mr. Robert Cox. This gentleman had an only child, Mary, who inherited his property; she became the wife of Christopher Wren, probably, though no date is given, a few years before his appoint-

ment to East Knoyle. They lived at East Knoyle, where Dr. Wren employed himself in beautifying the church by 'pictures and stuccos' (a proceeding which brought down on him in later years the wrath of the Parliament), and contriving a new roof for it, for he possessed in no small degree that skill in architecture which was to make his son famous.

In the hall of his Rectory he put up the following inscription. *

'In quamcunque domum introeritis primum dicite.
paX sIt hVIC DoMVI
Tam solenni præcepto, tempestivo voto
Subscripsi introiens
C. W. Rector,
Julii 28. Anno dicto.'

The inscription is not a little characteristic of the gentle nature of Christopher Wren, and of the quaint conceits in which the wits of the time delighted. While at East Knoyle, he had two children; the eldest, Mary, married, at the age of sixteen, a clergyman, Dr. William Holder; and Christopher, born October 20. 1632. Three years after his son's birth, Mr. Wren, who had previously been King Charles's chaplain, was appointed Dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter. Both these posts had been held by his brother Matthew since 1628, including the two years in which he was Bishop of Hereford; now upon his translation to Norwich, he obtained leave from King Charles to resign them. The King was loth to let him depart, having had much experience, both during his Spanish expedition and his journey to Scotland, of Wren's fearless and uncompromising spirit. Many changes had taken place since King Charles's accession in 1625. Bishop Andrewes, the kind and unfailing friend of both the Wrens, had died, in the autumn of 1626, Bishop of Winchester. For ten years he had held that See, offered him by King James, in tardy recognition of a learning, wisdom, and holiness, which, joined as they were to the eloquence that made him 'an unimitable preacher,' all men had expected would have raised him to the throne of Canterbury when vacant by the death of Bancroft (1610). Instead of this, in the words of a contemporary letter, 'the Bishop of London (Abbot), by a strong *north* wind coming out of Scotland, is blown over the Thames to Lambeth.' This was avowedly done by the King for the sake of a promise made to his old friend, Lord Dunbar. How deep an injury this unwise appointment, passing over the greatest Bishop of the time, for one well-known to be his inferior, inflicted upon the Church, subsequent events were to show only too plainly. Abbot's Puritan leanings, his feeble and uncatholic rule, were most unfortunate for the Church, and doubled the difficulties of his

* 'Into whatsoever house ye enter first say, Peace be to this house. To so solemn a precept, with a seasonable vow, I will subscribe on entering (this house). C. W. Rector. July 28, in the said year.' *I.e.* the capital letters of the second line form in Roman figures the year 1623, the year of his appointment.

successor. Laud, appointed by King Charles immediately upon Abbot's death (1633), engaged at once upon his arduous work; Juxon in the same year succeeded to him as Bishop of London. Matthew Wren was intent upon his reforms in Norwich, 'a large wide diocese, much shaken with schism and faction.' It abounded with the 'lecturers' not unaptly described by Heylin as 'like to bats or reremice, being neither birds nor beasts, but both together,' *i.e.* neither clergy nor laity—men whose custom it was in their preachings to speak 'not the sense of the Church, but their own factious and erroneous sense.' Against these lecturers, Laud, Wren, and those who valued the discipline of the Church, set their faces, though the loose, undogmatic preaching was popular with many.

Amongst other troubles in the diocese of Norwich was the failure of trade amongst the weavers; it appears to have been, in a great measure, caused by the plague which raged in London in 1636, and put a stop for a considerable time to the weekly traffic between it and Norwich. Many of the workmen in consequence betook themselves to Holland, to obtain the means of livelihood. As it happened, in the same year Wren held his first Visitation of the diocese, and found much to alter and amend. The numerous enemies who watched his proceedings insisted that his severity in enforcing conformity had driven away the workmen to the number of 3,000, and so greatly impoverished the county. In the articles charged against him, this one was strenuously insisted upon. In his defence, the Bishop, besides accounting for much of the emigration by the failure of trade, consequent on the plague, reduces the number by comparing it with the records kept at the various ports to about 300, and also dryly says: 'The defendant humbly conceiveth that the chiefest cause of their departure was the small wages given to the workmen, whereby the workmasters grew rich, and the workmen were kept very poor.'

A man of an energetic, fiery temperament, decided opinions, and deep learning, sure of the truth and justice of the principles which he maintained, trained by Lancelot Andrewes in an earnest faith, and a high estimate of his office and its duties, Bishop Wren was well-fitted to play a prominent part in his times, and to share Laud's motto of 'Thorough.'

His friendship with the Archbishop and with Juxon, which had survived, unharmed, many intrigues to 'blow coals between them,' his appointments at Court, his influence with the King, who esteemed and trusted his courageous, disinterested character, all combined to give him full scope for his energies, and likewise to make the Puritan party hate him with a hatred only less bitter than that which they bore to Laud himself. There is a print of Wren before his consecration, which gives the impression of being an excellent likeness, as it is said to be, representing him in the prime of manhood, with a short, oval face, wide-open eyes, rather a long nose, and a remarkably firm, decided mouth;

the hair is worn short, and he has a moustache but no beard. The print gives only the head and shoulders, but from a circumstance mentioned in his defence, it appears that he must have been of small stature.

Christopher Wren, now Dean of Windsor, seems to have been of a quieter and gentler disposition than his brother, and to have taken little part in the thick-coming troubles of the time. He spent much time on the Garter records, and, owing to his diligence, the three great registers, the black, the blue, and red (so called from the colour of the velvet in which they were bound), were recovered, after S. George's Chapel had been spoiled by the rebels, and then carefully concealed, first by the Dean, and afterwards by his son, until the restoration.

His portrait also exists in the robes of the Registrar of the Garter; there is much likeness between it and that of his brother; but Christopher's face is thin and long, its expression gentle and melancholy; most of his hair is hidden by a skull-cap; he wears a moustache and a peaked beard.

Though there is no exact record, it seems that his wife died young, and that upon her husband and her daughter fell the care of Christopher, a singularly delicate, weakly child. Six years after the boy's birth, King Charles gave Dr. Wren the living of Hasely, near Oxford, in the Hundred of Ewelme. The church at Hasely must have gratified the Dean's taste for architecture and antiquities, as it was (and is now), old and handsome, possessing two fine crusaders' tombs, one of which has a recumbent figure in chain armour. Here, and at Windsor, he resided in such quiet as the times allowed, devoting himself to the education of Christopher, who, in spite of his frail health, showed early promise of great ability, chiefly in those mathematical pursuits in which the Dean delighted. A tutor, the Rev. William Shepheard, assisted in preparing him for Westminster School, then governed by the famous Dr. Busby, to whose special care young Wren was committed. His brother-in-law, Dr. W. Holder, then Sub-dean of the Chapels Royal, acted as his mathematical tutor. The old royal school, the grand abbey, the then empty houses of parliament, the stir of London, must have been marvellous to the country-bred boy, who was one day to make his name illustrious by his great works in that very city. Did he, one cannot but wonder, ever go down the river to S. Paul's and look up at the old cathedral, with its long line of roof, its tall spire, and all the workmen busily engaged on the repairs which had begun after King James's solemn thanksgiving in 1620? Laud had carried on these repairs with vigour, while Bishop of London, Inigo Jones superintending them; the work of the interior was finished, and the 'stately portico' of Portland stone had been erected at the west end by King Charles.

How little could the boy have thought of the ruin which was to overtake those pious builders, or of the destruction which awaited the grand building itself!

SHAKESPEARE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ALL Shakespeare's plays suffer, more or less, from the haphazard order in which they are arranged in most of our editions, but the inferior plays are the most injured. It does not much matter what is compared with *Othello* or *Macbeth*, as they can hold their own, but what happens when a masterpiece of Shakespeare's maturity is thrust into close contrast with some work of earlier years, such as our present subject? All the faults of the earlier play seem intensified, and calling it dull, tedious, or affected, we are very apt to turn away from it altogether to more attractive subjects. But even the more interesting plays suffer also from the neglect of the others. No one appreciates the beauties of the perfect work as those who have traced its gradual development, and noticed the various phases of the poet's mind. To understand such progress and development it is necessary to study the first efforts of his genius, and to give ourselves the trouble of attentively reading these slighter plays, noting their faults and their merits alike; for, paradoxical as it sounds, the faults are as valuable as the merits for the purposes of comparison and study. Nobody could deny the existence of plenty of faults in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The individualising of character is faint, the action often drags, many of the subordinate personages have little to do with the main story, the language is stilted, and the conceits, quibbles, and plays upon words go beyond all bounds. It is interesting to see how Shakespeare gradually dropped most of these failings, and shook himself free from the conventionalities of his time, but it is also interesting to try and realize the effect produced by these things, which we think so laboured, upon those who first heard them, for to understand the spirit of these early plays we must conceive them not read but acted, and written solely for representation. The elaboration of the mechanical appliances of the modern stage rather hinders than helps us to realize the Elizabethan one, without any means of scenic effect, as we understand it now, perfectly rude and simple in arrangement, actors and audience partly mixed together, but possessing one immense advantage in the happy daring which led the playwrights then to rely boldly on the powers of imagination of their audience to fill up deficiencies, and out of the simple placard 'This is Rome,' or 'Here is a garden,' to conjure up the suitable background for the poet's creations. These conversational plays require to be read out, and any one who has heard a good Shakespeare reading-party knows how much the rapid dialogue gains in effect by the mere change of voices. Then we may imagine how these quick interchanges of repartee would strike an audience of which the educated part had

been trained to consider such word-fencing the necessary accomplishment of a person of quality, and would admire those very turns of speech for their ingenuity which we think so strained and affected, while the less refined would enjoy the more palpable fun of the piece, possibly with a sense that the fine folks were getting caricatured to their faces. But *Love's Labour's Lost* had more than clever word-play to recommend it. Shakespeare was not an actor and remodeller of older plays without knowing the effect of stage situation, and some scenes in this play show how well he has mastered the art of using such arrangements. Imagine, for instance, the third scene in the fourth act, the four lovers coming in, one by one, with soliloquies, the quaint conceits and *answering* asides, the gradually increasing fun of the whole scene as one after another emerges in virtuous indignation to confound his comrades, till, in Biron's triumph and subsequent discomfiture, the situation reaches its climax. Or, take the masking scene, when the mischievous girls throw their lovers' plans into confusion; how well it must have told on the audience to see each man earnestly making love—to the wrong woman! The fashion of the time was for plays of 'situation,' and Shakespeare showed that he could meet his rivals on this ground by this early play. Afterwards he drew his power from deeper sources, and his plots are distinguished from those of his contemporaries by their simplicity and by his carelessness of stage effects. Here it may be remarked that *Love's Labour's Lost* is supposed to have been written about 1588 or 1589. It was published in 1598, and was then stated to be 'newly corrected and augmented,' so it had probably been in existence for some time before.

Having glanced at these preliminary considerations, we may go on to take a survey of the play itself, and, disregarding the peculiarities of manner and language, try to see what ideas and characters are presented to us in it.

To begin with the first scene, we have the group of the King and his companions brought before us, and at once we see what kind of men they are. Two of the party, Dumain and Longaville, are little more than names; they fill up the required space in the scenes, and come appropriately into the dialogues, but they have no distinctness of character, and make no impression on us. The King and Biron are very different, and are evidently meant to contrast strongly with each other. The King is an eager young man, with a vivid imagination, which blinds him to the facts of his own nature and the world outside him; therefore he impetuously undertakes something utterly out of his own line, being fired, not with the love of wisdom, but with the desire of the fame which is to accrue to himself and his little court from his three years' devotion to study. What is to become of Navarre meanwhile does not seem to occur to him, and the more one thinks of the idea of this character, the more it reminds one of various hot-headed young gentlemen of one's living acquaintance in modern days,

who think they can do every single thing which they take a fancy to attempt. Whether purposely or not, this would-be student is represented without any studious habits and ways; he is a rider, hunter, and dancer, and discharges his duties in a courtly ceremonial gracefully enough, but no desire to return to his books seems to trouble him, nor, when he resolves to meet the Princess, does he appear to mind the interruption in the least. And this man is going to devote himself for three years to study and fasting! Utterly ignoring the difficulties, thinking his will is iron when it is but wax, because he is so entirely absorbed in one idea, in modern words he has a hobby, and it runs away with him.

Biron, on the other hand, has no hobby at all, nor has he any illusions on the subject of the three years' course of study. He is a keen-sighted, shrewd sort of man, capable of seeing things all round, and consequently he sees through the high-flown aspirations of his companions, and tells them so, without much minding whose feelings are hurt, being indeed somewhat cynical in his outspoken ways. Then, too, he has an irresistible propensity for seeing the absurd side of things and for putting everything in a ridiculous light, so that while his friends admire his talents they are, including the King, a little bit afraid of him, for so much wit and so much sense going together make him formidable. It is worth noting how much the reality of the whole scene depends on this Biron. The others get very thin and shadowy, with their fine sentiments echoing each other; but when Biron comes in, real, if hard, with his frank confession of a most unsentimental love of eating, drinking, and sleeping, with his quick jibes and ringing laugh, not all his formal ten-syllable lines can suppress the sense of his vitality, and he brings life among the whole set. But, clever as he is, he does not see his real failing, any more than the King sees his own. While the latter is absorbed in sentimental ambition, Biron is letting his jesting spirit master him and turn his life into a failure, though he is not so far gone yet but that he may be pulled up. His carelessness of what he does shows in this, that while thinking his 'dear liege's' ideas and rules little better than nonsense, he binds himself to attempt these impossibilities, not exactly liking to be outdone by the others, though he considers the whole thing absurd. The four students are evidently of opinion that their great safeguard is in avoiding the dangerous society of women, and indeed the story of the play might be condensed thus: 'How four young gentlemen desired to prove how much better they got on without women, and how four ladies did prove to them that they could not get on at all!'

And now for the four maidens who come and demolish this proud castle of ideal superiority and study and all the rest of it, and reclaim the real Women's Rights, from which affectation and pedantry would bar them. They correspond in formal symmetry to the King's party, a lady to each gentleman, two leading spirits and two satellites. It

is interesting to watch how Shakespeare gradually worked his way out of these stiff arrangements into the free constructions of the later plays. The Princess and Rosaline hardly contrast like the King and Biron; the former rather reminds one of a princess in a fairy tale, she is so little bound by court etiquette, and does so exactly as she likes; certainly no French princess ever went off on a diplomatic mission with three young ladies and only a very jovial old chamberlain to look after the whole party. However, this unconventional princess has to combine the two characters of the stately ambassadress from the King of France, and also the light-hearted girl, laughing with her ladies, disposed to make fun of the student-King and his attentions, enjoying things on the whole, and having a pleasant word to throw away on the Forester. There is little attempt at characterisation here; the principal feature is good-humoured mischief and girlish enjoyment of her lover's mystification; but a sweet and simple womanliness develops itself at the close, when matters have got serious. Rosaline is slightly more distinct to us, possibly because in this case Shakespeare gives some description of her personal appearance, to which he so seldom alludes. Perhaps the touches about her dark face and black eyes were thrown in to suit the person who originally acted the part—a boy, of course, as all the personators of Shakespeare's heroines were in those days. Whether, as may have been, Rosaline was, as children say, 'meant for somebody,' it is interesting to compare the sketch of her with the description of the next Rosaline, in *Romeo and Juliet*, whose dark beauty is so dwelt on. This first Rosaline gives us the effect of being less beautiful than her companions—even Biron calls her 'the worst of three;' but she makes up for it by her vivacity and the nameless fascination which some really plain women possess. Possibly Shakespeare had seen in London some charming Frenchwoman, whose bright dark eyes and raven hair combined with her lively manners to make him forget the lack of the white and red complexion to which he was used at Stratford. Apart from her appearance, Rosaline seems a bright, witty girl, ready and a trifle saucy, fearless and self-possessed, quite capable of assuming the princess' part when necessary, laughter-loving, and yet sensible and warm-hearted under all her fun. She is the fitting woman to try conclusions with Biron, being too quick and clever to feel afraid of him, and having enough of his disposition to understand him, faults and all. Maria and Katharine correspond in every point to Longaville and Dumain, and are equally insignificant. Boyet is a sharp old chamberlain, seeing most of the game as a looker-on, enjoying the fun of disconcerting the King's party, and addicted to making pretty speeches to his mistress and her ladies.

Besides these two principal groups of characters, we have a whole body of minor persons who form the background to the piece, and, to tell the truth, are often in the way. But still they deserve

examination, as several of them are less meant as characters, than as caricatures of manners, or of living people, close enough to reality to *tell*. Armado and his page, for instance, are embodied satires on the affected language of the fine people of the day, the beginning of Shakespeare's steady warfare with affectation altogether. It does not require much knowledge of Elizabethan literature to see how much of Armado's airs and graces must have been borrowed from the fine gentlemen who lounged on the stools and rushes of Shakespeare's primitive stage. In himself, Armado is simply contemptible, an empty fop and fool, with just wits enough to get into mischief; but perhaps we can trace something of national antipathy in this ludicrous character. It was but a very few years since the English and Spanish quarrel had come to its grand climax in the Armada, and doubtless a Spaniard might safely be made ridiculous in the eyes of Shakespeare's audience. It is certainly curious that he has touched on a characteristic which was the typical one in later representations of the Spanish grandee, the union of ostentation with poverty. Armado, with no shirt under his doublet, magnificently 'rewarding his dependants' with a 'remuneration' of three farthings, corresponds oddly enough to the later stories of the Spanish nobles, who starved on gold plate, and whose king had his soup served in a locked tureen, to save it from his famished gentlemen-in-waiting.

As to Moth, he is just a sharp urchin, precocious and pert, humouring his master's follies, and laughing at them all the time.

Then the schoolmaster, Holofernes, is certainly very tiresome; but if, as it is said, he was taken from a real original, he gives us a notion, even allowing for exaggeration, of what the pedantic affectations of the time were, and what might pass for learned talk. Perhaps the sometime-scholar of Stratford had not left his school days and school troubles too far behind him at this period, to take an extra pleasure in making a 'Dommine' ridiculous. Sir Nathaniel is a worthy companion for Holofernes, and they pour out their streams of long words with great satisfaction, flatter each other, and even admire such wonderful poetry as the schoolmaster's composition on the 'Sorel.' Not that this remarkable effort has not a certain interest as showing to what the old alliterative style of writing had fallen.

Jaquenetta and Costard represent just such a pleasant man and girl as might be seen in any Avon side farmhouse, utterly ignorant and slow, but with a heavy sort of wit of their own, which doubtless was capable of being made very effective on the stage. We can imagine a good Costard telling well on the audience with his chuckling delight, with the fine new name for three farthings, and his stolid self-possession in the part of 'Pompey the Big.'

The plot which brings these different groups into relation with each other is extremely slight, and simple in character. The King finds himself obliged to receive the French princess, though he keeps her

out of his palace, and at once her fair face makes havoc of his vows, he falls violently in love with her, and his three companions follow suit; but in the most accommodating manner, each taking a different lady. All being much annoyed at finding themselves in this case, they endeavour to keep their secret after the usual fashion of stage heroes, by uttering long soliloquies when somebody is listening! Biron keeps his counsel the longest; but a mistake of Costard's throws his love-letter to Rosaline into the King's hands, and everything being out, the four resolve to let their vows go, and to 'woo these girls of France.'

But the girls of France are not to be either wooed or won so easily; they get scent of the projects of their lovers, and having some scores to settle with the conceited students, they manage to turn all their love-making into ridicule, till they make each man swear his devotion to the wrong maiden. Of course, the men are at a disadvantage; they are in earnest, while the girls are cool and can enjoy playing with their fish. At the point where things are thus well entangled, there comes an interlude in the Pageant of the Nine Worthies, followed by the news which brings matters to a climax, by recalling the princess to France. A play could hardly have less story, and most of the scenes which introduce Armado, Holofernes and their party, might have been left out, without touching on the main interest of the piece. After the first scene, Biron becomes the foremost character; he almost literally argues 'black is white,' in defence of his love; he pours out a torrent of eloquent excuses for the joint perjury of himself and his friends, the most poetical speech in the whole play, and in a general way he takes the lead among the king's party. The interest somehow settles on him and Rosaline, and it is amusing to see the mocking Biron fairly beaten with his own weapons, and driven to plain and straightforward love-making. The conception of his character is consistent throughout, for we feel all along that there is something more in him than mere fun and nonsense; but the continued indulgence of the mocking spirit is making him hard, conceited, and suspicious of other people, and he wants a real rousing up to make him see the grave side of things, and to show him that he is not infallible. Rosaline's keen and fearless wit takes a good deal of the conceit out of him; but at first, he does not find the process at all agreeable. The girls are thoroughly triumphant; they have entirely discomfited their lovers, and are enjoying having the laugh on their own side, when the situation is, as it were, suspended by the Pageant of the Nine Worthies. This strikes us as a clumsy device, and certainly the action of the play is awkwardly stopped by it; but, still from another point of view, it is really interesting, as giving us a vivid picture of what these curious representations were, which descended from the old miracle play, and lingered long into the modern drama, before it finally displaced them. All sorts of people at times took part in these 'shows' or 'moralities,' from the highly-born ladies

and gentlemen, down to the village peasant; and Shakespeare has preserved for us the whole process of their arrangement and performance. In his days, if a wedding was to be celebrated, a returned landowner welcomed after an absence, or a public event honoured, a show was an essential part of the rejoicings, with representation of sacred, historical, or mythical personages, sometimes also virtues and vices, in fantastic dresses, who spouted verses and set speeches, interrupted or not, as might be, by the wit of the spectators. Probably Shakespeare had seen and assisted in many such a performance before he incorporated the Nine Worthies in this play, and truly the interruptions of the audience and their remarks more resemble the 'chaff' of sharp Londoners, than the dignified conduct to be expected from the Princess of France and King of Navarre. However, putting that consideration aside, the scene must have been amusing enough, and there is a pretty little touch in the slight difference made by the merry mockers in their treatment of the simple Costard and his pretentious comrades. Costard is so delightfully imperturbable, he doesn't 'know the degree of the worthy;' but he will stand for him to the best of his power; calmly accepting Dumain's correction, 'It *is* great, sir,' he gets through his address, with a sort of sigh of relief when he can say, 'If your ladyship would say, thanks Pompey, I had done,' and is rewarded by the Princess's gracious 'Great thanks, great Pompey.' The other Worthies, however, have a bad time of it, and probably the scene represents pretty accurately the sort of fire of jokes sustained by the actors in an Elizabethan pageant as they appeared on their open-air stage, or moved in procession down the crowded street. Most people will remember how successfully Kingsley imitated this sort of fun in Amyas Leigh's triumph in *Westward Ho.*

Holofernes and Armado came off the worst, and we enjoy their discomfiture after all their conceit, for they get really 'baited,' as the Princess says; but the show is cut short, first by the quarrel between Armado and Costard, and then by the news of the French king's death, which leads us back to the main story, and the climax of the play.

There is a marked difference after this interlude in the tone of all the speeches, as if something had suddenly sobered all the characters. The Princess resumes at once her stately dignity, with a graceful sort of excuse for the free mirth of herself and her ladies. The worthy young King tries to make a fine speech, but fails till Biron comes to the rescue, and helps him to convince the girls that their love-making had really been a serious matter. Then, like a true woman, the Princess speaks out honestly, she cannot accept this hasty wooing, though she is evidently inclined to the King; but if he proves the reality of his love by his year's penance for his broken vow, she is willing to wait for him and be his at last. Quite consistently, Katharine and Maria do not think their lovers need any further trial than the year's waiting.

Over Rosaline's conduct in this last scene, there is great difference of opinion, and where Coleridge would have expunged her advice to Biron, as unworthy of Shakespeare, one feels some hesitation in decidedly differing from him; but it does not strike everybody in the same way. Biron asks Rosaline to give him something to do, and she, with all her pretty coquetry thrown aside, plainly tells him of his one great fault of turning everything into jest, and bids him cure himself by seeing the small power of his talent on people in really great suffering. Great fault is found with this, as if Rosaline literally wanted him to jest to dying people, whereas her object is to show him the foolishness of his jibing spirit, knowing that this really good-hearted man needs to have the softer side of his nature drawn out by the sight of his suffering fellow-creatures. Did Shakespeare mean it, or is it by accident, that the impulsive, hot headed King is sent to learn to know himself in solitude, while honest, careless Biron, goes out to face the realities of life? Thus the play ends, the men who began by avoiding all women's society as the great hindrance to their improvement, come at last to drawing their inspiration and guidance from the fair maidens, who thus reclaim their rightful position and true work of helping and influencing their lovers for good. So a serious enough meaning is even in this slight and fantastic play!

One or two small points may be noticed in conclusion, as giving some indications as to Shakespeare's self at this time. One of these is the allusion, several times repeated, to ladies painting their faces and wearing false hair, and to this he often reverts in after plays, as if these customs had impressed him a good deal, being comparatively fresh from the country. Perhaps this also made him notice the fashionable follies and affectations more than a regular Londoner would have done.

It is also interesting to observe the proportion of rhyming lines in this play, so as to take note how they disappear later on, and more important still, the regular, hard, ten syllabled lines, with a pause at the end of each. Without taking the dry labour of making syllable tables for each play, it is really worth while to study these points, and to contrast passages with some from later plays, *The Winter's Tale*, for instance, as in this way the gradual change and perfecting of the style is more fully appreciated. Shakespeare liked to have a style of his own, he says: 'He kept invention in a noted weed,' and therefore his readers may take the trouble to study the fashion of this 'weed,' though it is only a small part of the interest of his work.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

(To be continued.)

FAIRY TALES.

It is curious that, among the changes which have taken place in literature during the last few years, none is more marked than in the literature meant for children. And yet one would have supposed that children of all people were the least subject to that mysterious influence called 'the spirit of the age.'

However that may be, certain it is that, of the books which used to be the childhood companions of the present generation, most are quite fallen out of use, and the rising generation—more sophisticated than their fathers—are thought to be amused no longer by mere tales, and to require their intellectual dainties spiced with some salt of wit and satire; in a word, *Grimm* has given way before *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Water Babies*. The charming Andersen alone still holds a place in our nurseries; but where are our old friends *Jack the Giant-killer*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and the rest of them? They have vanished to the limbo from which they came, or, if they survive at all, it is only in a garbled form to serve the ignoble purpose of padding for the gorgeous picture-books meant for very young children. Whether the critics have not had more hand in this change than the young people themselves I will not say, but the latter cannot altogether be congratulated on the result. For whatever may be the literary merit of these stories—and those told by *Grimm*, for my part, I consider excellent merely as *stories*—they possess an historical interest from the fact that they are not inventions, but collections, that they have interested infant nations ages ago, that they are what is called folk-lore; stories which we can trace back to a time when many nations which are now great and strong were not. Older than history—which now seems so very old—older even than writing itself, many of these stories have lived for hundreds and hundreds of years from mouth to mouth. What a seemingly precarious existence, and yet how amazingly long!

Like many families, too, of ancient pedigree, the position which these tales now hold by no means corresponds with their former grandeur. To be mere *nursery tales*, many of them have sunk from being great religious myths or stories of the gods, histories as sacred in the ears of their hearers as the histories of Abraham and of Joseph, of Samuel and David, are to us. And then, what a strange medley do they not present? Some we may feel sure were first told by the banks of the Oxus and the Jaxartes, while their companions show no remembrance of a warmer climate than Scandinavia or the north of Germany.

To touch a little upon this feature of our nursery tales is the object of the present article, not in any completeness, for that would require a

volume, but sufficiently, perhaps, to give them a fresh interest in the eyes of the reader.

But, first, in case some should not be sufficiently acquainted with the harvest of knowledge concerning the early history of mankind which has been yielded to the students of comparative philology during the last few years, I will give a slight sketch to explain what is meant by the *Indo-European family of nations*, as I could scarcely get on without making frequent use of this word.

The country which lies to the east of the Caspian Sea and the deserts of Persia and west of the mountains of barren Afghanistan is one of the most fertile and agreeable in the world. It is this portion of the globe which tradition and science agree in assigning as the cradle of the human race—'The children of Noah.' This is certain, that from this primeval home issued, at different stages of the world's history, three distinct races of men, each of which, when the time came, separated itself into a variety of nations, widely different indeed, but speaking languages and bearing national characteristics which enable us to trace them as children of a parent stock.

With the first two classes of nations we have not now to do. The last to leave their early home were the sons of Japhet, for they appear still to have been settled close to that country as recently as about 3000 B.C. They would seem to have been conscious of their relationship as distinguished from the nations which surrounded them, for they bestowed on themselves a common name Arya, or Ariya, 'the nobles'; * but they were even then divided into two very distinct races, the older Aryans and the Yavanas, the 'protectors,' the younger branch, the ancestors of the present nations of Europe.

At length, owing to their increase of numbers, or yielding to the pressure of stronger nations—probably of Mongolian or Turanian race, they were forced to break from their moorings, so to speak, to abandon their first pleasant home, and to seek for a new one wherever chance or the hand of Providence might direct.

The first to leave it were the Yavanas, who occupied the western portion of the country, and who therefore, in different bodies and at different times, migrated westward, and by different routes all reached Europe at last. Of these we count four distinct families. First, the Keltic (or Celtic), which migrated along the north of the Black Sea till they reached Europe, which they peopled to the extreme west. Close upon their heels, but by a somewhat more northerly course, came the great Teutonic family, and after these, more to the north still, came the Slavonic race, who now occupy the east of Europe.

* Lenormant, *Hist. de l'Orient*, vol. ii. chap. i. § 1; but the reader should compare Max Müller on this point, *Lectures on Language*, first series. From Arya is descended *Erin* (Ireland), but not the Scandinavian *asa* (a lord), as M. Lenormant thinks; for *asa* was originally *ansa*, and therefore could not be derived from root *arya*.

The fourth race, the Pelasgian, travelled in a southerly direction through Asia Minor to Greece and Italy.

Thus almost the whole of Europe (except the extreme north, the Basque provinces of Spain, and that portion of Western France which used to be called Armorica) was peopled by the four different divisions of the younger Aryans, and roughly we may divide these four divisions into the different nations which sprang from them. To the Keltic family belong the Ancient British, the Irish, the Gaels, the Belgians (proper), and the Gauls; to the Teutonic, the Goths, the Germans, the English, the inhabitants of Scandinavia, of Denmark, and of Jutland; to the Sclavonic, the Russians, the Lithuanians, Lettish, Bohemians, &c.; and to the Pelasgic, the (old) inhabitants of Greece and Italy, and a large portion of those of Asia Minor. So the younger Aryans came to people Europe; but the elder Aryans turned in an opposite direction, and went to form the old population of Persia and India. These allied races form together the Aryan or Indo-European family of nations.

Thus, when I spoke just now of stories having been first told by the Oxus and the Jaxartes hundreds of years ago, I meant that they were known to the Aryans before any tribe had begun to migrate towards its new home. And it is not difficult to see how we may guess when such is the case. For as the nations, when once they had separated, could have had no inter-communication until quite recent and civilised times, while the different stories which form what is called their folklore have lived on from mouth to mouth among quite the common people, it is hardly possible to imagine, when we find two stories of very similar character among, let us say, the Hindoos and the Scandinavians or Greeks—it is hardly possible to imagine but that these stories were known to the old Aryans before any division took place among them. Now we will look at an example which will serve well to show the interest which hangs round some of our most familiar nursery stories.

Mr. Max Müller, in his *Chips from a German Workshop*, quotes from the Brâhmana of the Yagur-veda,* the story of a fairy named Urvasî who fell in love with a king Purûravas the son of Ida, whose wife she became, but on condition that he should never allow her to see him without his royal garment on, 'for this is the manner of women.' After a while her former friends, the Gandhavas, said: 'This Urvasî has now lived a long time with mortals; let us see that she comes back.' Now there was a ewe with two lambs tied to the couch of Urvasî and Purûravas, and the Gandhavas stole one of them. Urvasî said, 'They take away my darling as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man.' They stole the second, and she upbraided her husband again. Then Purûravas looked and said, 'How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?' and he sprang up. He

* The Vedas, being the oldest writings of the *Aryan* population of India.

thought it too long to put on his royal garment. Then the Gandhavas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband as by daylight. Then she vanished. 'I come back,' she said, and went. But he bewailed his vanished love in bitter grief, and went near Kurukshetra. There is a lake there called Anyata*h*plaksha, full of lotus flowers; and while the king walked along its border, the fairies were playing there in the water, in the shape of birds. And Urvasî discovered him and said:

'That is the man with whom I dwelt so long.' Then her friends said, 'Let us appear to him.' She agreed, and they appeared before him. Then the king recognised her and said,

'Lo, my wife! stay, thou cruel in mind! Let us now exchange some words! Our secrets, if they are not told now, will not bring us luck on any later day.'

She replied, 'What shall I do with thy speech? I am gone like the first of the dawns. Purûravas, go home again; I am hard to be caught, like the wind.'

He said in despair, 'Then may thy former friend now fall down, never to rise again; may he go far, far away! May he lie down on the threshold of death, and may rabid wolves there devour him!'

Urvasî's heart at length melts, and she instructs Purûravas how he may obtain from the Gandhavas to become one of themselves, and thus be united for ever to Urvasî.

Now, in the first place, as Mr. Max Müller shows (though into the parts of his argument drawn from the meanings of the two words Purûravas and Urvasî we cannot here follow him), the story arose simply from an allegorical or poetic way of speaking of the sun and of the dawn. The sun and dawn are at first united; but when the sun reveals himself in his naked splendour, their union is severed; and this gives rise to the story we have quoted.

But as we are not considering simply the origin of these stories, this one of Purûravas and Urvasî has other points of interest for us beyond those which Mr. Max Müller has noticed. We desire to see how the leading ideas in it are handed down in the popular tales of other countries. Of course the chief idea contained in this story is that of the sun being seen in his full glory by the dawn, which must be the signal for a separation between them. The separation, however, will not be eternal. For the sun will at his setting sink into the arms of the west, as in the morning he rose from the east—all the physical appearances at sunset will be the same as those of sunrise—so in the language of the poet he will be said to be restored to his love again before the evening of his life.

Accordingly, we find the story repeated almost identically as regards its chief features in the tale of *Cupid and Psyche*. Psyche, we know, loved Cupid, as Urvasî loved Purûravas, and the condition of their remaining together was the same: that Psyche should never behold

her love. But by the evil counselling of her two sisters, she is prevailed upon to break the command he has imposed. Almost everybody knows the story:—

'Thus raising up her hand
That bore the lamp, one moment did she stand
As man's time tells it, and then suddenly
Opened her eyes, but scarce kept back a cry
At what she saw, for there before her lay
The very love, brighter than dawn of day;
And as he lay there smiling, her own name
His gentle lips in sleep began to frame. . . . .
. . . . But as she turned at last
To quench the lamp, there happed a little thing
Which quenched her new delight, for flickering
The treacherous flame cast on his shoulder fair
A burning drop; he woke, and seeing her there,
The meaning of that sad sight knew full well,
Nor was there need the piteous tale to tell.'*

And so, like Purûravas in search of his wife, she is destined to wander in search of her husband, whom, at the end of the tale, she will find again as the sun is restored to the twilight at the end of day.

Besides the transposition of the two actors, the tale of *Cupid and Psyche* has one or two minor points of difference from that of Purûravas and Urvasî. Psyche is forbidden to see her husband *at all;* and her disobedience is brought about by the treachery of her two wicked sisters.

We will take one other story of Swedish origin to serve as the link between *Cupid and Psyche* and a well-known nursery tale, which perhaps the sagacious reader has already divined:—

'There was once, very, very long ago, a king who had three daughters, all exquisitely fair, and much more amiable than other maidens, so that their like was not to be found far or near. But the youngest princess excelled her sisters, not only in beauty, but in goodness of heart and in kindness of disposition. She was, consequently, greatly beloved by all, and the king himself was more fondly attached to her than to either of his other daughters.

'It happened one autumn that there was a fair in a town not far from the king's residence, and the king himself resolved on going to it with his attendants. When on the eve of departure he asked his daughters what they would like for fairings, it being his constant custom to make them some present on his return home. The two elder princesses began instantly to enumerate precious things of various kinds. One would have this, another that; but the youngest daughter wished for nothing. At this the king was surprised, and asked whether she would not like some ornament or other; but she answered that she had plenty of gold and jewels. When the king, however, would not desist from urging her, she at length said, "There is one thing which I

* *Earthly Paradise*, 'Cupid and Psyche.'

would gladly have, if only I might venture to ask it of my father." "What may that be?" inquired the king. "Say what it is, and if it be in my power you shall have it." "It is this," replied the princess; "I have heard talk of the three singing leaves, and them I wish to have before anything else in the world." The king laughed at her for making so trifling a request, and at length exclaimed, "I cannot say that you are very covetous, and had rather by much that you had asked for some greater gift. You shall, however, have what you desire, though it should cost half my realm." He then bade his daughter farewell, and rode away.'

Of course on his way back from the fair he chances to hear the three singing leaves, which moved to and fro, and as they played there came forth a sound such as it would be impossible to describe. The king was now not a little glad, for he was convinced that these were the three singing leaves of which his daughter had spoken. He was just about to pluck them, but the instant he stretched forth his hand towards them, they withdrew from his grasp, and a powerful voice was heard from under the bush, saying, 'Touch not my leaves.' At this the king was somewhat surprised, but quickly recovering himself, he asked who it was, and whether he could not purchase the leaves for gold or good words. The voice answered, 'I am *Prince Hatt under the Earth*, and you will not get my leaves either with good or bad as you desire. Nevertheless, I will propose to you one condition.' 'What condition is that?' asked the king, with eagerness. 'It is,' answered the voice, 'that you promise me the first living thing that you meet when you return to your palace.'

As we anticipate, the first living thing which the king meets is his daughter, who therefore is left with lamentation under the hazel-bush. Equally of course when the ground has opened, she finds herself in a most beautiful palace, where she lives a long time happily with Prince Hatt, subject to the condition that she shall never see him, a condition which she is induced to break by the curiosity of her stepmother.

'The end of this conversation was, as might have been expected, that the princess, forgetful of her husband's warning, asked her stepmother's advice. This was just what the queen anticipated; she therefore did not allow herself to be long besought, but promised to devise some plan before they parted.

'So matters stood for a few days; the wedding was over, and the princess began to long after home. When on the eve of departure, her stepmother drew her aside and said, "I will now give you a ring, a flint and steel, and a taper. If you wish to see your husband as he really is, you must rise in the night, strike fire through the ring, and light the taper. Only be mindful that you wake him not out of sleep. . . ."

'. . . . When it was late in the evening, and dark, the prince

returned, according to his custom. There was, as may easily be imagined, great delight at their meeting, and her consort, in terms of the most ardent affection, told her how his heart had been constantly with her during his absence. They then betook themselves to rest, and the prince fell into a deep sleep, which the princess had no sooner observed than she rose, struck fire through the ring, as she had been instructed by her stepmother, and softly approached the bed, that she might behold her beloved. But who shall recount in adequate terms the joy she felt at seeing a beautiful young man lying before her? So affected was she, that she forgot everything in the world besides, only to look at him, and the longer she gazed the more comely did he appear, so that she was wholly lost in love. While bending over the prince as he lay sleeping, a hot drop fell from the taper upon his breast, which caused him to move. The princess was now terrified, and was about to extinguish the light, but it was too late, for the prince awoke, rose in a fright, and saw what she had done. At the same instant the three singing leaves were silent, the beautiful apartment was changed into a cave for serpents and toads, and the prince and princess, with their children, stood there in the darkness; but Prince Hatt was—blind.'*

They are now obliged to wander over the earth and endure all kinds of misfortunes, till Prince Hatt's sight shall be restored to him—a result which is at length happily accomplished.

If the second quotation from the story, which I have given at length, shows the close connection between *Prince Hatt* and *Cupid and Psyche*, the first part shows most clearly its resemblance to the better known nursery epic—our old friend *Beauty and the Beast*. There was, however, no necessity for fixing upon the Swedish tale of Prince Hatt, for the story exists in the folklore of nearly all the Teutonic and some of the Keltic nations. It takes a quasi-historical form in the poem of *Friedrich von Schwaben*, which dates back as early as the fourteenth century. In fact it belongs, as most of our popular tales belong, not to one country or one nation, but to the whole Indo-European stock, to that race whose first home was on the banks of the Oxus thousands of years ago. Some tales in one country may survive to us as great religious myths, the subjects of immortal poems — and if they have struck root in the kind soil of Hellas, we shall be more apt to anticipate for them that destiny—or they may dwindle into mere nursery tales; some may be only found half dead in the tales of the Troubadours, and others may spring to new life—as *Cupid and Psyche* has sprung—at the touch of a magician; but they are all, to some extent, akin to each other and to us.

How wonderful, for instance, is the likeness between the tale of *Prince Hatt*, which has passed from mouth to mouth among the

* Thorpe's *Yule-Tide Stories; Sweden.*

peasants of Sweden,* and the tale of *Cupid and Psyche* as told by Apuleius.† Indeed the resemblance amounts so nearly to identity, that I think it probable that the reader will be unable to persuade himself but that one must have been copied from the other. Yet this is well nigh impossible. How can we suppose that a Latin author never very widely read could have been the originator of a popular tale—a tale familiar to the commonest peasant in nearly every country in Europe, and not in this age only, but as early as the fourteenth century, when reading and writing were confined to a very few, and enough Latin to get through a page of Apuleius to a still smaller number? How could we suppose it, even if we knew nothing of the story of Urvaśi and Purûravas? If, in the present day, we found the peasants in Russia familiar with the story of one of Shakespeare's plays, we should never think of supposing that the play itself was the origin of the popular tale, but rather that they had both sprang from some earlier root. So it is with this widespread story, and the root is some tale which was told before the separation of the Aryan people.

As we have begun with this tale of Urvaśi and Purûravas, we will not leave it before it has illustrated another story of Grimm's. This is the *Six Swans;* and though not so widely known as many—such as *Faithful John*, *Cinderella*, &c., which have quite as distant an origin—yet it is one in which the copying theory is quite untenable.

A certain king who had been obliged—it matters not to the story to explain exactly who—to marry a beautiful enchantress, is afraid lest she should do some injury to his seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he had by a former marriage. He therefore hides them in a lonely castle which stands in a wood, and which is so difficult to discover, that the king himself could not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of cotton, which has the wonderful property, when he throws it before him, of unrolling itself, and showing him the right path. 'The king went, however, so often to see his dear children, that the queen noticed his absence, became inquisitive, and wished to know what he went to fetch out of the forest. So she gave his servants a great quantity of money, and they disclosed to her the secret, and also told her of the ball of cotton which alone could show the way. She had now no peace till she discovered where this ball was concealed; and then she made some fine silken shirts, and, as she had learned of her mother, she sewed within each one a charm. One

* The editors of the *Senska Falk-Sagor ock Afventyr*, from which Mr. Thorpe has translated *Prince Hatt*, tell us in their preface 'that they have undertaken long journeys through the several provinces, and committed to writing a very considerable number of popular tales from the lips of the people.'

† Mr. Morris has closely followed Apuleius. Apuleius' tale is very like *Prince Hatt*, but is slightly altered by Mr. Morris, as he does not there mention the king's *three daughters*.

day, soon after, when the king was gone out hunting, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and the cotton showed her the path. The children, seeing some one coming in the distance, thought it was their dear father, and ran out towards her full of joy. Then she threw over each of them a shirt, which, as it touched their bodies, changed them into *swans*, which flew away over the forest. The queen then went home quite contented, and thought she was free of her stepchildren; but the little girl had not met her with the brothers, and the queen did not know of her. . . . .

'. . . . The poor maiden thought, "This is no longer my place; I will go and seek my brothers:" and when night came, she escaped, and went deep into the wood. She walked all night long, and a great part of the next day, until she could go no further from weariness. Just then she saw a rude hut, and, walking in, she found a room with six little beds; but she dared not get into one, but crept under, and, laying herself upon the hard earth, prepared to pass the night there. *Just as the sun was setting*, she heard a rustling, and saw six white swans come flying in at the window. They settled on the ground, and began blowing one another till they had blown all the feathers off, and their swan's down stripped off like a shirt. Then the maiden knew them at once for her brothers, and gladly crept out from under the bed, and the brothers were not less glad to see their sister; but their joy was of short duration. "Here you must not stay," said they to her; "this is a robbers' hiding-place. If they should return and find you here, they will murder you." "Can you not protect me, then?" inquired the sister. "No," they replied, "for we can only lay aside our swan's plumage for a quarter of an hour each evening, and for that time we retain our human form, but afterwards we resume our usual appearance." Their sister then asked them with tears, "Can you not be restored again?" "Oh, no," replied they; "the conditions are too difficult. For six long years you must neither speak nor laugh; and during that time you must sew together for us six little shirts of starflowers; and should there fall a single word from your lips, all your labour will be in vain." Just as the brothers finished speaking, the quarter of an hour elapsed, and they all flew out of the window again like swans.'

We need not follow the little maiden through the rest of the story; for we can guess how it will end. She fulfils all the conditions necessary for the release of her brothers, and though she is brought in near peril of death, she refuses to speak and clear herself; just at the nick of time (does not everything happen so in delightful fairyland?) her task is finished, and the brothers appear as she is being led to the scaffold. But our present interest in the story belongs only to the first part of it.

Now the leading idea of this tale is the changing of human beings into swans. These swans, too, we may observe, resume their human

form on a particular occasion. The same feature appears in the tale of Urvaśi. 'The fairies were playing there in the water in the shape of birds; and Urvaśi discovered him, and said, "That is the man with whom I dwelt so long." Then her friends said, "Let us appear to him." She agreed, and they appeared before him.'

So far for the old Sanskrit story. The oldest form in which the story appears among the Northerns is in the *Edda of Sœmund*,* in the story of Völund, the German Wielund, and, in a garbled form, Scott's Wayland Smith. The verses are not so very clear, but they imply that Völund and his two brothers found three maidens 'on the lake's margin,' where they had flown in swan's plumage 'through the murky wood.' These the three brothers marry, and live with them for a while; but after a time the three maidens resume their swan's plumage, and fly away, never to return. This notion of fairies who bedeck themselves with the skins of other animals, generally birds —and in Teutonic stories nearly always swans—and who, if their garments are stolen from them, are obliged to become the wife of the thief, but remain so only till they can recover their apparel, occurs in the popular tales of an immense number of countries. The leading features reappear in a Swedish popular tale given by Mr. Thorpe,† and called *The Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth*, where a certain lad goes to watch in a meadow *an hour before sunrise*. After lying long on the watch, the lad could see nothing before the hour of matins, *when the sun was just about rising*. Then he heard on a sudden a noise in the air, as of birds flying, and three doves drew near, and descended on the green meadow. After a while the doves laid aside their plumage, and became three fair damsels, who immediately began dancing on the verdant field, and danced so delightfully, that their feet seemed hardly to touch the grass. . . . . After having for a while lain and amused himself with their dancing, he rose and stole their plumages.

There is another very pretty form of the story which Mr. Keightley‡ takes from the Shetlands, but which also belongs to the west coast of Ireland, in which a fisherman finds some mermaids dancing by the sea-shore, and, hiding a sealskin which he sees at his feet, finds that he can compel one of the sea-maidens to marry him. But of course she recovers her skin at last, and deserts her husband and her children to return to her old life. Perhaps the prettiest story of all is a Persian one, *The Peri Wife*, which is also to be found in the *Fairy Mythology*.

'The son of a merchant in a city of Hindustan having been driven from his father's house on account of his undutiful conduct, assumed

* The *Edda*, being a collection of mythical poems which were current among the Norsemen long before Christian times, though the *Edda* itself was only collected in the eleventh century by Sœmund Sigfusson.

† *Yule-Tide Stories*, Sweden. ‡ *Fairy Mythology*.

the garb of a Kalendaree, or wandering Derweesh, and left his native town. On the first day of his travel, being overcome with fatigue before he reached any place of rest, he went off the high-road, and sat down at the foot of a tree, by a piece of water; while he sat, he saw *at sunset* four doves alight from a tree on the edge of the pond, and, resuming their natural form (for they were Peris), take off their clothes, and amuse themselves by bathing in the water. He immediately advanced softly, took up their garments without being seen, and concealed them in the hollow of a tree, behind which he placed himself. The Peris, when they came out of the water and missed their clothes, were distressed beyond measure. They ran about on all sides looking for them, but in vain. At length, finding the young man, and judging that he had possessed himself of them, they implored him to restore them. He would only consent on one condition, which was that one of them should become his wife. The Peris asserted that such a union was impossible between them, whose bodies were formed of fire, and a mortal, who was composed of clay and water; but he persisted, and selected the youngest and handsomest. . . . .

'The young merchant then led home his fair bride, and clad her magnificently; but took care to bury her Peri-raiment in a secret place, that she might not be able to leave him. He made every effort to gain her affections, and at length succeeded in his object; "she placed her foot in the path of regard and her head on the carpet of affection."

'At the end of ten years the merchant became embarrassed in his circumstances, and he found it necessary to take a long voyage. He committed the Peri to the care of an aged matron in whom he had the greatest confidence, and to whom he revealed the secret of her real nature, and showed the spot where he had concealed her raiment. He then "placed the foot of departure in the stirrup of travel," and set out on his journey. The Peri was now overwhelmed with sorrow for his absence, or for some secret cause, and continually uttered expressions of regret. The old woman sought to console her, assuring her that "the night of absence would soon come to an end, and the bright dawn of interview gleam from the horizon of divine bounty." One day, when the Peri had bathed, and was drying her amber-scented tresses with the corner of her veil, the old woman burst out into expressions of admiration at her dazzling beauty. "Ah, nurse," said she, "though you think my present charms great, yet had you seen me in my native raiment, you would have witnessed what beauty and grace the Divine Creator has bestowed upon Peris; for know that we are among the most finished portraits on the tablets of existence. If then thou desirest to behold the skill of the Divine artist and admire the wonders of creation, bring the robes which my husband has kept concealed, that I may wear them for an instant and show thee my native beauty, the like of which no human eye but my lord's hath gazed upon."

'The simple woman assented, and fetched the robes and gave them to the Peri. She put them on, and then, like a bird escaped out of its cage, spread her wings, and crying "Farewell," soared to the sky and was seen no more.

'When the merchant returned from his voyage, "and found no signs of the rose of enjoyment on the tree of hope, but the lamp of bliss extinguished in the chamber of felicity," he became as one Peri-stricken (*i.e.* insane), a recluse in the hall of madness. Banished from the path of understanding, he remained lost to all the bounties of fortune and the useful purposes of life.'

I think, then, seeing all these examples, we must consider the bird episode in Urvaśi's tale as an integral part of the story, which sets forth, as we know, the drama of sunrise and sunset. The birds must be the white clouds which conceal the dawn or the evening twilight, for when Purûravas again meets his love, it may be considered to be the second meeting of the sun and the horizon. This may appear a little far-fetched, but on comparing the different tales it is remarkable that the transformations always take place either at sunrise, at sunset, or else by the water, and the sun at sunrise or sunset is often spoken of as floating upon the water, bathing in the streams, and so forth, language which might equally be applied to the clouds which conceal his face at these times.

With regard to the *swan maidens*, which occur so very often in the tales of Northern Europe, though, as these stories show, they must have taken their origin from the early days of the Aryan race, I am inclined to attribute their frequency to another cause arising out of the appearances of nature.

The phenomena of storms have a great share in forming many of the northern myths. An important aspect of Odin's—their chief god's—character is as the god of the storm-wind. Sitting in their lonely huts at night, our forefathers had leisure to listen to the voice of the wind as it rushed through their ancient pine-forests, and, half-shuddering, told each other that it was Odin driving with all his followers to the chase, or hurrying to some battle-field where he might exercise his peculiar office of choosing from the slain those who were to accompany him to Valhall, the abode of bliss. These legends gave rise to the strange stories of the Wild Huntsman of the Harz, and of those phantom armies which had been seen to meet and contend in mid-air —stories which were the delight as well as the terror of middle-age Europe.* Now it may often have happened that, mingled with the rush of the wind, there was another sound, a sound half-warlike, half-plaintive. But let us hear Fouqué describe it:—

'Otto turned away, pondering in strange alternation of thought on

* Any one who wishes for a good account of such a phantom battle should read Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Part IV. chap. i., where the story seems so well authenticated that one scarcely likes to consider it fabulous.

a tale which he had received with a cast of doubt, but to the truth of which he was now himself a witness; and he strode with a quickened step down the vale, led on by a sound as of horns and trumpets from below, which seemed to betoken the neighbourhood of commingling friends and foes.

'But in the valley beneath all was still as he had left it. The shroud of night grew darker and darker; and he could not help thinking that his own senses must have played him false when he seemed to hear the noise of battle in the grave-like stillness of that lonely region. Then, again, wafted on the northern breeze came the clang of warlike instruments. Still more anxiously pondering on the cause of this, and gazing more eagerly round him, Otto at length found that he must incline his head backwards to catch a glimpse of the harmonious choir which was sailing far on high, through the blue ocean of the night sky, in white and close array like a flock of winged lambs, and cleaving with heavy wing their invisible path. The legend of the wild army, which he had brought with him from Germany, now flashed upon his remembrance. He wondered whether this might not be something of the sort; and yet it was so different again, solemn and thrilling to be sure, but the melody was lovely and not wild.

* * * * * * *

'"Ay indeed," said Arinbiorn, "these northlands of ours inclose many a wondrous sight. They are like strange and monstrous riddles cast upon the ocean-tide beneath the gleam of our northern sky; so that it is no wonder if even a hero's heart should beat quicker at the sight of them when he comes from distant parts."

'"Hark now! there, for example," said Otto, as he pointed to the dark heaven whence the mighty minstrelsy was descending again in marshal flow, and the dense white train sweeping onward on resounding wing.

'"Is it nothing but that?" replied the Sea-king. "Those are no evil wizards, but only tuneful swans winging their autumn flight from our country to the south."'

We know that the ancient Norsemen believed that when Odin went to the field of battle he was always accompanied by maidens—a sort of demi-goddesses—who were called Valkyriur, or *choosers of the slain*. It suited well the rough and warlike humour of our forefathers that women should at least be interested, and in some cases active participators, in their battles. In fact all their favourite heroines play the part of Valkyriur, and the same is no doubt the case with Völund's wife and her sisters. So I fancy these wild swans—or perhaps often wild sea-birds *—if they did not originate, at any rate gave force to the myth of the Valkyriur, and hence the belief in women who changed into swans became such a very prevalent belief among the Teutons.

* Swan comes from the same root as swim, and very likely was given to many birds which live upon the water.

Perhaps all these stories originally sprang from an allegorical way of describing the actions of nature; but some show this element much more than others. Of those which are most clearly what are called *nature-myths*, we may mention Thorn-rose (or, as it is often called in English, 'The Sleeping Beauty'), which simply arises from an allegory of the Spring kissing the Earth into new life, and occurs in scores of stories of every nation. Adonis, we know, is killed by the boar's tusk, but allowed to return to Venus, and spend half the year above and half below the earth. The northern Baldur again, who is pierced by the mistletoe, brings out the idea of the death of the year, and faintly touches, in the second part of the myth, the idea of new birth; while in the story of Thorn-rose the thought of death is softened into that of sleep for a hundred years. The hundred years come from the hundred days during which winter lasted in the countries where the story arose, for the most ancient division of the year among the Norsemen (and indeed among the Greeks and Latins too) was into three, and not four, seasons.

But why the thorn-hedge round the castle? This is a very important question, and would be very hard to answer if we had not other stories to compare with this one. But, as a matter of fact, the thorn is very frequently mentioned in relation to death among the Scandinavians. Our readers will have heard of the *Niebelungen Lied*. It is a great German epic, which relates the adventures of a mighty hero, Sifrit or Siegfrid (or in a later form Siegbert), and the other people connected with him. The same story, under the name of the Volsunga-saga (Volsung's tale), is told in many poems of the *Edda* (the poetical *Edda*, of which we spoke just now), only that the names are slightly different—Sifrit appearing as Sigurd. Now of course this long story is made up of a great many shorter ones, each one having been at first a distinct myth. One episode of this story is, that Sigurd awakes a beautiful maiden, Brynhild, who, because she took part in battle against a favourite of Odin's—for she is a Valkyria—has been pricked by him with a 'sleep-thorn,' and can only be awakened by the hero Sigurd.

In another part of the narrative Sigurd is the only person who can ride to Brynhild through a wall of flame with which she has surrounded herself, saying that he alone shall marry her who can ride through the flame. Now I think that the idea of these two episodes is the same, and we see that together they make up the story of the Sleeping Beauty. The *flame* certainly means death, and a passage through the flame means a passage to the under-world, because the Scandinavians, like most ancient people, used to burn their dead. In the same way, in *Grimm*, an article on the practice of burning the dead interprets the thorn by showing that thorns were generally used to make the funeral pyre. Thus in the tale of the Sleeping Beauty we have the thought which created the story of Adonis, the story of the Earth

dying and being awoke to life by the kiss of Spring. Yet in the higher and more poetical myths which I have mentioned (and above all in the exquisitely poetical story of the Death of Baldur), I think the myth stretches beyond the mere realm of the actual, and really hints at the thought—as far as by our heathen ancestors it was conceived—of real death and new birth. For it is especially prophesied of Baldur that he shall come again at the new birth of the world, when, as the Edda says :—

'Unsown shall
The fields bring forth,
All evil be amended ;
Baldr shall come,
Hödr and Baldr,
The Heavenly gods,
Hropt's * glorious dwellings
Shall inhabit.'

So again, Sigurd riding to Brynhild is the hero riding to death—as only the true hero can dare to ride; and it may put us in mind, to quote Fouqué once more, of Sintram riding through the Valley of Death, and the song he sings there :—

'Death comes to set thee free ;
O, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.'

I should have liked to have said something of another form which Sigurd's ride takes, in the *Princess of the Glass Mountain*, and which brings out the idea which we have just touched upon more strongly, but I fear I have already overstepped the limits of a reasonably dry article, and so I will leave any further discoveries in this field to the research and ingenuity of the reader of Fairy Tales.

'AMA, ET FAC QUOD VIS.'

(S. Augustine.)

I.

Love, and do what thou wilt. O Saint of God!
Thy words declare a twofold mystery ;—
The perfect Law of Love and Liberty,
The Royal Road, which Christ and all His Saints have trod.

* Odin's.

II.

Love, and do what thou wilt. Ah! what too great
For Love to compass, since the Almighty One,
By Love subdued, an earthly course to run,
Left for a while, for thee, His everlasting seat?

III.

Love, and do what thou wilt. Thy Saviour, then,
Willed *all* to do, and to endure; His Love
Not Death could satiate; nor torments move
Its wondrous purpose towards the ungrateful sons of men.

IV.

Love, and do what thou wilt. Though Love win Heaven,
'Tis foolishness to the mere earth crew-bound:
He was beside Himself, men said, and, true,
To love and to be wise, to few indeed is given.*

V.

Love, and do what thou wilt. If thou lov'st Him,
Thou *wilt* do nought but please Him; His dear will,
Shrined in thy inmost heart, to obey, shall fill
Thy cup with choicest pleasures, to the very brim.

H. L. J. (*Bishop.*)

PRESTON VICARAGE, *November* 13*th*, 1877.

* 'Rectissimè a quodam sapienti dictum est, "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur." Non ergo mirum est, si insaniat quicumque amat. Deum autem insanire cum sit impossibile, ad hoc tamen Eum summa vis amoris impulit, ut ea faceret, quæ insaniam stultitiamque mundi sapientes existimarent.'—*Ludovicus Granatensis.*

So Shakespeare:—

'To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.'

Troilus and Cressida, act iii. scene 5.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

FATHER and mother, and young child—how oft
In this our isle the gentle sight is seen!
When twilight falls upon the village-green,
And birds are silent in the bowery croft,
When cease from toil strong hands and fingers soft,
Strong hands of sire, and fingers soft of boy,
Ere cares of day with garb of day are doffed,
The little household by the hearth tastes joy.
Parted or meeting, its dear souls are one;
Soon at the board they share the homely meal,
And talk the simple talk of toil and love,
Till they who look and list invisible,
Forget the village-green, the croft, the grove,
Remember Mary, Joseph, Mary's Son.
He sees a lovely river's lovelier well,
Who flies in thought, our age, our isle, and on
A house among the hills of Lebanon
Looks, as when o'er it other twilights fell.
Needs not to him the silent sky should tell
The wondrous past—the silent mountains wild—
To heavenly contemplation here they dwell,
The Mother-maid, the Foster-sire, the Child.
Here is the home through which all homes have joy.
All pleasant fruits if Esdraelon bear,
If harvests fail not by the inland sea,
It is of Him Who stoops our bread to share,
Giver Divine of rain and sunshine He—
He gentle, loving, parent-subject Boy.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLIV.

THE PERSECUTION.

1555—1558.

THERE had been a lull in the persecution after the Southwark Commission, and the Spanish friar's sermon.

Gardiner, who never liked it, was determined not to interfere actively, and Pole, though anxious to establish his character as an effective destroyer of heresy, was much too gentle a man to be willing personally to condemn individuals to such a death. But what had been already done could not but infuriate the gospellers at home and abroad. The exiles poured forth denunciations of Mary and her husband, and there was a conspiracy in the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk, speedily repressed, but alarming the Lords of the Council into giving orders for the apprehension of all vagabonds, by whom they specially meant preachers. Moreover, they reprimanded the Bishops for letting heretics go unpunished, and often refusing to hear complaints against them. A great many diocesans still refused to become executioners; but to Bonner, the Marquis of Winchester caused a special exhortation to be addressed for want of zeal and diligence in the prosecutions. A letter was written to him in May, in the name of the King and Queen, to urge him on, that 'the disordered persons might be charitably travailed withal, and removed (if it may be from their haughty opinions), or else if they continue obstinate, to be ordered according to the laws provided in that behalf.'

Upon this Bonner commissioned our Dr. Chedsey to make a public declaration at St. Paul's Cross, clearing himself from 'the common and general suspicion of cruelty.' In this he described the letter, said that other men were remiss, and laid the blame on his shoulders, and informed the world that he was not 'cruel or hasty to send men to prison.'

This injunction seems to have led to some murmuring on Bonner's part, that the Cardinal and the Chancellor were visiting on him the pains and odium which they would not accept themselves.

'I see,' said he, 'the honour of the work is reserved for me, who fear neither the emperor's frowns nor the people's curses! Have I not seen that the Hereticks themselves have broke the ice, by putting one of their own number (I think they called him by the name of Servetus), to a cruel death?' But he declared he would not meddle with any who did not live canonically within his diocese, except those sent to him from Canterbury, which Pole was administering as legate, and Winchester, Gardiner's diocese.

This injunction seems to have led to the death of Bradford, who had been under sentence since the Southwark Commission, but had remained in prison. He could have escaped, but would not, though the gaolers allowed him liberty to go into the city alone to see a sick friend. Many arguments were held with him by the Queen's divines and the good Spaniard, Alonso de Castro, but in vain; and in fact he was looked upon as one of the chief champions of the Reformation. He had a close correspondence with Bishop Ridley, who was still in prison at Oxford, and at the same time he was striving hard with those of his fellow-prisoners who, after throwing aside all the authority of the Church, had lapsed into the deadly heresy of Arius or Socini. Against these opinions he and John Philpot did their best, until early in July the keeper's wife sorrowfully brought Bradford tidings that this was his last day. He took off his cap and gave thanks, and that same night he was removed from the Counter to Newgate, the people crowding the streets to receive his blessing. The execution was to be at four o'clock on the long summer morning, and his 'stake-fellow,' as the custom was to call the companion in the fire, was a lad named John Leaf, a tallow-chandler's apprentice, who had got into trouble by strong words against the Mass and confession. Two papers were sent him in prison, one his accusation, the other his recantation, and he was to sign which he would. He pricked his hand, and sealed the confession of his faith with his blood. These two bore their martyrdom valiantly, and Bradford's last words were—

'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life!

Condemnations came more thickly after this, chiefly in the three dioceses of Canterbury, Rochester, and Chichester. One of the Rochester sufferers, George Tankerfield, who was burnt in front of the ruined Abbey of St. Alban's on the 26th of August, 1555, repeated to himself on his way to the stake, the lines of Skelton's epitaph—

> 'Be the day weary, or be it long,
> At length it ringeth to evensong.'

The administrators of Canterbury were specially severe. Six persons were burnt together in the metropolitan city in the month of August,

and in September the first woman who had died in the persecution, Jane Tutty, was burnt there, together with four men.

The queen was very ill, and after a few efforts to attend to business after her husband's departure, had sunk into a state of piteous depression. The Chancellor Gardiner was in failing health, and Lord Winchester and the Privy Council pushed on the persecution with the bitterness of underlings in brief authority. The Bishops who had been kept in durance for eighteen months at Oxford were thought of. They had been condemned by Weston, but every scholar felt that they had not had a true hearing, and those proceedings were dropped.

In September, 1555, proceedings were again taken against them by command from the Pope to his legate, Cardinal Pole, and Cranmer, as Metropolitan, was cited to appear at Rome in eighteen days' time. The real judge was, however, Dr. Brookes, Bishop of Gloucester, as sublegate, assisted by White, of Lincoln, and Holyman, of Bristol, with Drs. Martin and Story as counsel for the prosecution.

Again the Archbishop stood before the tribunal raised in St. Mary's Church, the Bishop of Gloucester sitting enthroned there with the doctors of divinity round him in their scarlet gowns, and the two lawyers at his side, Story, a vehement partizan, Martin, a mere lawyer.

When Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, was called in, to answer for 'incontinency, blasphemy, and heresy,' he took off his cap courteously to the two lawyers; but looking full at the Bishop, as the Pope's legate, he placed it on his head again, and when reprimanded, explained that he meant no discourtesy to Dr. Brookes, but that he had taken oaths not to admit the authority of the Pope.

When the accusation had been gone into, Cranmer was asked for his answer. He knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, stood up and rehearsed the Creed, declared this to be his faith, and then denied the legality of the court, as held by the court. However, he did not refuse to hold argument as to his doctrines. He maintained that the Real Presence was not the same as the Corporeal Presence, just as the sun is really present in sunshine, but not bodily and substantially; he argued against the supremacy of the Pope, and defended his marriages. The court sat for two days; but the final sentence was not then pronounced, since that rested with the Pope himself.

The trial of Ridley and Latimer came next. Ridley, who was as stout-hearted as any of his Borderer cousins, had held a brave correspondence with Bradford during his captivity, one in which the latter mentions with curious alliteration those who had already confessed his opinions unto the death, as hearty Hooper, trusty Taylor, and sincere Sanders. He wrote an urgent letter to one of his chaplains, West, who had conformed without being convinced, but only succeeded in making the unhappy man miserable, though not in making him take the bolder part. Another of his chaplains, Edmund Grindal, he advised to fly and join the exiles at Frankfort.

Ridley was brought up for trial in the divinity school, on the 30th of September. It was a final one, as he was not an archbishop. Like Cranmer, he refused to uncover to the legate's authority, though to his Grace himself personally, and as he spoke, he took off his cap and bowed his head; he was ready to show all respect 'in that he came of regal blood, and is a man endured with manifold graces and virtues.'

The trial as usual turned on the Sacrament of the Altar. Ridley's ultimatum was 'that in the Sacrament there is a certain change, whereby that bread which was before common bread, is made a lively representation of Christ's Body, and is not only a figure, but effectuously representeth His Body, that even as the mortal body was nourished by that visible bread, so is the internal soul fed with the heavenly food of Christ's Body, which the eye of faith seeth, as the bodily eye seeth only bread.'

This is the doctrine of our Catechism, and he supported it from the Father's. It is not likely that he would have been condemned for it, but for the deeds of the ultra party, especially the pulling down of the Altars in his diocese, which he stated had been done 'upon just considerations, for that they seemed to come too nigh to the Jews' usage.' He was in fact defending what he had willingly acquiesced in because done by men who had died in the flames that awaited him.

For this he was condemned—and Latimer's turn came. The old man, after his wont, tried to defend himself, not by learning, but a shrewd, humorous quaintness, observing with some truth that he was treated like a man who in preparation for a single combat, was set all night in the stocks in the cold. He ended by appealing to a general council, but he was told that there was little chance of such a council as he meant. Both were made over as prisoners to the Mayor of Oxford, and began preparing themselves for death.

Bishop Brookes was sent to degrade them. Ridley then—like Taylor—derided the robes that were put upon him, and refused to hold the chalice, but when the power of preaching the Gospel was taken from him, he looked up to Heaven, and said, 'O Lord, forgive them this their wickedness;' and when the chorister's surplice was taken, and he was deprived of the power of singing, he declared with a smile that they took from him what he never had.

He gave them a petition to the Queen, chiefly on behalf of some poor tenants of the See of London, and his own sister, of whom he could not speak without weeping. Bishop Brookes said that it was a just request, and that he would convey them to the Queen. It is to be observed that as Ridley, Hooper, and Farrer, had all been consecrated under Edward VI., their degradation was a full acknowledgment of the validity of English Orders.

He wrote a very touching adieu to all he had loved, especially his own college:—'Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college,

my cure, and my charge. . . . . In thy orchard (the walls, butts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness), I learnt without book, almost all St. Paul's Epistles, yea and I ween all the Canonical Epistles. Of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof I trust I shall carry with me into Heaven, for the profit thereof I have felt all my life since.'

He was full of brave cheerfulness, and invited those around, even his sister, to what he called his marriage. He had his friends to supper, and spoke affectionately to all, as one who rejoiced; and when Mrs. Irish, the wife of the Alderman who had charge of him, burst into tears, he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Irish, you love me not, now I see well enough. For in that you weep, it doth appear you will not be at my marriage, neither be content therewith. Indeed you be not so much my friend as I thought you were. But quiet yourself. Though my breakfast be somewhat sharp; yet I am sure my supper shall be more pleasant and sweet.'

He slept quietly that night, and came forth in the morning in a handsome black gown furred, a velvet tippet furred, and his square cap on his head. The place was to be the ditch outside Balliol College. As he passed Bocardo, he looked up to Cranmer's window to exchange a last glance, but the Archbishop was detained in argument with a Spanish friar, and did not reach the window in time, though, hurrying to the roof of the prison, he could look down and see the dreadful scene.

Ridley then looked back, and saw old Latimer hobbling bravely after, in a frieze frock, worn over his long new shroud, hanging down to his feet.

'Oh, be you there?' was Ridley's greeting.

'Yes! Have after as fast as I can follow.'

As they met at the stake they kissed and embraced, while Ridley said, 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame or else strengthen us to abide it.'

Dr. Smith preached a sermon on the controverted doctrine, which they were not allowed to answer. After which Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, and various trifles to his friends as keepsakes, a new groat to Sir Henry Lee, nutmegs, pieces of ginger, and the like. Latimer had nothing to give away, but let the gaoler strip him of his old gown and cap, and stood upright in his shroud, a comely and venerable old man. After a few moments of prayer, they were placed back to back on each side of the stake, and an iron chain riveted round their waists, Ridley bidding the smith 'knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course.'

Shipside then fastened bags of gunpowder to each of their necks, and Ridley again preferred his request to the Queen for his sister and his tenants, to the Lord Keeper, Williams, who had been sent

to superintend the execution. Then a flaming faggot was placed at his feet, while Latimer called out 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

Each commended his soul, and old Latimer stretched out his arms as if embracing the fire, and then stroking his face with them, died quickly. But Ridley's was a long and terrible agony, from mismanagement of the faggots, which smothered the fire, so that his legs were entirely burnt ere the flame reached his body, until at last the gunpowder took fire, and he fell over the chain at Latimer's feet.

Ridley was the most learned and the most faithful of the Reformers. His errors were chiefly those into which the ultra party led him. and his dealings in yielding Church property to the rapacity of the court.

Meantime the Queen, with Pole and Gardiner, were considering of the restoration of the Church property absorbed by the crown. The King and the Chancellor were both against it, but Mary declared that 'she set more by the salvation of her soul than by crowns.' She was far too ill to open Parliament in person, and Gardiner was not much better, but he met the two Houses in the beginning of November, and explained the Queen's needs and projects to them with much ability, and assuring them of their own spoils whatever she gave up.

On the second day, however, Gardiner came to his own house so ill that he went to his chamber and there died after three weeks, on the 12th of November, 1556. While the chapters on the Passion of our Lord were being read to him, he exclaimed, 'I have denied with Peter; I have not yet wept with Peter!' Probably he meant his consent to Henry VIII.'s assumption of the supremacy, which had led to such unforeseen consequences, treated as it had been by Edward VI.'s Council. The Reformers put about many falsehoods concerning his death having been caused by debauchery; but through his whole lifetime he had been an upright and virtuous man, too much of a statesman for an ecclesiastic, but with few other faults. He was buried in a cinque-cento chantry in his own Cathedral, greatly mourned by the Queen, though the French ambassador rejoiced. He left all his property to the Queen, but it proved to be very little.

The Queen's Council was now chiefly under the influence of Pole and Winchester. She carried out her desire of restoring the Grey Friars to Greenwich, the Carthusians to Sheen, the Bridgettine nuns to Sion, and brought in a body of Benedictine Monks to Westminster, and she endowed the hospital at the Savoy with Abbey lands, and led her ladies to send necessaries to the patients.

But Gardiner's death took away one obstacle to the persecution. He could never shake off the sense of being accountable for the breach that had led to the prevalence of the opinions for which the people were suffering in the full sense of martyrdom. Pole would not stay

the executioner's hand, for he wanted to justify himself to his enemy the Pope. John Philpot, who had been Archdeacon of Winchester, and had always viewed the Bishop as his personal enemy, had been before the Southwark Commission, but was not put to death till the end of December, six weeks after Gardiner's decease, after long endeavours to persuade him to submit.

The year 1556 came sadly in with the execution of eight men and one woman in London; one man and four women at Canterbury. The eighty days appointed for Cramner's appearance at Rome had in the meantime passed by, and he was then tried in the Consistory Court of Rome, and, of course, excommunicated and condemned. Reginald Pole was at the same time collated by the Pope to the See of Canterbury. Much as Paul IV. hated Pole, he knew that his promotion was inevitable, and therefore forestalled it, in order to establish a claim, and set the old English statutes at nought. The two Commissioners appointed by the Pope to degrade Cranmer were the Bishops of London and Ely. The latter, Thirlby, had been one of King Edward's Bishops, and such a favourite of Cranmer that the servants at Lambeth used to say that he had only to admire anything to have it given to him. He had conformed, and retained his see, but he was overwhelmed with grief when he had to meet his old friend and patron in Christ Church Cathedral under such dreadful circumstances. He wept the whole time, but Bonner, though sorry for the priests and the poor ignorant people who had been brought before him, had no mercy on Cranmer, viewing him as the arch-criminal and author of all the schism, and went on reviling him fiercely, in spite of Thirlby, who often plucked him by the sleeve and begged him to cease.

The place was the court outside the Cathedral, where a sham altar had been erected, and covered with all the insignia of the archiepiscopal office and the robes, but made of coarse canvas. He was arrayed in them all, calmly directing the inexperienced hands which vested him; but when the pall was thrown over his shoulders, he demanded which of those present had that mark of dignity, so as to be empowered to take it away. Bonner did not know what to say, but a reply came in a low voice that, as the Pope's delegates, the two Bishops had the needful authority. Then, as each ornament was taken away, there was silence, till, as the crozier was taken from his hand, he drew forth from his sleeve an Appeal to the next General Council, and gave it to Thirlby.

But he had been prepared for this, and explained that they had been instructed to proceed without appeal; but when Cranmer spoke against the injustice, he burst into a flood of tears, accepted the Appeal, and promised to do his utmost with the King and Queen. Indeed his grief became so great that the Archbishop had himself to sooth and comfort him while the last tokens of the clerical order were roughly removed by Bonner, and then, with an old cap and coat belonging to a

townsman thrown over him, he heard Bonner say, 'Now are you no longer My Lord.'

But as he was leaving the quadrangle, a man ran after him with his own clerical gown, sent to him by the Bishop of Ely, with a kind message, and other communications followed, which opened to him a hope of saving his life. He had owned the sovereign supreme head of the Church in his own country. If that head of the Church chose to submit to the Pope, did not she carry with her the submission of the whole of her subjects? To this Cranmer agreed, and in the course of the day he drew up two papers, both submitting himself wholly to the Pope's judgment, and signed Thomas Cranmer, not Thomas Cantuar, in token of such acceptance.

Thirlby and even Bonner both saw in this submission a chance of mercy for a man whom the one loved, and the other had much rather have seen a submissive prisoner than the victim of a horrible death. They made him draw up two more letters, in the second of which he declared himself to believe concerning the Sacraments what the Church Catholic had believed from the beginning.

Full of hope, Thirlby and Bonner caused 'Master Cranmer' to be removed from Bocardo to the Deanery at Christ Church, where he was treated as a guest, and visited by his friends in the university, all expecting that he would be treated like the others who had submitted. He played at bowls in the quadrangles, conversed with all around, and thought the danger over.

But the Queen held that he was beyond forgiveness. She was glad for the sake of his own soul that he should submit, but he had been the prime mover in the very changes which had led so many poor ignorant creatures into the heresies which her fires could not extirpate. If anybody was to die for heresy, surely he ought to do so; but she would give him time to renounce his errors that so he might not suffer eternally for them.

So she reasoned, and tidings came to Oxford that she was not satisfied. The Spanish and Italian clergy whom she had preferred there exhorted Cranmer to make a fuller and more definitive profession of adherence to the Roman doctrine.

He had never been a man of moral or physical courage, and the details of Ridley's dreadful agonies were full before him. Moreover, he had done enough already to ruin himself in the eyes of the stauncher men of the Reformed party, and the temptation that had been so distressing even to Hooper was too much for him. He copied and signed whatever they brought him, till, in no less than six different papers, he had given up all the doctrines of which he had appeared as the champion.

Villa Garcia, a Spaniard, Regius Professor of Divinity in the stead of Pietro Martine Vermiglio, was the traitor in this matter. It was he, who, knowing that nothing would induce the Queen to pardon the

prisoner, still went on deluding him with false hopes, and drawing from him these degrading avowals. The last, on the 18th of March, was actually signed after the warrant for his execution had gone forth.

He had been taken back to Bocardo, and there, on the morning of the 21st of March, agreed to a form in which he was to make public confession, on carrying his faggot; but he did not sign this, and as soon as Villa Garcia had left him, he drew up another paper recalling and repenting of his six recantations.

Whether his courage would have rallied enough to make any use of this we knew not, for at nine o'clock that same morning Lord Keeper Williams, with a whole train of noblemen, magistrates, and soldiers, appeared at the gate of Bocardo, and Cranmer was led by them through torrents of rain to S. Mary's. As he entered, the choir struck up the *Nunc Dimittis*. Then he knew that the meaning was that he was regarded as a penitent to be dismissed to the mercy of God, and that the dreadful death of the heretic was close before him.

If he doubted, the sermon, by Dr. Cole, made it certain. He listened motionless, save that his tears dropped fast as he found how he had been deceived and how his unworthy fall availed him nothing. After the sermon he was bidden to express to the congregation his faith and repentance.

And this indeed he did; but now it was his genuine faith, and his deep repentance for his failure. After repeating the Creed and declaring himself to believe the whole faith of the Catholic Church, he declared his penitence for all the bills or papers he had written or signed since his degradation, since they were untrue. 'And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished; for may I come to the fire, it shall first be burnt.'

A tumult of cries and shouts broke forth. Lord Williams bade him remember himself and play the Christian man. 'I do so,' he answered, 'for now I speak the truth.'

'Stop his mouth and take him away,' cried Cole; and he was led forth, walking erect, with a cheerful face, as one freed from a heavy load, to the place where his two friends had died. There, after brief time for prayer, he was chained to the stake, and as the flame rose, he held his right hand in it while it was consumed, saying 'This unworthy hand.' He never stirred, and with the call to his Lord to receive his spirit, he died patient amid the torments which he had so dreaded.

A memorial cross marks the spot of these three Oxford executions, which together with the other fires—nearly amounting to 300—did more to alienate England from Rome than all the preachings of Lutherans and Calvinists could ever have done.

Cardinal Pole, though already appointed and elected to the archiepiscopal see, had put off his consecration till the degraded primate should no longer live. He would not have the consecration a festival day under such circumstances, and with all the privacy possible he was

ordained a priest the day before the execution, and consecrated by seven bishops the day after it, namely, the 22d of March, 1556.

The Queen was at this time a little better, and the two cousins kept their Easter together at Greenwich. There was no relaxation of the persecution, but it rather grew worse. However, as no more persons of note suffered, we may be spared the description of more of the 277 authenticated burnings of this unhappy reign, only mentioning Katharine Knight, who sent for her godfathers and godmothers, and after rehearsing to them the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, desired to know whether they had promised that she should believe any more than this!

Even the bodies of Martin Bucer and of Fagius were exhumed from the churches at Cambridge where they were buried, convicted of heresy, set on end in their coffins, and burnt, and the churches were then purified by the Bishops and sprinkled with salt, ashes, wine, and water.

Catherine Cathie, the wife of Pietro Martire, had been buried in the very shrine of S. Frideswid at Oxford. Nobody could tell if she was a heretic, as she was a German and no one understood her language, so she was not to be burnt, but as she was a married nun she was judged unworthy to rest in consecrated ground, and was cast out on the dunghill.

In the next reign both she and S. Frideswid were restored to their grave, and to prevent further profanation the bones of these two strange bedfellows were mixed together, so that no one could distinguish the Saxon virgin from the married nun!

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUMPING AWAY.

Robert Otway Brownlow came out fourth on the roll of newly-elected scholars of S. Mary, Winton, and his master was, as his sister declared, unwholesomely proud of it, even while he gave all credit to the Folly, and none to himself.

Still Mary had her way and took him to Brittany, and though her present pupils were to leave the school-room at Christmas, she would bind herself to no fresh engagement, thinking that she had better be free to make a home for him, whether at Kenminster or elsewhere.

When the half-year began again Bobus was a good deal missed, Jock was in a severe idle fit, and Armine did not come up to the expectations formed of him, and was found, when 'up to Mr. Perkins,' to be as bewildered and unready as other people.

All the work in the school seemed flat and poor, except perhaps

Johnny's, which steadily improved. Robert, whose father wished him to be pushed on so as to be fit for examination for Sandhurst, opposed, to all pressure, the passive resistance of stolidity. He was nearly sixteen, but seemed incapable of understanding that compulsory studies were for his good and not a cruel exercise of tyranny. He disdainfully rejected an offer from his aunt to help him in the French and arithmetic which had become imminent, while of the first he knew much less than Babie, and of the latter only as much as would serve to prevent his being daily 'kept in.'

One chilly autumn afternoon, Armine was seen, even by the unobservant under-master, to be shivering violently, and his teeth chattering so that he could not speak plainly.

'You ought to be at home,' said Mr. Perkins. 'Here, you, Brownlow maximus, just see him home, and tell his mother that he should be seen to.'

'I can go alone,' Armine tried to say; but Mr. Perkins thought the head-master could not say he neglected one who was felt to be a favoured scholar if he sent his cousin with him.

So presently Armine was pushed in at the back door, with these words from Rob to the cook—'Look here, he's been and got cold, or something.'

Rob then disappeared, and Armine struggled in to the kitchen fire, white, sobbing and panting, and, as the compassionate maids discovered, drenched from head to foot, his hair soaked, his boots squishing with water. His mother and sisters were out, and as cook administered the hottest draught she could compound, and Emma tugged at his jacket, they indignantly demanded what he had been doing to himself.

'Nothing,' he said. 'I'll go and take my things off; only please don't tell mother.'

'Yes,' said old nurse, who had tottered in, but who was past fully comprehending emergencies; 'go and get into bed, my dear, and Emma shall come and warm it for him.'

'No,' stoutly said the little boy; 'there's nothing the matter, and mother must not know.'

'Take my word for it,' said cook, 'that child have a been treated shameful by those great nasty brutes of big boys.'

And when Armine, too cold to sit anywhere but by the only fire in the house, returned with a book and begged humbly for leave to warm himself, he was installed on nurse's footstool, in front of a huge fire, and hot tea and 'lardy-cake' tendered for his refreshment, while the maids by turns pitied and questioned him.

'Have you had a haccident, sir,' asked cook.

'No,' he wearily said.

'Have any one been doing anything to you, then?' And as he did not answer she continued: 'You need not think to blind me, sir; I

sees it as if it was in print. Them big boys have been a-misusing of you.'

'Now, cook, you ain't to say a word to my mother,' cried Armine, vehemently. 'Promise me.'

'If you'll tell me all about it, sir,' said cook, coaxingly.

'No,' he answered, 'I promised!' And he buried his head in nurse's lap.

'I calls that a shame,' put in Emma; 'but you could tell *we*, Master Armine. It ain't like telling your ma nor your master.'

'I said no one,' said Armine.

The maids left off tormenting him after a time, letting him fall asleep with his head on the lap of old nurse, who went on dreamily stroking his damp hair, not half understanding the matter, or she would have sent him to bed.

Being bound by no promise of secrecy, Emma met her mistress with a statement of the surmises of the kitchen, and Caroline hurried thither to find him waking to headache, fiery cheeks, and aching limbs, which were not simply the consequence of the position in which he had been sleeping before the fire. She saw him safe in bed before she asked any questions, but then she began her interrogations, as little successfully as the maids.

'I can't, mother,' he said, hiding his face on the pillow.

'My little boy used to have no secrets from me.'

'Men must have secrets sometimes, though they rack their hearts and—their backs,' sighed poor Armine, rolling over. 'Oh, mother, my back is so bad! Please don't bother besides.'

'My poor darling! Let me rub it. There, you might trust Mother Carey! She would not tell Mr. Ogilvie, nor get any one into trouble.'

'I promised, mother. Don't!' And no persuasions could draw anything from him but tears. Indeed he was so feverish and in so much pain that she called in Dr. Leslie before the evening was over, and rheumatic fever was barely staved off by the most anxious vigilance for the next day or two. It was further decreed that he must be carefully tended all the winter, and must not go to school again till he had quite got over the shock, since he was of a delicate frame that would not bear to be trifled with.

The boy gave a long sigh of content when he heard that he was not to return to school at present; but it did not induce him to utter a word on the cause of the wetting, either to his mother or to Mr. Ogilvie, who came up in much distress, and examined him as soon as he was well enough to bear it. Nor would any of his schoolfellows tell. Jock said he had had an imposition, and was kept in school when 'it' happened; John said 'he had nothing to do with it;' and Rob and Joe opposed surly negatives to all questions on the subject, Rob adding that Armine was a disgusting little idiot, an expression for which his father took him severely to task.

However there were those in Kenminster who never failed to know all about everything, and the first afternoon after Armine's disaster that Caroline came to Kenscroft she was received with such sympathetic kindness that her prophetic soul misgave her, and she dreaded hearing either that she was letting herself be cheated by some tradesman, or that she was to lose her pupils.

No. After inquiries for Armine, his aunt said she was very sorry, but now he was better she thought his mother ought to know the truth.

'What——?' asked Caroline, startled; and Jessie, the only other person in the room, put down her work, and listened with a strange air of determination.

'My dear, I am afraid it is very painful.'

'Tell me at once, Ellen.'

'I can't think how he learnt it. But they have been about with all sorts of odd people.'

'Who? What, Ellen? Are you accusing my boy?' said Caroline, her limbs beginning to tremble and her eyes to flash, though she spoke as quietly as she could.

'Now do compose yourself, my dear. I dare say the poor little fellow knew no better, and he has had a severe lesson.'

'If you would only tell me, Ellen.'

'It seems,' said Ellen, with much regret and commiseration, 'that all this was from poor little Armine using such shocking language that Rob, as a senior boy, you know, put him under the pump at last to put a stop to it.'

Before Caroline's fierce, incredulous indignation had found a word, Jessie had exclaimed 'Mamma!' in a tone of strong remonstrance; then, 'Never mind, Aunt Carey, I know it is only Mrs. Coffinkey, and Johnny promised he would tell the whole story if any one brought that horrid nonsense to you about poor little Armine.'

Kind, gentle Jessie seemed quite transported out of herself, as she flew to the door and called Johnny, leaving the two mothers looking at each other, and Ellen, somewhat startled, saying 'I'm sure, if it is not true, I'm very sorry, Caroline, but it came from——'

She broke off, for Johnny was scuffling across the hall, calling out 'Holloa, Jessie, what's up?'

'Johnny, she's done it!' said Jessie. 'You said if the wrong one was accused you would tell the whole story!'

'And what do they say?' asked John, who was by this time in the room.

'Mamma has been telling Aunt Carey that Rob put poor little Armine under the pump for using bad language.'

'I say!' exclaimed John; 'if that is not a cram!'

'You said you knew nothing of it,' said his mother.

'I said I didn't do it. No more I did,' said John.

'No more did Rob, I am sure,' said his mother.

But Johnny, though using no word of denial, made it evident that she was mistaken, as he answered in an odd tone of excuse, 'Army was cheeky.'

'But he didn't use bad words!' said Caroline, and she met a look of comfortable response.

'Let us hear, John,' said his mother, now the most agitated. 'I can't believe that Rob would so ill-treat a little fellow like Army, even if he did lose his temper for a moment. Was Armine impertinent?'

'Well, rather,' said John. 'He wouldn't do Rob's French exercise.' And then—as the ladies cried out, he added—'O yes, he knows ever so much more French than Rob, and now Bobus is gone Rob could not get any one else.'

'Bobus?'

'O yes, Bobus would do anybody's exercises at a penny for Latin, two for French, and three for Greek,' said John, not aware of the shock he gave.

'And Armine would not?' said his mother. 'Was that it?'

'Not only that,' said John; 'but the little beggar must needs up and say he would not help to act a falsehood, and you know nobody could stand that.'

Caroline understood the gravity of such an offence better than Ellen did, for that good lady had never had much in common with her boys after they outgrew the nursery. She answered, 'Armine was quite right.'

'So much the worse for him, I fear,' said Caroline.

'Yes,' said John, 'it would have been all very well to give him a cuff and tell him to mind his own business.'

'All very well!' ejaculated his mother.

'But you know,' continued Johnny to his aunt, 'the seniors are always mad at a junior being like that; and there was another fellow who dragged him to the great school pump, and put him in the trough, and they said they would duck him till he swore to do whatever Rob ordered.'

'Swore!' exclaimed his mother. 'You don't mean that, Johnny?'

'Yes, I do, mamma,' said John. 'I would tell you the words, only you wouldn't like them. And Armine said it would be breaking the Third Commandment, which was the very way to aggravate them most. So they pumped on his head, and tried if he would say it. "No," he said. "You may kill me like the forty martyrs, but I won't," and of course that set them on to pump the more.'

'But, Johnny, did you see it all?' cried Caroline. 'How could you?'

'I couldn't help it, Aunt Carey.'

'Yes, Aunt Carey,' again broke in Jessie, 'he was held down. That horrid—well, I won't say whom, Johnny—held him, and his arm

was so twisted and grazed that he was obliged to come to me to put some lily-leaves, and if he would but show it, it is all black and yellow still.'

Carey, much moved, went over and kissed both her boy's champions, while Ellen said, with tears in her eyes, 'Oh, Johnny, I'm glad you were at least not so bad. What ended it?'

'The school-bell,' said Johnny. 'I say, please don't let Rob know I told, or I shall catch it.'

'Your father——'

'Mamma! You aren't going to tell him!' cried Jessie and Johnny, both in horror, interrupting her.

'Yes, children, I certainly shall. Do you think such wickedness as that ought to be kept from him? Nearly killing a fatherless child like that, because he was not as bad as they were, and telling falsehoods about it too! I never could have believed it of Rob. Oh! what school does to one's boys!' She was agitated and overcome to a degree that startled Carey, who began to try to comfort her.

'Perhaps Rob did not understand what he was about, and you see he was led on. Armine will soon be all right again, and though he is a dear, good little fellow, maybe the lesson may have been good for him.'

'How can you treat it so lightly?' cried poor Ellen, in her agitated indignation. 'It was a mercy that the child did not catch his death; and as to Rob——! And when Mr. Ogilvie always said the boys were so improved, and that there was no bullying! It just shows how much he knows about it! To think what they have made of my poor Rob! His father will be so grieved! I should not wonder if he had a fit of the gout!'

The shock was far greater to her than to one who had never kept her boys at a distance, and who understood their ways, characters, and code of honour; and besides Rob was her eldest, and she had credited him with every sterling virtue. Jessie and Johnny stood aghast. They had only meant to defend their little cousin, and had never expected either that she would be so much overcome, or that she would insist on their father knowing all, as she did with increasing anger and grief at each of their attempts at persuading her to the contrary. Caroline thought he ought to know. Her children's father would have known long ago, but then his wrath would have been a different thing from what seemed to be apprehended from his brother; and she understood the distress of Jessie and John, though her pity for Rob was but small. Whatever she tried to say in the way of generous mediation or soothing only made it worse; and poor Ellen, far from being her Serene Highness, was, between scolding and crying, in an almost hysterical state, so that Caroline durst not leave her or the frightened Jessie, and was relieved at last to hear the Colonel coming into the house, when, thinking her presence would do more

harm than good, and longing to return to her little son, she slipped away, and was joined at the door by her own John, who asked—

'What's up, mother?'

'Did you know all about this dreadful business, Jock?'

'Afterwards, of course, but I was shut up in school, writing three hundred disgusting lines of Virgil, or I'd have got the brutes off some way.'

'And so little Army is the brave one of all!'

'Well, so he is,' said Jock; 'but I say, mother, don't go making him cockier. You know he's only fit to be stitched up in one of Jessie's little red Sunday books, and he must learn to keep a civil tongue in his head, and not be an insufferable little donkey.'

'You would not have had him give in and do it! Never, Jock!

'Why no, but he could have got off with a little chaff instead of coming out with his testimony like that, and so I've been telling him. So don't you set him up again to think himself forty martyrs all in one, or there will be no living with him.'

'If all boys were like him.'

Jock made a sound of horror and disgust that made her laugh.

'He's all very well,' added he in excuse; 'but to think of all being like *that*. The world would be only one big muff.'

'But, Jock, what's this about Bobus being paid for doing people's exercises?'

'Bobus is a cute one,' said Jock.

'I thought he had more uprightness,' she sighed. 'And you, Jock?'

'I should think not!' he laughed. 'Nobody would trust me.'

'Is that the only reason?' she said, sadly, and he looked up in her face, squeezed her hand, and muttered—

'One mayn't like dirt without making such a row.'

'That's like Father's boy,' she said, and he wrung her hand again.

They found Armine coiled up before the fire with a book, and Jock greeted him with—

'Well, you little donkey, there's such a shindy at the Croft as you never heard.'

'Mother, you know!' cried Armine, running into her outstretched arms and being covered with her kisses. 'But who told?' he asked.

'John and Jessie,' said Jock. 'They always said they would if anyone said anything against you to Mother or Uncle Robert.'

'Against me?' said Armine.

'Yes,' said Jock. 'Didn't you know it got about through some of the juniors or their sisters that it was Brownlow maximus gently chastising you for bad language, and of course Mrs. Coffinkey told Aunt Ellen.'

'Oh, but Jock,' cried Armine, turning round in consternation, 'I hope Rob does not know.'

And on further pressing it was extracted that Rob, when sent home with him, had threatened him with the great black vaulted cellars of Kenscroft if he divulged the truth. When Jock left them the relief of pouring out the whole history to the mother was evidently great.

'You know, mother, I couldn't,' he cried, as if there had been a physical impossibility.

'Why, dear child. How did you bear their horrid cruelty?'

'I thought it could not be so bad as it was for the forty soldiers on the Lake. Dear grandmamma read us the story out of a little red book one Sunday evening when you were gone to church. They froze, you know, and it was only cold and nasty for me.'

'So the thought of them carried you through?'

'God carried me through,' said the child reverently. 'I asked Him not to let me break His Commandment.'

Just then the Colonel's heavy tread was heard, and with him came Mr. Ogilvie, whom he had met on the road and informed. The good man was indeed terribly grieved, and his first words were, 'Caroline, I cannot tell you how much shocked and concerned I am;' and then he laid his hand on Armine's shoulder, saying—'My little boy, I am exceedingly sorry for what you have suffered. One day Robert will be so too. You have been a noble little fellow, and if anything could console me for the part Robert has played it would be the seeing one of my dear brother's sons so like his father.'

He gave the downcast brow a fatherly kiss, so really like those of days gone by that the boy's overstrained spirits gushed forth in sobs and tears, of which he was so much ashamed that he rushed out of the room, leaving his mother not much less overcome, his uncle distressed and annoyed, and his master not much less so, at the revelation of so much evil, so hard either to reach or to understand.

'I would have brought Robert to apologise,' said the Colonel, 'if he had been as yet in a mood to do so properly.'

'Oh! that would have been dreadful for us all,' ejaculated Caroline, under her breath.

'But I can make nothing of him,' continued he. 'He is perfectly stolid and seems incapable of feeling anything, though I have talked to him as I never thought to have to speak to any son of mine; but he is deaf to all.'

The Colonel, in his wrath, even while addressing only Caroline and Mr. Ogilvie, had raised his voice as if he were shouting words of command, so that both shrank a little, and Carey said—

'I don't think he knew it was so bad.'

'What? Cheating his masters and torturing a helpless child for not yielding to his tyranny?'

'People don't always give things their right names even to themselves,' said Mr. Ogilvie. 'I should try to see it from the boy's point of view.'

'I have no notion of extenuating ill-conduct or making excuses! That's the modern way! So principles get lowered! I tell you, sir, there are excuses for everything. What makes the difference is only the listening to them or not.'

'Yes,' ventured Caroline, 'but is there not a difference between finding excuses for oneself and for other people?'

'All alike, lowering the principle,' said the Colonel, with something of the same slowness of comprehension as his son. 'If excuses are to be made for everything I don't wonder that there is no teaching one's boys truth or common honesty and humanity.'

'But, Robert,' said Caroline, roused to defence; 'do you really mean that in your time nobody bullied or cribbed?'

'There was some shame about it if they did,' said the Colonel. 'Now, I suppose, I am to be told that it is an ordinary custom to be connived at.'

'Certainly not by me,' said Mr. Ogilvie. 'I had hoped that the standard of honour had been raised, but it is very hard to mete the exact level of the schoolboy code from the outside.'

'And your John and mine have never given in to it,' added Caroline.

'What do you propose to do, Mr. Ogilvie?' said the Colonel. 'I shall do my part with my boy as a father. What will you do with him and the other bully, who I find was Cripps.'

'I shall see Cripps's father first. I think it might be well if we both saw him before deciding on the form of discipline. We have to think not only of justice but of the effect on their characters.'

'That's the modern system,' said the Colonel indignantly. 'Fine work it would make in the army. I know when punishment is deserved. I don't set up to be Providence, to know exactly what work it is to do. I leave that to my Maker and do my duty.'

He was cut short by his son Joe rushing in headlong, exclaiming—

'Papa, papa, please come! Rob has knocked Johnny down and he doesn't come round.

Colonel Brownlow hurried off, Caroline trying to make him hear her offer to follow if she could be useful, and sending Jock to see whether there was any opening for her. Unless the emergency were very great indeed she knew her absence would be preferred, and so she and Mr. Ogilvie remained, talking the matter over, with more pity for the delinquent that his own family would have thought natural.

'It really is a terrible thing to be stupid,' she said. 'I don't imagine that unlucky boy ever entered into his father's idea of truth and honour, which really is fine in its way.'

'Very fine, and proved to have made many fine fellows in its time. I dare say the lad will grow up to it, but just now he simply feels cruelly injured by interference with a senior's claim to absolute submission.'

'Which he sees as singly as his father sees the simple duty of justice.'

'It would be comfortable if we poor moderns could deal out our measures with that straightforward military simplicity. I cannot help seeing in that unfortunate boy the victim of examinations for commissions. Boys must be subjected to high pressure before they can thoroughly enter into the importance of the issues that depend upon it, and when a sluggish, dull intellect is forced beyond endurance there is an absolute instinct of escape, impelling to shifts and underhand ways of eluding work. Of course the wrong is great, but the responsibility rests with the taskmaster in the same manner as the thefts of a starved slave might on his owner.'

'The taskmaster being the country?'

'Exactly so. Happy those boys who have available brains, like yours.'

'Ah! I am very sorry about Bobus; what ought I to do?'

'Hardly more than write a few words of warning, since the change may probably have put an end to the practice.'

Jock presently brought back tidings that his namesake was all right, except for a black eye, and was growling like ten bears at having been sent to bed.

'Uncle Robert was more angry than ever, in a white heat, quiet and terrible,' said Jock, in an awe-struck voice. 'He has locked Rob up in his study, and here's Joe, for Aunt Ellen is quite knocked up, and they want the house to be very quiet.'

No tragical consequences, however, ensued. Mother and sons both appeared the next morning, and were reported as 'all right' by the first inquirer from the Folly; but Jessie came to her lessons with swollen eyelids as if she had cried half the night; and when her aunt thanked her for defending Armine, she began to cry again, and Essie imparted to Barbara that Rob was 'just like a downright savage with her.'

'No; hush, Essie, it is not that,' said Jessie; 'but Papa is so dreadfully angry with him, and he is to be sent away, and it is all my fault.'

'But Jessie, dear, surely it is better for Rob to be stopped from those deceitful ways.'

'O yes, I know. But that I should have turned against him!' And Jessie was so thoroughly unhappy that none of her lessons prospered and her German exercise had three great tear blots on it.

Rob's second misdemeanour had simplified matters by deciding his father on sending him from home at once into the hands of a professed coach, who would not let him elude study, and whose pupils were too big to be bullied. To the last he maintained his sullen dogged air of indifference, though there might be more truth than the Folly was disposed to allow in his sister's allegations that it was because he

did feel it so very much, especially mamma's looking so ill and worried.

Ellen did in truth look thoroughly unhinged, though no one saw her give way. She felt her boy's conduct sorely, and grieved at the first parting in her family. Besides, there was anxiety for the future. Rob's manner of conducting his studies was no hopeful augury of his success, and the expenses of sending him to a tutor fell the more heavily because unexpectedly. A horse and man were given up, and Jessie had to resign the hope of her music lessons. These were the first retrenchments, and the diminution of dignity was felt.

The Colonel showed his trouble and anxiety by speaking and tramping louder than ever, ruling his gardener with severe precision, and thundering at his boys whenever he saw them idle. Both were so elaborately kind and polite that Caroline believed that it was an act of magnanimous forgiveness for the ill luck that she and her boys had brought them. At last the Colonel had the threatened fit of the gout, which restored his equilibrium, and brought him back to his usual condition of kindly, if somewhat ponderous, good sense.

He had not long recovered before Number Nine made his appearance at Kenscroft, and thus his mother had unusual facilities for inquiries of Dr. Leslie respecting the master of Belforest.

The old man really seemed to be in a dying state. A hospital nurse had taken charge of him, but there was not a dependent about the place, from Mr. Richards downwards, who was not under notice to quit, and most were staying on without his knowledge on the advice of the London solicitor, to whom the agent had written. There was even more excitement on the intelligence that Mr. Barnes had sent for Farmer Gould.

On this there was no doubt, for Mr. Gould, always delicately honourable towards Mrs. Brownlow, came himself to tell her about the interview. It seemed to have been the outcome of a yearning of the dying man towards the sole survivor of the companions of his early days. He had talked in a feeble wandering way of old times, but had said nothing about the child, and was plainly incapable of sustained attention. He had asked Mr. Gould to come again, but on this second visit he was too far gone for recognition, and had returned to his moody instinctive aversion to visitors, and in three days more he was dead.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

BY C. R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

PERILS AND DANGERS.

'He sails in dreams
Between the setting stars and finds new day.'

THE queen's dying words were fulfilled. The fair wind she had promised sprang up in time, and on S. James's Day, 1414, such a fleet as had never been known in Portugal before, set sail from the Bay of Lagos. The Portuguese ministers had wished to delay the expedition till the days of public mourning were over, but Dom Joao and his sons knew better what Philippa would have wished them to do, and did not wait an hour after their preparations were complete. Fifty-nine galleys, thirty-three tall ships of war, and 120 transports carried 50,000 sailors and seamen on board; while several English ships had volunteered to join in an expedition that promised so much glory, and was in so good a cause. For the pope had granted them a bull of crusade, making the war a holy one, and the blessing of the Church had been invoked on their arms by a series of solemn services, immediately following on the ceremonies of the queen's funeral; and no doubt the grief which they were enduring with all its chastening influences, deprived the young Infantes of none of their crusading spirit; but caused them rather to strive more earnestly to be worthy in their inmost souls of that knighthood which they hoped to win at the sword's point. All had done their utmost to further the preparation; but Enrique had shown so much skill in the arrangements as to win for himself a foremost place in making them. After all, the younger brothers were not left behind. Dona Isabel had been left in the charge of the abbess of a great Lisbon convent; and it was at first proposed to leave the boys at Lisbon with their tutors. But Enrique and Duarte had pleaded for them, the latter urging that Joao was really old enough for the duties of a page, and strong enough not to suffer from hardship, and Enrique promising to take care of Fernando. He might stay on board ship when they neared the enemy's quarters, and the change would rouse him from his grief. A little rough living would be much less hurtful to him than the misery of solitude and separation.

The sun was setting clear and bright over a sea of purple blue. A light wind stirred the gay banners and devices which floated from the mastheads, an unceasing source of admiration to the Portuguese sailors, for they had been introduced in imitation of the more northern

nations, and were hitherto unknown in the Peninsula. The invention and embroidery of these banners had been for a long time a favourite employment of Queen Philippa's court. Dom Enrique's ship was one of the largest, and all on board was well ordered, and ready for action. '*Talent de bien faire*' was inscribed on his crimson flag, and 'The desire to do well,' as the old French is said to signify, inspired him in small things as well as great.

The evening hour was a time of leisure, and on the deck of the vessel a group of young gentlemen were lounging about telling stories, prophesying success, and indulging in speculations as to what Ceuta would be like when they got there, while Enrique, at a little distance, in his deep mourning dress, was sitting on a bench, his chin resting on his hand, and his great eyes gazing out towards the horizon, as if longing to see to the very world's end. Fernando, who was more sociably inclined, was listening with great interest to a description of the interior of a Moorish city, given by a lively young Englishman, named Northberry, who belonged to Dom Enrique's household, and who insisted forcibly that the Moors were in the habit of feasting on their Christian prisoners, arrayed in silks and cloth of gold, in palaces ornamented with untold splendour. Other poor slaves were forced to serve, sometimes to share the horrible banquet, and were driven to it with blows and curses.

Poor Fernando grew pale with horror, and Dom José de Alemquer, a knight of some renown, and brother to the Portuguese Prime Minister, remarked grimly—

'And with whom, Senor, have you conversed who has partaken of this extraordinary feast?'

''Tis commonly believed in England, I understand, sir,' said Northberry. 'What matter since we are about to punish the miscreants?'

'When you are served up, may I be there to see!' muttered Dom José. 'We shall find our work cut out for us; it were better to prepare for it in a pious spirit.

'Prepare; we shall prepare,' shouted another young man, enthusiastically. 'We are ready to wade through rivers of blood, and tear down the accursed Crescent if we leave not one infidel found alive in Ceuta.'

'If we fall ourselves, it is a sure path to heaven,' said another.

'That depends, so said the Bishop, on whether we have a true crusading spirit,' remarked a third.

'By S. George!' said Northberry, 'I'll strike a good blow, crusade or no crusade; and God defend the right!'

'We are sure of success in such a cause!' cried the first speaker.

'But the crusaders were sometimes defeated,' said Fernando.

'Ah, my lord, doubtless they had not the true spirit,' said Northberry, with something of earnestness, carried off by the apparent sneer

Fernando moved away towards his brother, and, pulling his sleeve to attract his attention, repeated some of the foregoing conversation.

'Did Enrique think it possible that they might be defeated?'

'Surely,' said Enrique, 'it is possible, if it were God's will, but,' he added, colouring with enthusiasm, 'I think, we are so well prepared, it is not likely.'

'But could it be God's will that the infidels should triumph?'

'Why, yes,' said Enrique; 'you do not think what you say. It is His will that we should offer ourselves to His service; but it is not always His will to give us the victory. Else there would have been no martyrdoms. But yet,' he continued, with the grave ardour peculiar to him, 'there is a blessing on zeal and self-devotion. I, for one, would risk the result!'

Fernando looked satisfied, and then demanded if Enrique thought that the Moors were really man-eaters.

No; Enrique did not think so. They were very cruel and treacherous; kept no faith with Christians; but they were not, so far as he understood, savages. In fact, he hardly thought that they would treat prisoners of distinction otherwise than well.

'What else?' he added, smiling, as Fernando still looked thoughtful.

'It would be better to convert them than to kill them,' said the boy, earnestly.

'That is what I hope for,' returned Enrique. 'Their crimes have deserved a just punishment; but Ceuta once in our hands, we can there show them what Christian life and Christian worship really is; and from thence I hope to send out missionaries to the lands beyond, where all is darkness. The good Franciscans will be willing to go, and who knows into what strange worlds they may penetrate?'

'I don't think,' said Fernando, 'that your gentlemen here think of converting them.'

'Perhaps not. It is the part of princes to show themselves of a more enlightened spirit than other men. We must take heed that no needless cruelty stains our arms, and especially that in our own lives we show what it is to be Christians.'

'Even a prisoner might do that, if he were very patient,' said Fernando.

'Yes, like the holy martyrs. See, Fernando, I think there is no object worth living for, but that of winning men to the service of our Lord, by conquest, by preaching, by the discovery of distant lands. I long to make myself worthy of it!'

Fernando's young heart thrilled within him, and he longed ardently for the day when he too should be old and strong enough to fight for the holy cross. For he did not quite follow all that Enrique said, and the storming of Ceuta was, as was natural, much the distinctest image in his mind.

The sun sank below the horizon, the purple headland of Turo came

into view, and one by one the stars came out in the deep clear sky; while at the prow of each vessel was hung a great lantern, so that in the gathering darkness the fleet seemed almost as if composed of ships of fire. Enrique threw himself back on the bench, and lay looking up at the sky. The study of the heavens was familiar to him, and the movements of the stars, both as a means of guiding mariners and as in themselves wonderful, were a favourite source of contemplation both to himself and to his elder brothers. They were indeed among the first to find the true science more interesting than the false one, and in their study of astromomy deliberately to lay astrology on one side. He was pointing out to Fernando the different constellations that were visible, when suddenly, as they gazed upward, the dark still heaven flashed into lurid light, and the peaceful silence was broken by a loud shout of alarm. The great lantern of their own ship had caught fire.

'Back! back! Stand still,' shouted Enrique, springing to his feet, and, in a moment, he rushed forward, climbed on to the high prow of the ship, and clinging on with one hand, with the other he detached the burning lantern, and flung it into the sea. Another moment and the ship must have been on fire: as it was the wind caught a piece of flaming frame-work and wafted it on to the deck at Fernando's feet. He caught it up—it was too large to trample out, or he thought so—he could not push through the crowd that had rushed to the sides of the vessel, and he held out the burning mass at arm's length, unflinchingly, till Northberry, turning, snatched it out of his hand, and succeeded in throwing it into the water. At the same moment Enrique sprang down upon the deck, giving orders, and, allaying the excitement, desiring torches to be lit, and calling on all to give thanks to God for the saving of their lives.

Morning and evening a solemn service of prayer and praise arose from the whole fleet, and now on board the ship of *Good Hope*, as Dom Enrique had named his vessel, the sense of recent danger quickened every heart to thanksgiving.

Messages came from the king and from the other Infantes, to know what had caused the sudden extinction of Dom Enrique's lantern, and in the answering of these no one thought of Fernando till Enrique missed him, and, hastily looking for him, found him on the bench where they had been sitting, half fainting with the pain of his burnt fingers.

'I did not think of it at first,' he said; 'and then if I am a soldier I must bear pain.'

Enrique could not understand how he had been hurt; and when he heard the story, declared that Fernando's courage had saved the ship, and then turned on Northberry with one of his rare outbursts of anger. Could he not see that Dom Fernando was burnt when he took the flaming wood from him?

Enrique was habitually gentle; but there was an intensity in his displeasure when it was once roused, which was not easily forgotten.

'I hid my hand behind me; it did not hurt me *much*,' said Fernando, who was reviving. 'Senor Northberry could not see.'

'Dom Fernando is as true a soldier as yourself, my lord,' said Northberry.

'I know it,' returned Enrique; but he said no more, only anxiously watching while one of his chaplains, Father José, who, like most priests, was something of a surgeon, bound up the injured hand, saying that it was, after all, but a trifle.

He would hardly, for the rest of the voyage, let Fernando out of his sight; though the boy, exceedingly anxious to prove that he was able to bear such trifling casualties of war, resolutely concealed all the ill effects which the adventure caused to his delicate constitution.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF CEUTA.

'Upon them with the lance!'

THE Christian host approached the pillars of Hercules amid violent storm and tempest. Separated from each other, and scattered far and wide in the darkness of the night, there were hours when they feared that all their preparations had been in vain, when they dreaded the morning light that would reveal to them the gaps in their numbers. But the winds sank, and the sun rose, and the dispersed vessels drew together again, after but little damage, and the king prepared to superintend the landing of the troops. He did not then know what would have greatly encouraged him, that Zala ben Zala, the Governor of Ceuta, trusting too much to the effects of the tempest, had allowed the 5,000 allies, whom he had collected, to return home, thinking the danger over.

Joao and Fernando were ordered to remain and watch the assault from a vessel, moored at a safe distance from the shore, behind the rest of the fleet; in which were also safely stored all the Church vessels and furniture which it was hoped might be used in the conquered city, but which must not, in the event of a defeat, be allowed to fall into the hands of the Infidels. Here, too, many of the priests and chaplains, after saying mass in the different vessels, retired to watch the event, and here, all day long, the voice of prayer went up for the success of the Christian arms.

The two little boys were taken, before daybreak, on board their father's ship that he might bid them farewell, and here they saw all their three brothers ready armed for the attack, full of joy at the thought that the long-wished-for moment had at last come when they were to prove themselves worthy of knighthood. All looked grave,

collected, and resolute, and the boys caught the tone of their elders, and bore themselves as like soldiers as they could.

'If we were *only* going too!' whispered Joao, as they went down again into their boat.

'We will one day,' returned Fernando; but as he glanced up at the ship, he saw Enrique looking down at him with the light of the dawn on his shining helmet and clear, solemn eyes. Fernando thought that Enrique would look like that in heaven, and for the first time it occurred to him how likely it was that his brothers would be killed in the attack, and he felt that Ceuta might be dearly won. That was a strange day on board the young princes' ship. They heard, and could dimly see, the attack on the town of Ceuta, led by the Infantes Duarte and Enrique, and directed by their father from a small boat near the shore. They heard the shouting, the noise of the cannon, the rush, and the hurly-burly, behind the constant chanting kept up all day by the waiting priests, who bade the young princes pray for their father, since they could not otherwise aid him. The sea was now perfectly calm, the ships, lately so busy, almost deserted, save this one, where high on the deck an altar had been raised, and the solemn chant went up through all the conflict of hope and fear.

At last they became aware that the Infantes had entered the town; at least there was no retreat. The long, hot afternoon wore on, when, suddenly from every soldier in reserve, from every sailor in charge of the fleet, there rose a mighty shout; for, on the walls of Ceuta, there appeared the banner of the Cross. The town was taken. Over the fortress above the Crescent still drooped as if in despair.

Joao shouted and danced, and threw himself about in an ecstasy of triumph. Fernando felt half stifled; he could not speak. Presently a boat put off from the shore, and was rowed rapidly towards their vessel.

'What news; what news?' shouted Joao, pressing before captain and chaplains, and nearly throwing himself overboard in his eagerness.

'Good news, my lord!' said the young squire, as he came up the side of the ship. 'The town is taken, the fortress is yielding to the attack. The king, your father, bids me summon you and my lord Dom Fernando, to his presence, as he is now in a place of safety, and would that you should see how towns are won.'

'And the Infantes?' said Fernando as he prepared eagerly to obey the summons.

'They have shown courage worthy of their name, in particular my lord Dom Enrique, to whom, in great part, this happy result is owing.'

The young princes were taken by a strong guard through the half-conquered city, for on the outskirts the battle still continued, or rather the Portuguese soldiers were still engaged in completing their conquest. The wonderful architecture, with its splendid colouring of red, blue, and gold all blazing in the hot light of an August sun

against a sapphire sky, astounded the Portuguese princes, in whose native country the Moors had left no traces. All along the streets as they passed lay the bodies of the slain, Christian and Infidel side by side, while here and there frightful groans were uttered. Most of the inhabitants had fled or hidden themselves; but by chance a face scowled at the new-comers from the windows, and once they passed a group of dark-skinned, strangely-attired children, who were uttering in their unknown language griefs which needed no interpretation.

'We will make them Christians,' thought Fernando, as he shrank a little from the terrible sights around him, through all the thrill of triumph.

They were taken to a mosque in the middle of the town, where their father, in full armour, was seated, receiving reports and giving orders to his different captains. Duarte was standing behind his father's chair; he looked grave and troubled. The king made a sign to the boys to wait while he listened to Dom Pedro, who was speaking to him.

'And so, sire, we fear my brother must have been surrounded, and his retreat cut off. Duarte and I have endeavoured to show ourselves worthy to be your sons, but Enrique——'

Pedro paused, and Duarte added with a faltering voice, 'It was he who forced a way into the town and beat back the enemy. If we have lost him, would the victory were a defeat!'

The king's face was pale as when he had stood by the deathbed of his beloved wife, but he answered firmly, 'My sons, this is the fortune of war. If my son Dom Enrique has fallen, he has fallen as becomes a Christian prince. Weep not for him, but see that we make sure of that which we have gained. And to-morrow shall the traces of the accursed worship be removed from this mosque. And in a Christian temple will I give you the knighthood you have so nobly won. And for my son Enrique there is a martyr's crown.'

Many and many a time had Fernando, in day-dreams and fancies, pictured to himself the fall of Ceuta. He had seen his brothers triumphant in the fresh honours of their knighthood, had heard the Infidel city proclaimed the property of Christ and of his Church, seen the Cross raised and the Crescent cast down. And now these things had come to pass, and for him, instead of joy and triumph, were grief and sorrow of heart. Ceuta was Christian, but Enrique was dead! This was the cost of the victory!

Probably, if the alarm had arisen earlier, the boys would not have been sent for into the city; but now their father welcomed them with the same stern self-control, and bid them listen to the orders he gave, and hear of their brothers' prowess. Nothing would ordinarily have pleased them better; and the excitement and novelty prevented Joao from realizing their loss. Fernando stood still, pale and silent, till the ever-kind Duarte, in a pause of the arrangements, beckoned him

up to his side, and put his arm round him, and Fernando knew by the grasp of Duarte's hand that he was quite as unhappy as himself. How long this lasted Fernando could not tell; he felt as if it was a whole day since he came into the city, but it could not have been much more than an hour, for the sun had not yet gone down, when there was a great shouting among the soldiers who were guarding the mosque without; the door was flung back, and Enrique, alive and unhurt, came hurriedly in and dropped on his knees before his father.

'My father, I grieve to have alarmed you, but I and my troop were surrounded in a mosque at the farther end of the town, and had much ado to cut our way out. We have now crushed the last efforts at resistance; the town is ours, by the grace and mercy of God. We can offer what terms we will.'

There was no drawback now to the joy of victory. The king and his sons embraced Enrique, and presently a messenger was sent to demand the surrender of the fortress where Zala ben Zala with the remnant of his troops had taken refuge, and, after some delay, terms for its delivery on the next morning were agreed upon. The inhabitants of Ceuta were to be offered the choice of leaving the city or of submitting to the Christian rule. The mosques were to be turned into Christian churches, a Bishop to be appointed, and every effort made to induce the people to adopt the faith of their conquerors, which faith the Portuguese princes were too high-minded and far-seeing to discredit, by permitting cruelty, plunder, or rapine to their troops, as was too often done in like circumstances.

So all was quiet and orderly when the sun went down, and the king retired to rest in a house near the central mosque, taking his two younger sons with him, while the other princes occupied themselves in the disposal of the troops.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTURED CITY.

'Where bells make Catholic the trembling air.'

Royal prince though he was, Fernando had never slept under such embroidered coverlets, nor seen such hangings of gold and silver, such carving and fretwork, as met his waking eyes in the dawn of the new day. The horseshoe arch of the window framed a piece of deep blue sky, against which a gilded dome, surmounted by a crescent, glittered in the morning sun.

Fernando sat upright and devoutly crossed himself, with a thrill of joy, as he thought how soon that symbol of evil would give place to the golden cross brought with them so carefully from Lisbon for the purpose. Presently he became aware that Enrique, still fully dressed

but with the heavier parts of his armour removed, was lying asleep near the window, his long limbs extended on a coverlet of pink and silver, as if he had thrown himself down, wearied with his day of fighting. As Fernando looked round the room he heard an extraordinary chattering and screaming, a noise quite unknown to him, and, not having any confidence in the character of his surroundings, he began to feel frightened. What powers of evil might not lurk amid those unnatural splendours? Joao was in the next room, and Enrique slept through the increasing clatter, which actually sounded like spoken words in an unknown tongue; and yes, a peal of horrible mocking laughter, apparently just over his head.

Fernando could bear it no longer. He jumped up and seized his brother's arm.

'Enrique—Enrique, wake up! I think the foul fiend is in this room!'

'Fernando, hark! there is some Moorish devilry here!' and Joao, looking quite pale with alarm, peeped out of the inside chamber, then fled to Enrique as a refuge. The latter awoke, considerably surprised to feel his little brothers pulling at each arm, and as they had considered it their duty, as soldiers in war-time, to go to bed in their clothes, with their long hair rumpled and their dress disordered, they presented rather a startling aspect.

'What ails you both?' cried Enrique.

'Enrique, listen; it is certainly the devil.'

Enrique sat up and looked round, and presently began to laugh heartily himself. 'There are your foul fiends,' he said, pointing to some carving over the window, where were perched two large green and scarlet birds with hooked bills, the like of which the boys had never seen before.

'Are they birds?' said Joao, slowly.

'Yes, they are parrots,' said Enrique. 'Once, when I went to the Court of Castile, I saw such a one that the King of Granada had sent as a present to my aunt Catalina. Moreover I have read of them in the writings of the ancients. They were sent formerly from Africa to Rome, and these are doubtless favourites of the ladies of this house. For I suspect we are in the ladies' chamber.'

'But it is wonderful—they laugh,' said Joao.

'Ay, and speak, though not in our tongue. There are wonderful things in the world that we know not of.'

'Well,' said Joao, 'since no one can tell *what* there may be in these Infidel places, *I* came to take care of Fernando.'

'Indeed,' said Enrique; 'I thought you woke me to take care of you. However 'tis small blame to you to have been puzzled.'

Joao, not finding an answer ready, applied himself to trying to catch the parrots, and pursued them on to the balcony; while Enrique looked thoughtfully and curiously round the strange scene which he

had entered in the dark two or three hours before. Presently he looked at Fernando, and smiled.

'So,' he said, 'Ceuta, praise be to God, is ours, fortress and all, for Zala ben Zala fled in the night, and before I came here Duarte and Pedro were there in command. It was your words, Fernando, that set us on this track.'

Fernando blushed deeply. 'Enrique,' he said,' I am not a good Christian, and I shall never be like the holy martyrs.'

'Why not?' said Enrique. 'I do not wonder that the chattering parrot frightened you.'

'No; but I thought I would do anything in the world to win Ceuta to be a Christian city, and the day our mother was buried, while we knelt in the abbey at Batalha, I made a vow that I would give up my life to convert the Infidel, to win the world back to Holy Church.'

'I think,' said Enrique, 'that you are too young to make vows save with your confessor's permission, or what Holy Church ordains for you.'

'That is what Father José said, when I told him what I had done. He bade me prepare myself by prayer and obedience for whatever life God might send me. But I did make the vow, Enrique, and I shall keep it. I thought—and this is what I want to tell you—that it would be quite easy, for I thought I cared more about it than about anything in the world.'

'Well,' said Enrique, as Fernando paused, faltering, but with his great ardent eyes fixed on his brother, 'surely it is not now in the hour of triumph that you change your mind.'

'No; but dear Enrique, when I thought you dead, I did not care at all about Ceuta: I would have given it back to save you! Was that wrong?'

How little Enrique thought, as he listened with tender indulgence to his little brother's troubled conscience, with what awful force that question would one day ring in his own ears. Now he put it aside.

'If we were fighting side by side, Fernando, we should not hold each other back; but if it were easy to imitate the holy martyrs, they would the less have deserved their crowns. If we would seek any object earnestly, we must count the cost. But it was ill-managed that you should have had such an alarm. Never heed it. I am safe, and Ceuta *is* ours, and *will* be a Christian city soon. And now I must go to make all due arrangements; for we must confess our sins and prepare ourselves for the knighthood that is to come at last.

Fernando looked after him with admiring envy, as he pictured to himself a future day, when he and Joao should head such another expedition, and be themselves the heroes of it. But all vain-glorious thoughts received a rebuke when he heard Duarte and Pedro petition their father, that since Enrique had certainly distinguished himself the

most in the attack, he might receive the honour of knighthood *first*, before his elder brothers.

The king replied that he owed so much to his son Enrique, that he was willing to grant this request; but Enrique refused, saying that the rights of seniority should be respected; he would rather be knighted in his turn after his brothers.

So the next morning beheld a wonderful and glorious sight. Over the fortress of Ceuta hung the Portuguese colours; instead of the Crescent on the great mosque was to be seen a golden Cross. Within all traces of the Mahometan ritual had been swept away, an altar which, with all its furniture, had been brought from Lisbon, was erected, and instead of the turbans and the bare feet of the Mussulman worshippers were the clanking spurs and uncovered heads of the Christians; while, most wonderful of all, the sweet peal of Catholic bells, for the first time, woke the echoes of the Moorish city.* For the conquerors had actually discovered, stowed away in the mosque, a peal of imprisoned bells, doubtless carried off from some seaside church by the pirates of Ceuta.

Then after high Mass had been duly performed, with all the ceremony possible under the circumstances, one by one, Duarte, Pedro, and Enrique stepped forward, and were knighted by their father before the Altar of the new Christian church. Nobly had their desire been fulfilled; they had proved their courage, and in a noble cause.

All this time bands of Moorish people were pouring unmolested out of the gates of the city, great numbers choosing rather to go than to stay; and in the darkness, when the gates were closed, they came back and beat wildly against them with outcries of anguish and despair.

'Oh, why will not they stay and become Christians?' cried Fernando, bursting into tears, as he listened to their lamentations.

'That is not to be expected,' said Enrique; 'but now we have drawn their fangs for them. More than half their detestable privateers sailed from this port. It is in our hands, and we can penetrate into the unknown world beyond, and from hence send out missionaries among the people. That is what I mean to do.'

'All is not gained by the taking of Ceuta,' said Fernando, dreamily.

'No,' returned Enrique, 'we cannot gain in a day objects which need the devotion of our lives.'

* A fact.

(*To be continued.*)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A MOTHER INDEED.

'Of marvellous gentleness she was unto all folk, but specially unto her own, whom she trusted and loved right tenderly. Unkind she would not be unto no creature, nor forgetful of any kindness or service done to her before, which is no little part of nobleness. . . . . Merciful also and piteous she was unto such as was grieved and troubled, and to them that were in poverty or sickness, or any other trouble.'—FISHER, Bishop of Rochester.

MILDRED was not slow in perceiving that Dr. Heriot had imported a new element of cheerfulness into the family circle; they were all seated cosily round the supper-table when she came down stairs. Olive, who had probably received some hint to that effect, had placed herself between her father and Richard.

Mildred looked at the vacant place at the head of the table a little dubiously.

'Never hesitate in claiming abrogated authority,' observed Dr. Heriot, gravely, as he placed the chair for her.

Mildred gave him a puzzled glance: 'Does my brother—does Olive wish it?'

'Can you doubt it?' he returned, reproachfully. 'Have you not found out how wearily those young shoulders bear the weight of any responsibility?' with a pitying glance in Olive's direction, which seemed hardly needed, for she looked brighter than usual. 'Give them time to gain strength, and she will thank you for the mercy shown her. To-night she will eat her supper with some degree of enjoyment, now this joint is off her mind,' and, quietly appropriating the carving-knife, he was soon engaged in satisfying the young and healthy appetites round him; while answering at the same time the numerous questions Roy and Chrissy were pleased to put to him.

Dr. Heriot, or Dr. John, as they called him, seemed the family referee. A great stress was laid on the three days' absence, which it was averred had accumulated a mass of plans to be decided.

Richard wanted to consult him about the mare. Mr. Lambert had some lengthy document from the Bounty Office to show him. Chrissy begged for an invitation for herself and Polly for the following evening, and Olive pleaded to be allowed to come too, as she wanted to refer to some books in his library.

Polly looked from one to the other only half-pleased with all this familiarity. 'He might be every one's guardian,' she remarked *sotto voce* to Roy; but Dr. Heriot soon found means to allay the childish jealousy, which he was quick enough to perceive.

Mildred thought he looked younger and happier to-night, with all those young aspirants for his notice pressing round him. She was startled to hear a soft laugh from Olive once, though it was checked immediately, as though duty put a force on inclination.

Mr. Lambert retired to his study after supper, and Olive, at Dr. Heriot's request, went to the piano. Mildred had heard she had no taste for music; but to her surprise she played some hymns with accuracy and feeling, the others joining in as they pleased. Richard pleaded fatigue and a headache, and sat in the farthest corner, looking over the dark fells, and shading his eyes from the lamplight; but Dr. Heriot sang in a rich, full voice, Polly sitting at his feet and sharing his hymn-book, while Chrissy looked over his shoulder. Mildred was enjoying the harmony, and wondering over Roy's beautiful tenor, when she was startled to see him turn suddenly very pale, and leave off singing; and a moment afterwards, as though unable to contain himself, he abruptly left the room.

Olive glanced uneasily round, and then, under cover of the singing, whispered to Mildred—

'I forgot. Oh, how careless!—how wrong of me! Aunt Milly, will you please go after him?'

Mildred obeyed. She found him leaning against the open garden door—white, and almost gasping.

'My dear boy, you are ill. Shall I call Dr. Heriot to you?' but he shook his head impatiently.

'Nonsense—I am all right; at least, I shall be in a moment. Don't stay, Aunt Milly. I would not have Cardie see me for worlds; he would be blaming Olive, and I know she forgot.'

'The hymn we were singing, do you mean?'

'Yes; she, mamma, was so fond of it. We used to have it every night in her room. She asked for it almost at the last. *Sun of my Soul;* the hymn of hymns, she called it. It was just like Livy to forget. I can stand any but that one—it beats me. Ah, Aunt Milly!' his boyish tones suddenly breaking beyond control.

'Dear Rex, don't mind; these feelings do you honor. I love you the better for them;' pressing the fair head tenderly to her shoulder, as she had done Chrissy's. She was half afraid he might resent the action, but for the moment his manhood was helpless.

'That is just what she used to do,' he said, with a half sob. 'You remind me of her somehow, Aunt Milly. There's some one coming after us. Please—please let me go.' The petulant dignity of seventeen years asserting itself again; but he seemed still so white and shaken, that she ventured to detain him.

'Roy, dear, it is only Olive. There is nothing of which to be ashamed.'

'Livy, oh, I don't mind her. I thought it was Dick or Heriot. Livy, how could you play that thing when you know—you know——' but the rest of the speech was choked, somehow.

'Oh, Rex, I am so sorry.'

'Well, never mind; it can't be helped now. Only Aunt Milly has seen me make an ass of myself.'

'You are too good to scold me, Rex, I know, but I am grieved—I am indeed. I am so fond of that hymn for her sake, that I always play it to myself; and I forgot you could not bear it,' continued poor Olive, humbly.

'All right; you need not cover yourself with dust and ashes,' interrupted Roy, with a nervous laugh. 'Ah, confound it, there's Richard! What a fellow he is for turning up at the wrong time. Good-night, Livy,' he continued, with a pretence at cheerfulness; 'the dews are unwholesome. Pleasant dreams and sweet repose;' but Olive still lingered, regardless of Roy's good-humoured attempts to save an additional scolding.

'Well, what's all this about?' demanded Richard, abruptly.

'It is my fault, as usual, Cardie,' returned Olive, courting her fate with clumsy bravery. 'I upset him by playing that hymn. Of course I ought to have remembered.'

'Culprit, plaintiff, defendant, and judge in one,' groaned Roy. 'Spare us the rest, Dick, and prove to our young minds that honesty is the best policy.'

But Richard's brow grew dark. 'This is the second time it has happened; it is too bad, Olive. Not content with harassing us from morning to night with your shiftless, unwomanly ways, you must make a blunder like this. One's most sacred feelings trampled on mercilessly,—it is unpardonable.'

'Oh, draw it mild, Dick;' but Roy's lip still quivered; his sensitive nature had evidently received a shock.

'You are too good-natured, Rex. Such cruel heedlessness deserves reproof, but it is all lost on Livy; she will never understand how we feel about these things.'

'Indeed, Cardie——' but Richard sternly checked her.

'There is no use in saying anything more about it. If you are so devoid of tact and feeling, you can at least have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. Come, Roy, a turn in the air will do you good; my head still aches badly. Let us go down over Gramsceugh for a stroll;' and Richard laid his hand persuasively on Roy's shoulder.

Roy shook off his depression with an effort. Mildred fancied his brother's well-meant attempt at consolation jarred on him; but he was of too easy a nature to contend against a stronger will; he hesitated a moment, however.

'We have not said good-night to Livy.'

'Be quick about it, then,' returned Richard, turning on his heel; then remembering himself, 'Good-night, Aunt Milly. I suppose we shall not see you on our return?' but he took no notice of Olive, though she mutely offered her cheek as he passed.

'My dear, you will take cold, standing out here with uncovered head,' Mildred said, passing her arm gently through the girl's to draw her to the house; but Olive shook her head, and remained rooted to the spot.

'He never bade me good-night,' she said at last, and then a large tear rolled slowly down her face.

'Do you mean Richard? He is not himself to-night; something is troubling him, I am sure.' But Mildred felt a little indignation rising, as she thought of her nephew's hardness.

'Rex kissed me, though; and he was the one I hurt. Rex is never hard and unkind. Oh, Aunt Milly, I think Cardie begins to dislike me;' the tears falling faster over her pale cheeks.

'My dear Olive, this is only one of your morbid fancies. It is wrong to say such things; wrong to Richard.'

'Why should I not say what I think? There, do you see them'—pointing to a strip of moonlight beyond the bridge—'he has his arm round Roy, and is talking to him gently. I know his way; he can be oh so gentle when he likes. He is only hard to me; he is kinder even to Chrissy, who teases him from morning to night; and I do not deserve it, because I love him so;' burying her face in her hands, and weeping convulsively, as no one had ever seen Olive weep before.

'Hush, dear—hush; you are tired and overstrained with the long day's work, or you would not fret so over an impatient word. Richard does not mean to be unkind, but he is domineering by nature, and——'

'No, Aunt Milly, not domineering,' striving to speak between her sobs; 'he thinks so little of himself, and so much of others. He is vexed about Roy's being upset; he is so fond of Roy.'

'Yes, but he has no right to misunderstand his sister so completely.'

'I don't think I am the right sort of sister for him, Aunt Milly. Polly would suit him better; she is so bright and lovable; and then he cares so much about looks.'

'Nonsense, Olive; men don't think if their sisters have beauty or not. I mean it does not make any difference in their affection.'

'Ah, it does with Cardie. He thinks Chris will be pretty, and so he takes more notice of her. He said once it was very hard for a man not to be proud of his sisters; he meant me, I know. He is always finding fault with my hair and my dress, and telling me no woman need be absolutely ugly unless she likes.'

'I can see a gleam in the clouds now. We will please our young taskmaster before we have done.'

Olive smiled faintly, but the tears still came. It was true: she was worn in body and mind. In this state tears are a needful luxury, as Mildred well knew.

'It is not this I mind. Of course one would be beautiful if one could; but I should think it paltry to care,' speaking with mingled simplicity and resignation.

'Mamma told us not to trouble about such things, as it would all be made up to us one day. What I really mind, is his thinking I do not share his and Roy's feelings about things.'

'People have different modes of expressing them. You could play that hymn, you see.'

'Yes, and love to do it. When Roy left the room I had forgotten everything. I thought mamma was singing it with us, and it seemed so beautiful.'

'Richard would call that visionary.'

'He would never know;' her voice dropping again into its hopeless key. 'He thinks I am too cold to care much even about that; he does indeed, Aunt Milly:' as Mildred, shocked and distressed, strove to hush her. 'Not that I blame him, because Roy thinks the same. I never talk to any of them as I have done to you these two days.'

'Then we have something tangible on which to lay the blame. You are too reserved with your brothers, Olive. You do not let them see how much you feel about things.' She winced.

'No, I could not bear to be repulsed. I would rather—much rather—be thought cold, than laughed at for visionary. Would not you, Aunt Milly? It hurts less, I think.'

'And you can hug yourself in the belief that no one has discovered the real Olive. You can shut yourself up in your citadel, while they batter at the outworks. My poor girl, why need you shroud yourself, as though your heart, a loving one, Olive, had some hidden deformity! If Richard had my eyes, he would think differently.'

Olive shook her head.

'My child, you depreciate yourself too much. We have no right to look down on any piece of God's handiwork. Separate yourself from your faults. Your poor soul suffers for want of cherishing. It does not deserve such harsh treatment. Why not respect yourself as one whom God intends to make like unto the angels?'

'Aunt Milly, no one has said such things to me before.'

'Well! dear!'

'It is beautiful—the idea, I mean—it seems to heal the sore place.'

'I meant it to do so. It is not more beautiful than the filial love that can find rest by a mother's grave. Cardie would never think of doing that. When his paroxysms of pain come on him, he vents himself in long solitary walks, or shuts himself up in his room.'

'Aunt Milly, how did you know that? who told you?'

'My own intuition,' returned Mildred, smiling. 'Come, child, it is long past ten. I wonder what Polly and Dr. Heriot have been doing with themselves all this time. Go to sleep and forget all about these troubles;' and Mildred kissed the tear-stained face tenderly as she spoke.

She found Dr. Heriot alone when she entered the drawing-room

He looked up at her rather strangely, she thought. Could he have overheard any of their conversation?

'I was just coming out to warn you of imprudence,' he said, rising and offering her his chair. 'Sit there and rest yourself a little. Do mothers indeed generally have such tired faces?' regarding her with a grave, inscrutable smile.

He had heard then. Mildred could not help the rising color that testified to her annoyance.

'Forgive me,' he returned, leaning over the back of her chair, and speaking with the utmost gentleness. 'I did not mean to annoy you, far from it. Your voices just underneath the window reached me occasionally, and I only heard enough to——'

'Well, Dr. Heriot?'

Mildred sat absolutely on thorns.

'To justify the name I just called you. I cannot help it, Miss Lambert, you so thoroughly deserve it.'

Mildred grew scarlet.

'You ought to have given us a hint. Olive had no idea, neither had I. I thought—we thought, you were talking to the girls.'

'So I was; but I sent them away long ago. My dear Miss Lambert, I believe you are accusing me in your heart of listening,' elevating his eyebrows slightly, as though the idea was absurd. 'Pray dismiss such a notion from your mind. I was in a brown study, and thinking of my favourite Richard, when poor Olive's sobs roused me.'

'Richard your favourite!'

'Yes, is he not yours?' with an inquisitive glance. 'All Dick's faults, glaring as they are, could not hide his real excellence from such observing eyes.'

'He interests me,' she returned, reluctantly; 'but they all do that of course.' Somehow she was loth to confess to a secret predilection in Richard's favor. 'He does not deserve me to speak well of him to-night,' she continued, with her usual candor.

Dr. Heriot looked surprised.

'He has been captious and sharp with Olive again, then, I suppose. I love to see a woman side with her sex. Well, do you know, if I were Richard, Olive would provoke me.'

'Possibly,' was Mildred's cool reply, for the remembrance of the last tear-stained face made any criticism on Olive peculiarly unpalatable at that moment.

Dr. Heriot was quick to read the feeling.

'Don't be afraid, Miss Lambert. I don't mean to say a word against your adopted daughter, only to express my thankfulness that she has fallen into such tender hands,' and for a moment he looked at the slim, finely-shaped hands lying folded in Mildred's lap, and which were her chief beauty. 'I only wanted you to be lenient in your judgment of Richard, for in his present state she tries him sorely.'

'One can see he is very unhappy.'

'People are who create a Doubting Castle for themselves, and carry Giant Despair, as a sort of old man of the mountains, on their shoulders,' he returned, dryly. '"The perfect woman nobly planned" is rather an inconvenient sort of burthen too. Well, it is growing late, and I must go and look after those boys.'

'Wait a minute, Dr. Heriot. You know his trouble, perhaps?'

He nodded.

'Troubles, you mean. They are threefold, at least, poor Cardie! Very few youths of nineteen know how to arrange their lives, or to like other people to arrange it for them.'

'I want to ask you something; you know them all so well. Do you think I shall ever win his confidence?'

'You,' looking at her kindly; 'no one deserves it more, of course; but——' pausing in some perplexity.

'You hesitate.'

'Well, Cardie is peculiar. His mother was his sole confidant, and, when he lost her, I verily believe the poor fellow was as near heart-break as possible. I have got into his good graces lately, and now and then he lets off the steam; but not often. He is a great deal up at Kirkleathem House; but I doubt the wisdom of an adviser so young and fair as Miss Trelawney.'

'Miss Trelawney! Who is she?'

'What, have you not heard of "Ethel the Magnificent"? The neighbourhood reports that Richard and I have both lost our hearts to her, and are rivals. Only believe half you hear in Kirkby Stephen, Miss Lambert.'

'But Richard is only nineteen.'

'True; and I was accused of wearing her hair in a locket at my watch-guard. Miss Trelawney's hair is light brown, and this is bright auburn. I don't trouble myself to inform people that I may possibly be wearing my mother's hair.'

'Then you don't think my task will be easy!' asked Mildred, ignoring the bitterness with which he had spoken.

'What task—that of winning Cardie's confidence? I hope you don't mean to be an anxious mother, and grow grey before your time.' Then, as though touched by Mildred's yearning look, 'I wish I could promise you would have no difficulty; but facts are stubborn things. Richard is close and somewhat impracticable; but as you seem an adept in winning, you may soften down his ruggedness sooner than we expect. Come, is that vaguely encouraging?'

One of Mildred's quaint smiles flitted over her face as she answered—

'Not very; but I mean to try, however. If I am to succeed I must give Miss Trelawney a wide berth.'

'Why so?' looking at her in surprise.

'If your hint be true, Richard's mannishness would never brook feminine interference.'

Dr. Heriot laughed.

'I was hardly prepared for such feminine sagacity. You are a wise woman, Miss Lambert. If you go on like this, we shall all be afraid of you. The specimen is rare enough in these parts I assure you. Well, good-night.'

It was with mingled feelings that Mildred retired to rest that night. The events of the day, with its jarring interests and disturbed harmony, had given her deep insight into the young lives around her.

Three days!—she felt as though she had been three months among them. She was thankful that Olive's confidence seemed already won—thankful and touched to the heart; and though her conversation with Dr. Heriot had a little damped her with regard to Richard, hers was the sort of courage that gains strength with obstacles; and, before she slept that night, the fond prayer rose to her lips, that Betha's sons might find a friend in her.

She woke the next morning with a consciousness that duty lay ready to hand, opening out before her as the dawn brightened into day. On her way down stairs she came upon Olive, looking heavy-eyed and unrefreshed, as though from scant sleep. She was hunting among her father's papers for a book she had mislaid.

'Have you seen it, Aunt Milly?'

'Do you mean this?' holding out a dilapidated *Wilhelm Tell* for her inspection. 'I picked it up in the court, and placed it on the shelf for safety. Wait a moment, dear,' as Olive was rushing away, 'I want to speak to you. Was it by yours or your father's wish that you gave up your seat at supper to me?'

'Oh, it was Dr. John—at least—I mean I would much rather you always had it, Aunt Milly,' returned Olive, in her usual incoherent fashion. 'Please, do take it; it was such a load off my mind to see you sitting there.'

'But my dear,' remonstrated Mildred; but Olive interrupted her with unusual eagerness.

'Oh, you must; you look so much nicer; and I hate it so. Dr. John arranged it all, and papa said "Yes," as he always does. He put it so kindly, that one could not mind; he told papa that with my disposition—timidity he meant, and absence of mind—it would be better for everybody's comfort if you assumed the entire management of everything at once; and that it would be better for me to learn from you for a few years, until you had made me a capable woman. Cardie heard him, I know; for he gave quite a sigh of relief.'

'Perhaps they are right; but it seems strange for Dr. Heriot to interfere in such a matter,' returned Mildred, in a puzzled tone.

'Oh, Dr. John always settles things; nobody calls it interference from him,' explained Olive, in her simple matter-of-fact way. 'It is

such a relief to be told what to do. Papa only thanked him, and begged me to put myself entirely under your direction. You are to have the keys, and I am to show you the store-cupboards and places, and to introduce you to Nan. We are afraid you will find her a little troublesome at first, Aunt Milly;' but Mildred only smiled, and assured her she was not afraid of Nan, and as the bells were ringing the brief colloquy ceased.

Mildred was quite aware Dr. Heriot was in church, as his fine voice was distinctly audible, leading the responses. To her surprise he joined them after service, and without waiting for an invitation, announced his intention of breakfasting with them.

'Nan's rolls are especially tempting on Monday morning,' he observed, coolly; 'but to-day that is not my inducement. Is teaching one's ward the catechism included in the category of a guardian's duty, Miss Lambert?'

'I was not aware that such was the case,' returned Mildred, laughing. 'Do you mean to teach Polly hers?'

Polly drew herself up affronted.

'I am not a little girl; I am fifteen.'

'What a great age, and what a literal Polly!' taking her hands, and looking at her with an amused twinkle in his eyes. 'Last night you certainly looked nothing but a good little girl, singing hymns at my feet; but to-day you are bridling like a young princess; you are as fond of transformation as Proteus.'

'Who is Proteus?'

'A sea-god—but there is your breakfast; the catechism must wait till afterwards. I mean to introduce you to Mrs. Comford in proper style. Miss Lambert, is your coffee always so good? I trust not, or my presence may prove harassing at the breakfast-table.'

'It is excellent, Aunt Milly,' the last from Richard.

Mildred hoped the tone of hearty commendation would not reach Olive's ear, as her German Grammar lay by her plate as usual; but she only looked up and nodded pleasantly.

'I never could make coffee nicely; you must teach me, Aunt Milly,' and dropped her eyes on her book again.

'No paltry jealousy there,' thought Mildred; and she sat behind her urn well pleased, for even Arnold had roused himself once to ask for his cup to be replenished. Mildred had been called away on some household business, and on her return she found Dr. Heriot alone, reading the paper. He put it down as she entered.

'Well, is Nan forminable?'

'Her dialect is,' returned Mildred, smiling; 'I am afraid she looks upon me in the light of an interloper. I hope she does not always mean to call me "t'maister's sister."'

'Probably. Nan has her idiosyncrasies, but they are rather puzzling than dangerous; she is a type of the old Daleswoman, sturdy,

independent, and sharp-tongued; but she is a good creature in the main, though a little contemptuous on "women-foaks." I believe Dick is her special favourite, though she told him once "he's niver off a grummle, and that she was fair stot t' deeth wi't sound on't," if you know what that means.'

Mildred shook her head.

'You must not expect too much respect to a Southerner at first. I did battle on your behalf before you came, Miss Lambert, and got terribly worsted. "Bless me, weel Doctor!" says Nan, "what's the matter that t'maister's sister come yham? I can do verra weel by messel', and Miss Olive can fend for hersel'; it's nought but daftness, but it's ne'er my business; if they please themselves they please me. I must bide t' bitterment." '

Mildred gave one of her quiet laughs.

'Nan and I will be great friends soon; we must learn to respect each other's prejudices. Poor Olive had not a chance of putting in a word. Nan treated her as though she were a mere infant.'

'She has known her ever since she was one, you see, Miss Lambert. I have been putting Polly through her paces, and find she has plenty to learn and unlearn.'

'I suppose she has been tolerably well educated?'

'Pretty fairly, but after a desultory fashion. I fancy she has picked up knowledge somehow, as a bird picks up crumbs; her French accent is perfect, and she knows a little German. She is mostly deficient in English. I must have a long talk with Mrs. Comford.'

'I understood Polly was to take lessons from her?'

'You must take an early opportunity of making her acquaintance; she is truly excellent; the girls are fortunate in having such an instructress. Do you know, Chrissy is already a fair Latin scholar.'

'Chrissy! you mean Olive, surely?'

'No, Chris is the bluestocking—does Euclid with the boys, and already develops a taste for mathematics. Mr. Lambert used to direct her severer studies. I believe Richard does it now. Olive's talents lie in quite another direction.'

'I am anxious to know—is she really clever?' asked Mildred, astonished at this piece of information.

'I believe she is tolerably well read for a girl of her age, and is especially fond of languages—the modern ones I mean—though her father has taught her Latin. I have always thought myself, that under that timid and lethargic exterior there is a vast amount of imaginative force—certain turns of speech in her happier moments prove it to me. I should not be surprised if we live to discover she has genius.'

'I am convinced that hers is no ordinary mind,' returned Mildred, seriously; 'but her goodness somehow pains one.'

Dr. Heriot laughed.

'Have you ever heard Roy's addition to the table of weights and measures, "How many scruples make an olive?"' he asked. 'My dear Miss Lambert, that girl is a walking conscience; she has the sort of mind that adds, subtracts, divides, and multiplies duties, till the grasshopper becomes a burden; she is one of the most thoroughly uncomfortable Christians I ever knew. It is a disease,' he continued, more gravely, 'a form of internal and spiritual hyperclimacteric, and must be treated as such.'

'I wish she were more like your ward,' replied Mildred, anxiously; 'Polly is so healthy and girlish—she lives too much to have time for always probing her feelings.'

'You are right,' was the answer. 'Polly is just the happy medium, neither too clever nor too stupid—a loving-hearted child, who will one of these days develop into a loving-hearted woman. Is she not delicious with her boyish head and piquante face—pretty too, don't you think so?' And as the sound of the girls' voices reached them at this moment, Dr. Heriot rose, and a few minutes afterwards Mildred saw him cross the court, with Polly and Chrissy hanging on each arm.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XXX.—THE CHOICE OF POSTULANTS.

I. ALTHOUGH the qualifications for the Religious Life named in one of the earliest of these papers ought to be found, if possible, in all persons desiring to enter it, yet there is one practical consideration which modifies the stringency of those conditions. It is that, while a mistake in the selection of members at the very outset of a new Community, by introducing inharmonious elements which fail to blend happily with others, may prove permanently disastrous, if not fatal, yet a fully established Society, having an assured tone and character, may be able to receive unpromising subjects with impunity, and gradually mould them by the equal and continuous pressure, so to speak, of the system into harmony with it, and into a moderate degree of efficiency. And, at the worst, the failures can be dismissed before they have been able to injure the Society in the manner certain to result when unsuitable members have been admitted to a share in the government during the nonage of the experiment, when all are learners, and none have the experience and authority of teachers to note and correct mistakes the moment such arise. Consequently, while caution and judgment in the choice of postulants can never be safely relaxed, it is not quite essential that Superiors should never rest satisfied with anything short of the very best raw material, if they be assured that sufficient capacity and receptivity are to be found

in the applicants, and that the educational powers of the Society are adequate for the task of training.

II. The disadvantages under which a very small community necessarily labours and the benefit of numbers, are so obvious, that the peril of too great strictness and inaccessibility in the discouragement of applicants is not one which Superiors are often likely to incur. The risk has almost always lain in the opposite direction of over-anxiety to increase the roll of members, with a view rather to numbers than to fitness; and this has been invariably the most formidable peril which the Common Life has had to encounter during its sixteen centuries of existence. For it is not the black sheep, the exceptionally evil members, who have usually succeeded in first dragging down a Community, then giving it a bad name, and finally causing its destruction, either by reason of internal decay or external punishment. Such persons deter and repel by the very force of their bad example, and can always in the last resort be struck off the roll of their Society.

It is the incapable members, either mentally, morally, or physically unable or unwilling to take a full share in the duties of the household, who have always been the real danger, while their conduct, albeit hurtful and even fatal to the Community, seldom is in act so blameworthy as to justify expulsion. Therefore the temptation to promote the rapid growth of a Society, on the plausible grounds of the multiplying demands on the energies of the existing members, and the imperative need of additional workers, must be systematically resisted, and be always postponed to the higher need of choosing only such candidates as will be a real gain to the Community they join.

III. The difficulty at first, in the earlier stages of any Community, is to get new members at all, and that not only for the perfectly justifiable reasons that it may prove, like so many experiments of the sort, a failure, and that at best it cannot provide the advantages in training which an older Community offers, but from the less worthy motive that in a very small Religious household all the members must work hard, and turn their hands to everything, instead of cheerfully looking on and criticizing what others are doing. And there is consequently a very serious risk of assuming that all those who are not deterred by the real hardships which attend the beginnings of an active Order, have true vocation and may be safely admitted into the Society, which, besides, is in sore need of more workers, and cannot afford to be too particular; whereas it is just at this period of the Society's existence that a mistake in the election of even one member is most perilous, since a single unsatisfactory unit clearly has a greater influence for evil in a Society of five or six persons than in one of thirty or forty.

IV. On the contrary, when a Community has spread and prospered, and become, so to speak, fashionable and popular, there will be a large, though perhaps somewhat intermittent and fluctuating, supply of candidates; and then comes in the peril of over-fastidiousness, usually

taking a form which would hardly be expected by those unfamiliar with the Religious Life, namely, that of refusing applicants of real eligibility, and readily welcoming those with no distinctive qualifications whatever. It must be borne in mind that the great majority of candidates will prove, on being tested, to be quite unsuited to the Religious Life. The experience of all Superiors of large Communities is that many candidates present themselves because of a mere romantic ideal they have formed of the picturesqueness of conventual life, but withdraw the moment they are brought face to face with its realities and its toils. Many more have become dissatisfied with home duties, if they have not actually quarrelled with their nearest relatives, and take for granted that a life of even less varied routine amongst entire strangers will be easier. Others, again, are urged only by some disappointment, and have never had any real drawing to the life for its own sake; while perhaps the largest class of all amongst the incapables consists of exactly the same stamp of women as those who swell the ranks of incompetent and wholly unqualified governesses, and who are simply looking for a home for life, without any very clear notion or wish as to earning it honestly.

V. This last clause denotes something much more than a mere literary simile. There is a practical likeness in the qualities desirable in an efficient governess and in a useful Sister of an active Society, and mere good intentions go a very short way towards fitting either for her work. And just as no wise mothers of families would accept a candidate for the post of instructor to their children from whom they could extract no proof that she knew any one thing well enough to teach it, though they might condone imperfection in some departments for the sake of marked proficiency in a single important subject, so a judicious Superior of an active Community will have nothing whatever to do with applicants who can give proof of no more than a liking for attending services, which they regard as equivalent to deep spirituality, and who, when questioned and tested, cannot show that they have experience or faculty in doing any one thing somewhat better than it is usually done. Of course it will sometimes happen that postulants apply who have never had any opportunity of doing anything definite for themselves or others—who have been from infancy members of households too wealthy for real work to fall on the daughters, or who have been purposely kept back for social or other reasons from active external exertion, but who nevertheless have plenty of undeveloped faculty, needing only guidance and a sphere of operation.

Besides, in cases of this sort, there is a more reasonable presumption that women reared in luxury, who are nevertheless ready to accept the privations of the Religious Life, have true vocation than such as have had a struggle with poverty all their days, and are now chiefly anxious to secure permanent board and lodging, however humble; or who regard membership of a Sisterhood, as too many literates do the

clerical office, simply as a step upward in social grade, and as insuring familiar companionship with persons of a higher origin and position than their own kindred and acquaintance. And in any case, high-bred and carefully-reared women, even if they do little else for a community, help to refine its tone, and to make the wheels of daily intercourse roll more smoothly, thereby diminishing much friction, and saving real wear and tear. Consequently, though qualifications of this kind, unattended by other more valuable ones, ought not to weigh with Superiors so as to secure admission for their possessors, yet they are in themselves a positive gain to any Society, and will be justly counted on as something contributed to the common stock; though it must be carefully remembered that *money* is no qualification whatever for membership; albeit the lack of it may be a disqualification in societies too poor to support their members. But the ordinary young woman, who is simply neutral and colourless, who has neither general adaptability nor special turn for any particular sort of work, is a snare to any Community which admits her. She is sure to be dull and incompetent, and more than likely to be selfish and lazy, shirking the obligations of the Rule whenever possible, and doing literally nothing to promote the ends of the Society. Such women—and they simply swarm amongst applicants for admission to Sisterhoods—are not only a permanent weakness to their Community, lowering its average of work and its standard of thought, but their influence is certain to make itself felt in a way referred to already. That is, there is nothing of which they are so impatient and jealous as any kind of mental superiority, and so soon as there are enough of them to decide elections, they will systematically vote against every postulant who exhibits any marks of originality, ability, or independence of character, but will readily welcome the incapables, in whom they recognize congenial spirits. And as it is only the cleverer members of a Religious House who can ever be looked to as trustworthy material for chiefs or officers, such a method of ostracism is safe, if carried on long enough, to ruin any Community. It is therefore the wisest plan to begin by keeping out fools.

VI. It is the more necessary to emphasize this practical rule, because it directly contravenes the teaching in too many of those modern books on the Religious Life which fall into the hands of Superiors. For the most part, in pursuit of the military ideal of Jesuitism, they aim at showing how individual members of a Society can be most effectually converted into mere wheels of a machine, with no thought beyond incessant revolution on their appointed axis. And consequently, while they teem with warnings against clever and educated postulants (saying truly enough that a devout and spiritually-minded woman of slender abilities makes a better Sister than a clever and unspiritual one, who may *possibly* turn her wits to factious purposes), they have rarely a word of warning against the *certain*

danger which a fool is to the community which admits her. Counsel of that kind *is* to be found, yet not in books on the Religious Life in general, but only in the Constitutions of Orders and Congregations such as the Ursulines and Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose work imperatively requires competent hands to do it, and whose Superiors are therefore instructed to reject incapable applicants.

VII. It is not necessary, however, to insist on natural bent or acquired proficiency in the special work of the Society as an indispensable requisite, unless in the case of educational communities. There are so many things to be done in any generally active Order, notably such as undertake parochial mission work, that a single faculty possessed in a marked degree will often suffice as a thorough qualification. Some women, for instance, have an inborn power of keeping very young children amused and good-tempered, a gift of almost priceless value where a nursery or an infant school forms part of the Society's work. Musical faculty, again, may prove extremely useful, not only in the chapel services, where brightness and vigour are important elements in the well-being of a Community, but for educational purposes, and so of many other gifts or acquirements.

But some one thing, in germ or fruit, there ought to be in which every applicant for admission to a Sisterhood can surpass the ordinary women one meets, precisely because the work which Sisterhoods have to do is wider in scope and makes heavier demands on capacity and energy than ordinary domestic duties entail, and thus it is a mistake of the gravest kind to defeat this object at the outset by the admission of incompetent members.

VIII. There are several other qualifications and disqualifications for the Religious Life, ascertainable without much difficulty, of which Superiors ought always to take account when considering the application of a postulant. The chief physical requirements are suitable age and health. As regards the former, two rules are for the most part sufficient. The postulant should not be so young as to make the permanence of her choice or the soundness of her constitution a matter of doubt. Eighteen or nineteen is thus a convenient minimum. On the other hand, she ought not to be so old as to have had her character and habits so completely formed and crystallized as to make it unlikely for her to assimilate the new teaching, and accept cheerfully the altered conditions of her life, or likely to be soon past the power of active work, so as to be a burden on the Society, instead of a help to it. This principle points to thirty years as a suitable maximum of age. As regards bodily health, the first and most important requirement of all is mental sanity, and Superiors should endeavour, when possible, to ascertain, not only the entire freedom of the postulant from mental disease, but the absence of any hereditary taint of the kind in her family. Contagious disorders, fits, blindness, serious deafness, malformation, are also grounds of rejection, and even such

general weakness of health as makes it probable that the applicant will be unable to do a full share of the work, and may even prove a tax on the energies of the healthier members, besides introducing irregularity by reason of the relaxations and dispensations from observance of Rule, which her debility may make inevitable, should be regarded as an adequate reason for exclusion.

IX. The principal mental requirements are a sound understanding, good temper, straightforward judgment, an orderly and equable disposition, courteous and obliging manners, and general teachableness. The defects which make an applicant unsuitable are silliness in all its forms, excitability in any marked degree, religious flightiness or melancholy, fickleness, obstinacy, vulgarity, and ill-temper or incivility. And of all tests, the qualification which is placed first by such competent authorities as St. Teresa and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, is understanding or judgment, because it cannot be communicated by teaching, and must therefore be brought by the postulant with her at her entrance.

X. Besides these two sets of conditions, there are others of a mixed nature, not quite so important, but nevertheless requiring attention. Such are the circumstances of the applicant's family, the degree of education she has received, her personal character and reputation, the competing or incompatible claims and ties, real or alleged, which affect her already, and in short all particulars which would help to show whether her accession to the Community would be to its credit and advantage, or the reverse. And a demand for letters-testimonial from competent witnesses, such as are always exacted from candidates for Holy Orders, and such as Pius IX. has enjoined as an essential prerequisite for admission to Religious Communities, would be an excellent rule to follow.

XI. It is quite possible, however, that applicants may present themselves who pass satisfactorily all the heads of examination and inquiry just stated, and who nevertheless are not suited to the Religious Life. And consequently Superiors must further investigate, so far as is practicable, the genuineness of the postulant's *vocation*. Precisely as in the analogous case of Holy Orders, the responsibility of judging of and vouching for the existence of this inward call rests primarily with the applicant, while that of deciding on external proofs of fitness rests chiefly with the authorities.

Nevertheless, as vocation may be erroneously pleaded when it does not really exist, it is the duty of Superiors to apply such tests as the nature of the case allows, in order to ascertain its genuineness, and a few simple rules of general applicability will facilitate the inquiry.

XII. In the first place, then, the Superior will do well to examine very strictly the alleged motive of the applicant for seeking to enter a Community, and in particular to learn if any family or personal reasons of recent date appear to have influenced the decision. Such are the loss of fortune, the breaking off of an engagement, the death

of friends, family quarrels, and so forth. Where any of these motives is visible, the vocation becomes matter of reasonable doubt, and much care is needful in coming to a decision. Again, if the desire for the Religious Life have not been of long standing and steady, but has rather but recently sprung up, or have been intermittent and felt only during certain brief seasons of religious excitement or fervour, the plea of vocation is not established. Further, if the applicant have not made the question a subject of constant prayer, of mature deliberation, and of consultation with a competent spiritual adviser, there is reason to suspect that mere caprice, and not a genuine inward call, is the source of the application. Nor is vocation likely to exist where there are plain duties incompatible therewith, already claiming the postulant's attention; and the opposition of parents, or those who stand in the place of parents, and are clothed with their authority, is at any rate a ground for much hesitation and caution in the admission of applicants, because, although there may be, and sometimes are, sufficient countervailing reasons, nevertheless the presumption is, so far, *always* against such cases, and there are few better tests of true vocation than willingness to wait patiently for a change of resolution on the part of those who forbid the application; since if God have really sent the inward call, He will also send a way for lawfully obeying it.

XIII. It is a far wiser plan to be strict in this fashion, and to exclude from the very first all persons whose natural disposition is unsuitable, than to trust to the noviciate and the pressure of the Community as likely to cure such defects. The risk is not worth running; and as a broad general rule, with very few exceptions, Superiors should not allow themselves to be swayed by motives of 'charity' in admitting unsuitable postulants on the ground of their friendlessness, their danger in secular life, and so forth. When such cases present themselves, as they are sure to do, it may be quite worth while to consider whether they may not be admitted on the footing of secular boarders, thus enjoying the protection and many other advantages of the Society, without in any way influencing and compromising it; but nothing beyond this can be recommended as judicious.

XIV. It would facilitate matters, and seriously diminish the labour of inquiry, if every Society had a regular printed paper of questions drawn up (analogous to those which life-insurance companies employ), to be filled up in detail by every postulant. It should contain, amongst other items, inquiries on the following heads:—Age; place of birth; social position; place of education; extent of acquirements; present state of health; former illnesses, if any; whether any hereditary ailments in the family; whether any outstanding claims, such as home duties, contracts of any kind, debts, or the like, conflict with the application; whether this be the first attempt to enter a Community, and, if not, the reason of previous failure, and reference in proof of the alleged cause; what experience of work of any kind the candidate has

had; what the supposed chief bent; what the immediate motive for candidature; how long the desire for the Common Life has existed; names of at least two credible *lay* referees who will certify to the applicant's character and to the truth of the representations made in reply. With such a basis as this to go upon, mistakes would be far rarer than they now are, and much useless toil and pains spent on wholly impracticable and unremunerative materials would be spared to Mistresses of Novices, besides delivering Superiors from the invidious burden of dismissing postulants after they have once been admitted on trial.

R. F. L.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

PART I.—THE UP-COUNTRY STATION.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DINNER PARTY.

'ALICE, that piano is far too low for your voice,' exclaimed Kitty next day on entering the prettily-furnished drawing-room. 'It must be tuned up to concert-pitch for the party. It forces your soprano into another register, and as for me, I shall never be able to grunt out my low notes!'

'Then I must make a vow, for no resolution will be strong enough, I know,' said Alice, 'to rise very early to-morrow and tune it; but it will be nothing short of suffering, to make such an exertion in this weather; yet I suppose it *must* be done.' This in a resigned tone.

'Ah! you don't know,' said Kitty, triumphantly, 'my list of improvements since I've been left to manage; among them is the art of tuning. Father allowed me to have two lessons of the Madras tunist.'

'Oh! that *is* delightful,' exclaimed Alice; 'then you can help me.'

'I won't help you,' said Kitty, 'except by doing it all myself; and I have the most charming little instrument for camp life, which will do to accompany your guitar. It is a flute harmonicon—father's present to me on my last birthday. I will show it to you.'

The instrument was like a very large accordion in appearance, only it had a little key-board like a piano, and was fitted with stops. Any violin or flute music could be used for it, so that it was valuable as an accompaniment, and, from its portable size, most useful, when larger instruments were out of the question.

Presently the sisters were so full of their music, Alice playing her guitar, and Kitty the harmonium, their sweet rich voices blending in some familiar duet by their cherished Mendelssohn, that all sense of discomfort from the heat seemed to pass away; and then they selected the music most suitable for their country tour, and wiled away the

hours in pleasant chat over the home letters, and Indian friends, and scenes, till the tiffin-bell summoned them to a light repast, and then they retired to their rooms, in order to indulge in the luxury of a minimum portion of attire whilst lying under the punkah.

This was the time for reading, for no one dreams of calling in the afternoon, as each European is either enjoying a siesta, or is busily occupied in work or books, as the taste may prompt.

The next morning, true to her promise, Kitty rose at five, having given up her ride, and attired in the lightest of white dressing-gowns, proceeded to raise the piano to the pitch of her harmonicon. The task was no easy one, for the dry hot winds had shrunk the wood, and no sooner were the notes tuned, than down they went again. So she called the butler, and ordered him to bring chatties* filled with water; these she placed under the piano, and throwing a blanket over the whole, improvised a sort of vapour bath, which, with the help of damp flannel laid on the wood near the screws, produced the desired effect of swelling it, so that finally her labour was crowned with success, though several times in the course of the day she had to return to the instrument, and supplement her work by raising many a recusant note that would not keep in harmony with its fellows.

On Thursday morning, whilst the Southern Cross was still above the horizon, and the east scarcely showed a sign of the dawn, Kitty sprang on Sultan, Alice standing by in her pretty chintz morning robe, patting his arched neck, and even kissing it; the lovely creature turned his nose gently towards her, and whinnyed his appreciation of her notice. Sydney was mounted on a Persian charger named Akbar, which pawed the ground, and in various ways evinced the utmost impatience to be off.

Their ride was to a spot five miles distant, where some relief works were being carried on. Mr. Leigh's business was to overlook the maistries, and see that the natives did sufficient work to earn the food which Government dealt out to them.

It was little indeed that the very best among them could get through, for they were mostly below par, and numbers fell sick, and had to be taken to the hospital; others, who could have worked well, went about in the listless, lazy way of Orientals in general. So the road that was being made dragged its slow length along, and from a distance resembled a path covered with a swarm of black ants.

The tahsildar carriers,* maistries,† and coolies all salaamed low as the young civilian approached, and their energies seemed redoubled all the time that he was riding about amongst them, reproving some, encouraging others, and always maintaining a grave and dignified demeanour, which he threw off as soon as he turned his horse's head homeward.

The sun was already rising, and his glittering rays, even at that early hour, warned them what they had to expect if they braved them

* Vessels of potteryware. † Native police magistrate.

much longer. They both wore sun *topees* * and *puggaries* wound round them, and hanging down the back; but notwithstanding lightness of gear, both the riders arrived in the compound in melting condition.

Mrs. Leigh was so busy in her storeroom outside the house, that she did not hear them approach.

'Do look at Alice,' said Sydney; 'she makes a first-rate housewife, but has times for everything, and does not allow the cares and troubles of housekeeping and money affairs to overlie the finer parts of her nature.'

'That is quite true,' said Kitty; 'some people, I know, who have the reputation of being very practical and housewifely make it almost the first business of life, and seem to rejoice in making other people uncomfortable, by laying the burden of their perpetual talk and fussiness over it, on them; and then they make a point of giving up whatever little accomplishment or knowledge they once had, on the plea that they hadn't time for such things.'

'Then, on the other hand,' said Sydney, 'look at some fine ladies, who lead a do-nothing, pleasure-seeking life, and leave all to their servants.'

'Worse still,' said Kitty; 'but what's the matter, Alice? You look troubled.'

This as Mrs. Leigh hastened towards them, with flushed face and eager manner.

'Oh, Sydney, isn't it too bad? Just look here. Butler, show master directly—quick, the bundle of grass which that wretched grasscutter wanted to palm on my precious Sultan.'

The butler, a tall, dignified native, dressed in the whitest of calico coats, and large turban with spotless folds, ordered the offending woman up with her bundle. She looked shy and sulky, but nevertheless obeyed orders, and unfastening the rope which tied it up, out rolled a heavy stone from the centre, which she had placed there to give it the required weight.

'Wretch!' exclaimed Alice, who was somewhat annoyed because her husband did not immediately fire up. 'She shall be fined all her month's pay for this.'

'She shall be punished,' said Sydney, in a quiet, determined voice, which affected the nerves of the offender far more than the high tones of her mistress.

Then he turned tenderly to his wife, and said, gently—

'You are tired, little one; come to chota hazeree, and we will give Sultan some bread and sugarcane to make up for the stone.'

She was for giving further directions to the servants, but he took her hand, and led her into the front verandah, where the silver teapot and pretty china cups, toast, and fruit, looked invitingly refreshing, after the long early morning's work, and then in pleasant chat over the fragrant tea all vexation was forgotten.

* Pith hats, or helmets.

'Alice,' said Mr. Leigh, 'I hope you'll think I've come to a virtuous decision.'

'When do you not?' asked she, archly.

'As to that, I'm not sure whether you will think so this time,' he answered. 'But I've made up my mind not to give champagne as long as this famine lasts.'

'Oh,' said Alice, rather ruefully; 'but won't it be thought stingy in such a well-to-do civilian?'

'I can't help what it's thought,' said he; 'let us do what is right and fitting. I shall give good wine, of course; but at such a time as this, that superfluous luxury ought to be dispensed with.'

'You are right, I'm sure,' said Alice; and Kitty said she should join the majority, and give her valuable vote for no champagne.

'Besides,' added Sydney, 'I'm only a sub, and it is ridiculous for me to entertain as if I were a full-blown collector or judge.'

'Never mind,' said Kitty, 'those whose opinion is worth having are sure to judge him rightly.'

The hot day wore on. Kitty undertook the decoration of the table. Not a flower was to be had, but she had made a collection of lovely ferns during her stay on the hills, and these, with the elegant wedding presents of glass, china, and silver, formed as pretty and cool-looking an *ensemble* as any young housewife could desire. And when the graceful little crystal fountain, throwing up a spray of rose-water, was placed in the centre, she could not refrain from calling in Sydney and Alice to join in her admiration.

The finishing stroke was the placing a dainty card to every plate, on each of which she had painted an English spring flower, the name of each guest being slipped into an opening in the top. This was a birthday present to her new brother; and Alice clapped her hands, and laughingly declared that all the station would be jealous of such *recherché* ways.

'Wait a bit,' said Kitty, 'it is not quite done yet; we must write the *ménu* in French.'

'No, no; I protest against that,' said Sydney. 'Why, no one keeps up their French here, and the poor creatures would not know what we are giving them.'

'Yes,' said Alice, 'my old cook, for one, always calls *croquets* "coquettes!"'

'Highly improper,' said Kitty; 'what a dish to serve to the solitary bachelor coming this evening! What sort of a creature is he?'

'Hem!' said Alice.

'Hem!' said Sydney, 'judge for yourself.'

There was a sound in the veranda, between a grunt and a cough. They started round, and there was the offending grasscutter, who poised on her head a huge bundle of grass. She had been sent many miles for it, and that was the punishment for bringing false weight.

The butler came up, and vouched for the grass being the proper sort, and not the coarser grass used for bullocks; and so Sultan feasted royally that evening.

The butler said confidentially to Mrs. Leigh 'That massa plenty good massa. He so just, and good sense got. He know very well, poor grasscutter must have pay, else she starve, chillen starve, then who gets grass for missus' horse?'

'See!' said Alice, turning to Kitty, 'how even the natives appreciate him.'

'I see,' said Kitty, gravely.

Quarter to eight came, lamps and wall-shades were shedding a bright light on the prettily-furnished drawing-room, the whitewashed walls of which were relieved by lovely water-colours and oil-paintings—all wedding presents. The matted floor was dotted here and there with Persian rugs, the punkah, which was joined on to the one in the dining-room, was being pulled with long and steady strokes.

Alice, dressed in a pale blue muslin, trimmed with fleecy little cloudlets of lace, and a spray of blush roses in her hair, looked very dainty and winsome; whilst Kitty, in *écrue* muslin with autumn leaves, made a pleasing foil to her sister.

Sydney stepped into the veranda at the sound of carriage wheels, and brought in the lady on his arm.

The butler announced Dr. and Mrs. Menteith; and then followed in quick succession the collector (the great man of the station, and Mr. Leigh's chief), Mr. Sparrow and his 'lady' (as she was usually called), whose dress was a maroon velvet, richly trimmed with point. Velvet! how the wearer could have borne it was a marvel; the look of it was enough to make you gasp with heat. Afterwards, a missionary and his wife, belonging to the Wesleyan connection, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and the solitary bachelor, Mr. Smith, made up the number to ten, which was all the up-country station of K—— could produce.

When dinner began Alice mentally blessed Kitty for the painted cards, which had never been seen before, and formed a fertile topic of talk, preventing that chilling silence which is sure to frighten a young matron, and make her fancy that her party is not 'going off well.'

The dinner did credit to the knowledgeable Mrs. Leigh; there was no superabundance, as is too often the case, but all was delicate, and beautifully cooked.

Mrs. Sparrow, who had always lived in luxury, delighted the proud young husband by telling him that she had never seen anything so pretty since she had been in India, and told him he was a fortunate man to have such a wife.

'Ah!' said he, 'this is a very small portion of her excellencies!'

'Mind you don't spoil her,' replied she.

'She can't be spoilt,' he answered.

'I am not so sure of that,' she said. 'Mr. Sparrow spoilt *me*!'

'*C'est tout autre chose!*' exclaimed Mr. Leigh, mentally.

There was a good deal of talk during dinner of the famine. Mr. Sparrow was telling Alice of a sad case, which he said was far from being a solitary one. A poor woman had managed to crawl from her native village, with a tribe of emaciated children, whom she was offering for sale from house to house.'

'How dreadful!' exclaimed Alice. 'How did you act?'

'I sent two peons * with a bandy † to take them to the hospital, where they are to be restored to strength, if possible, and fed up until they are able to be put on the relief works.'

'I am going to visit the women's hospital to-morrow,' said Mrs. Leigh, 'so I shall see how they are getting on. But what is to be the end of it all, if both monsoons fail this year?'

'Heaven only knows!' replied Mr. Sparrow. 'A water famine then would be added to the present grain one, and the sufferings of millions would be incalculable. I hear that mirages are seen daily in the B—— district, which is more dried up even than this.'

'What think you?' asked Mr. Leigh, 'of our great man, Sir Marmaduke Screwster? Will he solve the present difficulty?'

'That remains to be proved,' said Mr. Sparrow; 'this famine is a harder nut for our Government to crack than the former one in Bengal. We must reserve our judgment for the present. It is more a case for you doctors to decide,' bowing to Dr. Menteith.

'I am right glad,' said the latter, 'that *I* have not to write the minute. There's a hard head, and an able hand, and a kind heart, at the top of our profession in Madras, and he will not shrink from giving a true testimony, though it may be an unpopular one, from running counter to preconceived opinion.'

'As for us civilians,' said Mr. Leigh, 'we shall have more than enough to do in sending up our monthly official reports, in addition to all our other work.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mr. Sparrow, with a big sigh, 'if we could only command a fresh October breeze from England, with a little spice of frost in the early morning, how braced up we should feel! There would be no grumbling or knocking up then.'

'Why, we sha'n't have enough men to get through it all, if these young fellows keep on getting sick leave at the rate they're doing now.'

'I see, sir, by the last *Gazette*," said Sydney, 'that there are more civilians sent down from Bengal to help.'

'All right; the more the merrier.'

And then they rose, and spent the rest of the evening in music and chat, Mr. Smith evidently admiring the rich tones of Miss Desmond's voice.

* Police servant. † Country cart.

After the company had left, Sydney patted Alice on the shoulder, exclaiming—

'A decided success, my little woman; and do you know, Mrs. Sparrow gave me great credit for having no champagne!'

'Oh, yes, of course *she* did,' said Alice; 'for she likes to be the only one in the station to give it; she being the queen of our little society.'

'Now that is very naughty of you, Alice,' said Sydney; 'for she told me that she and her husband intended to curtail all luxuries whilst this miserable famine lasts, and give the money for relief.'

'Well done,' exclaimed the sisters. 'I wish every one would do the same.'

'Then the tradespeople would suffer,' said Sydney; 'and justly complain that the famine had starved *them!*'

'Oh, dear! how difficult it must be to cater for the whole world!' exclaimed Alice, with a sigh.

'Yes, indeed,' said Sydney, gravely. 'What each government, and each family should do, is to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."[1]

'I know what you are thinking of,' said Alice; 'your favourite topic, the storage of water.'

'I am,' replied Sydney. 'Here, in India, the waters are the precious fragments which are, in too many districts, allowed to run to waste, through a false economy. Grand sums spent in irrigation works would pay in the end, and Government would not have to incur the expense of feeding hundreds of thousands whenever the monsoons failed.'

'But there is Kitty nodding over our state talk. Sound slumbers, and don't dream of Mr. Smith.'

'I am far more likely to dream of the famine, after the good dinner you have given me,' replied Kitty.

But soon, under the mosquito curtains and punkah, their slumbers were dreamless.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.*

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

II.

In 1640 the discontent of the times declared itself openly in Scotland, where the Puritans took up arms against the King, and began to league themselves with the party in England whose opinions or prejudices coincided with their own. King Charles had summoned a parliament, and again dismissed it, having obtained no assistance against the Scotch. 'The minds of men had taken such a turn,' says

* Paper I., page 66, line 10, 'præcius' *should be* 'præscius'; page 69, footnote line 2, 'will subscribe' *should be* 'have subscribed.'

Hume, 'as to ascribe every honour to the refractory opposers of the King and the ministers. These were the only patriots, the only lovers of their country, the only heroes, and perhaps, too, the only true Christians.' The mob of sectaries in London, encouraged by the successes obtained by the Scotch, burst into S. Paul's, where the High Commission then sat, and tore down the benches, with cries of 'No Bishops—no commission!' Before this they had attacked Lambeth, threatening to tear the Archbishop in pieces, and would probably have done so had he not been prepared for their assault. From that time he knew his life to be in constant peril. An unknown friend had written to warn him that the Scotch Puritans justified assassination, and openly hoped the Primate might meet the same fate as his early friend and patron, the Duke of Buckingham. Laud's integrity and singleness of mind, to which Clarendon gives high testimony, had made him bitter enemies. A hasty temper and sharp mode of speech alienated many who could not but respect him. The difficulties of his task had been doubled by the lax rule of his predecessor at Lambeth. Both Puritans and Romanists alike reckoned him as their greatest opponent. He was nearly seventy years old, and sadly felt that 'there wanted not many presages of his ruin and death.' The King's return, on October 30th, brought a gleam of sunshine. He 'rode in pomp and a kind of ovation, with all the marks of a happy peace, restored to the affections of his people, being conducted through London with a most splendid cavalcade.' The sky darkened again, however, on the opening of the 'Long Parliament,' on November 3rd, when Lord Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower, and the Archbishop next attacked. Sir Harbottle Grimston, in a virulent speech, vented his hatred against Archbishop Laud; 'and those prelates he hath advanced—to name but some of them: Bishop Manwaring, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop Wren—the last of all those birds, but one of the most unclean ones.' The debate which followed ended—as in the temper of the House it was certain to do—in a vote that the Archbishop was a traitor. Allowed the afternoon at Lambeth to collect papers for his defence, he attended the evening prayers for the last time in the chapel that he had repaired and adorned with loving care. The service which he had restored to its full beauty, soothed that bitter hour. 'The Psalms of the day (December 18th) and chapter L. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy to receive it,' he wrote in his diary. He remained in the custody of Maxwell (the Usher of the Black Rod) ten weeks, compelled to pay 436*l.* for his charges, besides a fine of 500*l.*

The Primate being secured, the Bishops were next assailed. Hampden came to the Lords with a message to acquaint their lordships that the Commons had received matters of a high kind against the Bishop of Ely, for the 'setting up of idolatry and superstition in

divers places, and acting the same in his own person;' adding that he was intending to escape from England, and that they therefore desired he might be put in security, to be forthcoming and abide the judgment of Parliament. Bishop Wren was in his place in the House when this summons came, and was ordered to find bail for 10,000*l.*; helped by three of the Bishops, he managed to do so. When the Primate was in custody, and Wren under censure, at the beginning of the next year Lord Strafford was attacked. The Bishop of Lincoln (Williams), not long released from the Tower, anxious to please the Commons, declared that the canon law forbade the Bishops to sit as judges in a case of blood. He spoke in the name of the other Bishops; and the decision was too welcome to Strafford's enemies not to be agreed to instantly; but it was a concession afterwards very dangerous to those who made it. The issue of the trial is too well known to need repetition. Bishop Williams was sent by the Commons to induce the King to sign the death-warrant, against the intreaties of Bishop Juxon, and had a fatal success.

Bishop Wren came to Windsor after this to marry Princess Mary, the King's eldest daughter, to William, eldest son of the Prince of Orange, Henry Frederick, to whom he succeeded in six years. The alliance was one which gratified the Parliament, being so Protestant a connection. Little, however, could they have guessed how deadly an enemy Princess Mary's son would prove to the house of Stuart. Ten days after this wedding came the 12th of May, when, writes John Evelyn, 'the wisest head in England was severed from the shoulders of Lord Strafford.' To the Archbishop his friend's death must have been a terrible blow. He was just able to bestow a parting blessing through his prison window, and to hear Lord Strafford say, 'Farewell, my lord. God protect your innocency.' The Princess's marriage was the last occasion on which Bishop Wren was to officiate as Dean of the Chapels Royal. The Commons had been industriously at work since December, and, as Archbishop Laud said of Prynne, 'by this time their malice had hammered out somewhat.' The committee sent in a report against the Bishop, charging him with 'excommunicating fifty painful ministers, practising superstition in his own person, placing the table altar-wise, elevation of the elements, the "eastward position" at the Eucharist, bowing to the Altar, causing all seats to be placed so that the people faced east, employing his authority to restrain 'powerful preaching,' and ordering catechising to be in the words of the Prayer-book catechism only, permitting no prayer before the sermon but the bidding prayer, publishing a book of articles, to which the churchwardens were sworn, containing 187 questions.'

Upon this report a debate ensued, ending in a vote that it was the opinion of the House that Matthew Wren was unworthy and unfit to hold or exercise any office or dignity in the Church, and voting that a message be sent to the House of Lords to desire them to join the

Commons in petitioning his Majesty to remove Bishop Wren from his person and service.

The phrase of Evelyn, 'to such an exorbitancy had the times grown,' aptly describes the state of matters, when, for details like these of the government of a diocese, and for practices which, (if they had been proved,) were all legal, an assembly of laymen presumed to pronounce a Bishop unfit for his office in the Church. Whether the petition was sent to the King does not appear, but Bishop Wren took the initiative; for he writes in his diary, five days after the debate, 'I hardly obtained leave from the King to resign the deanery of the Chapels Royal.'

This did not satisfy the Commons, and on July 20th they drew out the report into twenty articles of accusation, containing all the former charges and several additional ones, among which were the setting-up of altar-rails, ordering the Holy Communion to be received kneeling, ordering the reading of the *Book of Sports*, and preaching in a surplice; causing a crucifix to be cut on his seal 'the more to manifest his Popish affections'; causing by prosecutions 3,000 of the King's poor subjects to go beyond the sea.

For these offences they prayed that Bishop Wren might answer, and suffer such punishment as law and justice required. The articles were transmitted to the House of Lords at a conference, and were read by Sir T. Widdrington, Recorder of York, who prefaced them by a venomous speech against the Bishop of Ely, whom he compared to 'a wolf devouring the flock; an extinguisher of light; a Noah, who sent out doves from the ark, and refused to receive them back unless they returned as ravens, to feed upon the carrion of his new inventions, he himself standing with a flaming sword to keep such out of his diocese.' He accused the Bishop of raising fines for his own profit; called him a great robber, a malefactor, 'a compleat mirror of innovation, superstition, and oppression; an oppugner of the life and liberty of religion, and a devouring serpent in the diocese of Norwich.' It seems wonderful that so violent an attack upon an absent man should have been allowed; but it was sufficient to mention 'Popery, superstition, and innovation' (a term introduced by Bishop Williams), to put all sense of decorum or fairness out of the question; and Sir T. Widdrington's speech was generally applauded.

Bishop Wren met the storm with patience and courage, determining not to be ruined through any fault of his own. He accordingly prepared the defence, to which allusion has been made in the first paper, proved the legality of such changes as he had made, and denied the charges of innovation and 'Popish affections.' His defence of bowing to the altar, and of the crucifix on his seal, with its Greek 'posy' (Δίοῦ ἐμοὶ Κόσμος κἀγὼ τῷ Κόσμῳ),* is well worth reading, though too long to be extracted here. It is remarkable that so small a

* *Vide* Gal. vi. 15.

matter should figure in a grave indictment from the House of Commons. Bishop Wren proves that, of the clergy he was said to have excommunicated, many had merely been censured without being fined, others were non-resident, some were not in priest's orders, some were entirely regardless of the Prayer-book. Of those whose licence to preach had been taken away, the greater part were utterly uneducated. One was a broken tradesman, one had been a weaver, one a country apothecary, another a 'common stage-player,' and so on. There are parts of the defence that might have been more boldly written, though it must be borne in mind that the Bishop was in peril of his life, as he well knew; for if a plausible charge of 'bringing in of Popery' could but be made, it was a sufficient reason for any punishment the Commons chose to inflict.

For the time no steps were taken against either the Bishop of Ely or the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Pierce), who had been attacked at the same time. The mob were encouraged, by every kind of libel, caricature, and invective, to rail against the Bishops, and impute every misfortune and every trade failure to them, by which means the Puritan leaders

> '. . . . drew down the rabble
> With zeal and noises formidable,
> And made all cries about the town
> Join throats to cry the Bishops down' *

All petitions against the Church were received, and the petitioners encouraged and praised. The populace insulted the Bishops whenever they appeared, and threatened their lives. Westminster Abbey was attacked, when the Bishops were there, by a violent mob, led by Wiseman, a knight of Kent. The officers and choirmen of the Abbey, with the boys of the school, defended it gallantly, and the fray ended with Wiseman's death. After this the Bishops who were in London met at the Archbishop of York's lodgings (Bishop Williams had just been translated from Lincoln to York), in the Deanery at Westminster, to consult what should be done. At the Archbishop's suggestion, they drew up a paper remonstrating against the abuses offered them, and the manner in which they had been hindered from coming to the House of Lords. They claimed their right to sit and vote, and protested against all that had been done since the 27th of that month (December, 1641), and all that should hereafter pass in time of this their forced and violent absence. This paper was signed by the Archbishop and eleven Bishops (of whom Bishop Wren was one), and presented to the King, who delivered it to the Lord Keeper (Littleton), to be communicated next day to the Peers. The Lord Keeper, however, showed it first to 'some of the preaching party in both Houses,' and then to the Peers. Upon the reading a conference was desired between the Houses, and the Lord Keeper declared that

* *Hudibras*, Pt. I. c. 2.

the Bishops' paper contained 'matters of high and dangerous consequence, extending to the deep intrenching upon the fundamental privileges and being of Parliament.' The Commons, whose part, like that of the Lord Keeper, was pre-arranged, impeached the Bishops of high treason; the Usher of the Black Rod was despatched to find and bring them before the House. They, lodging in different parts of London, were not all collected until eight o'clock on the winter's night, and then, their offence being signified, were committed to the Tower. The Bishops of Durham and Lichfield, both aged and infirm, obtained leave to be in the custody of the Black Rod. The other Bishops were carried to the Tower on the following morning.

The Archbishop of York had served the turn of the Commons in procuring the King's assent to Lord Strafford's death-warrant, and they were now willing to seize upon his ill-judged paper as a pretext for throwing him aside. His brief popularity with the people (as Laud's opponent) had also vanished, and the pamphlet which then appeared, describing him as the decoy-duck (in allusion to the fens of Lincoln, his late diocese), liberated in order to return with more victims, had a great success. It was a clever pamphlet, and amused Archbishop Laud in the midst of his sorrows, though he sent friendly messages to his former enemy. It was thought prudent that the Bishops should make no attempt to see each other, so that only messages passed between the prisoners. As so many Bishops were in custody, and as five sees were vacant, the Commons took their opportunity, and brought in a bill depriving the Bishops of their seats in Parliament. It was feebly opposed by the Churchmen, alienated by the Prelates' desertion of Lord Strafford, and was finally carried. Soon after this some of the Bishops were released, but Bishop Wren was not set free until May 6th. It was a brief respite. On the 25th of August King Charles's standard was set up at Nottingham, and the civil war began. Bishop Wren had gone to his palace at Ely, which was entered (August 30th) by soldiers, who carried him off to the Tower, leaving his wife * with a little daughter of eight days old, and mourning for one of their sons, who had died in the previous month. This imprisonment was to last so long that, could he have foreseen its duration, and the miseries which were to befall the Church and the country, even his dauntless spirit might have been crushed. He addressed himself to the completion of his defence, and intrusted it to a lawyer whom he thought friendly, for revision on the legal points. The lawyer betrayed his trust by showing the more important parts to the leaders among the Puritans, who, finding that they had raised a spirit which it would cost them some trouble to lay, put aside the question of a trial, and ordered the Bishop of Ely to be confined during their will and pleasure. It is not unlikely that this piece of

* He married in 1628 a lady whose surname is not given in the Parentalia; they had several children.

tyranny saved the Bishop's life; but the inactivity must have been galling to him and to Archbishop Laud, thus rendered powerless when all that they most prized was in jeopardy. They had agreed not to meet, lest they should be accused of plotting, though the Archbishop was at first carelessly watched, in the hope that he would, by escaping, rid the Commons of a difficulty. The Archbishop 'would not, at seventy years, go about to prolong a miserable life by the trouble and shame of flying,' though Grotius sent him an intreaty to copy the example of his own marvellous escape from Loevenstein Castle twenty-one years before.

Little comfort could they have derived from the services of the Tower chapel, mangled as they were by the intruders, who came expressly to preach insulting sermons against the prelates.

The Bishop of Ely employed himself through the long years of captivity in a careful record of all diocesan matters, past and present, in giving institution to such of his clergy as came to him when presented to livings, and in writing an elaborate commentary upon the translation of the Bible, which, as an admirable Hebrew and classical scholar, he was well fitted to do. His brother, the Dean, though not at first personally attacked by the Parliament, had a full share of cares and misfortunes, besides the grief which the state of the times and his brother's troubles must necessarily have occasioned.

About his son he might be tolerably at ease, for the boy's sister, Mrs. William Holden, and her husband, lived close to Westminster, and bestowed every care upon Christopher. The famous Dr. Busby, master of the school, spent much pains upon so promising a pupil as young Wren speedily showed himself to be.

When King Charles quitted Windsor, and the civil war began, the care of the treasures of the Order of the Garter became a heavy responsibility for the Dean and Chapter. The plate was considerable. One set, wrought by Van Vianen, of Nuremberg, was estimated at over 3,000*l*. Besides this, and much other gilt plate, there was Edward IV.'s steel armour, gilt, and covered with crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls, rubies, and gold, fifteen rich copes, embroidered in gold, altar-cloths and hangings worked with the same costly material. There was also the blue velvet mantle and the George and Garter of Gustavus Adolphus, each letter of the motto made of diamonds. These had been sent to the King of Sweden by King Charles at the close of Gustavus' campaign in 1627, as a mark of friendship and of respect for his valour, and were the richest ever sent, even to a sovereign.

After the heroic King's death a solemn embassy brought the mantle and jewels back to England, where they were consigned to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, with a charge from King Charles to lay them up in the treasury 'for a perpetual memorial of that renowned King who died in the field of battle wearing some of those jewels, to the

great honour of the order, as a true martial Prince and Companion thereof.' These jewels the Dean determined, if possible, to preserve from robbery, and, with every precaution of secresy, buried them under the floor of the treasury. He had reason to rejoice in this precaution. At the end of the year (1642), a Captain Fogg, pretending a warrant from the King, came to Windsor, and desired the keys of the treasury, threatening, if they were denied him, to pull the chapel about the Dean's ears. As his threats had no effect, he forced the stone jambs of the doorway with crowbars, and carried off all the treasures except those which the Dean had buried. These, however, did not long remain, for in 1645 they were discovered and placed in the keeping of Colonel Ven, then governor of the castle, and finally, through several hands, reached the trustees of the Long Parliament, who sold the jewels to Thomas Beauchamp, their clerk. The Deanery was not spared during the first pillage of the Chapel, though the Dean possessed a formal protection from the Committee of Public Safety, but was ransacked by the soldiers, and the Registry of the Garter, sealed by order of the House of Lords, broken open, and the records stolen. Dean Wren lost many things of value—books and manuscripts dear to the careful scholar—and also plate, particularly two large silver tankards given by the Elector Palatine, Prince Charles, who was a frequent guest at the Deanery, and enjoyed the society of the Dean and the learned men who resorted to his house.

Of his own effects the Dean was only able, after six years, to recover one harpsichord, though Parliament professed that the pillage was unauthorised, and that the spoils should be restored. His recovery of the three Garter registers has been mentioned previously; the jewels, plate, and rich vestments were never seen again. So darkly closed, for the Wrens, the year 1642. One brother was a prisoner in the Tower, and the other, forced from his quiet home, followed King Charles, seeing daily the clouds gather more and more thickly round the Church and round his King.

SHAKESPEARE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

II.—THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(*Supposed date* 1589—1591, *published* 1623.)

THIS play may be said to be the only one of Shakespeare's where the interest depends much more on the plot than on the characters, for here everything turns on that one idea of mistaken identity, which has been such an inexhaustible subject for playwrights of all times. If the play is read straight through the principal impressions left on the mind will be those of broad fun and considerable perplexity as to the details of the story, for the characters move and twist about like the figures

in a kaleidoscope; we see them laughing, crying, quarrelling, kissing, with very little individuality about them; they are the most purely farcial set put into the most unlikely relations that Shakespeare ever troubled himself with, their joys and sorrows are almost equally grotesque. And yet this wild medley has power and pathos behind it, for though the foreground of the scene is occupied by the double set of twins, with shrewish Adriana and pretty Luciana, in the background stands mournful old Egeon, lonely and condemned, recalling his sad story of separation from all he held dear. Thus early Shakespeare begins to mingle together mirth and sadness in the fashion for which he was afterwards so heartily abused by the critics, who thought such mixture was a violation of all rules of correctness, but which we Shakespeare lovers feel to be one of the reasons why his stories come so home to us, and why his people are real, living men and women to us, and not mere tragic and comic ideals. In this play the characters are less individually interesting than in most of the others, yet it repays intelligent reading, for there are many noticeable points in it, even setting aside its overflowing fun and the ingenious complication of stage situations. The idea on which the whole intricate plot turns is merely that of two brothers, closely resembling each other, parted in early life, then being, by accident, in the same place, where innumerable mistakes arise from the one being taken for the other. To increase the complications Shakespeare has doubled the parts, introducing a second pair of brothers, servants to the first, and has made confusion worse confounded by only giving each couple one name between them—not a likely sort of thing to happen; but when Shakespeare tried his hand at writing farces he evidently did not stick at trifles. He boldly whisks his audience off to Ephesus, and when there he uses this distant shore much as fairy-tale tellers used the enchanted lands of 'Once upon a time.' Anything may happen there, dukes may reign, abbesses, priories, heathen gods and goddesses may all be mixed up in glorious confusion—what does it all matter? Anything odd might be possible in Ephesus. This carelessness of local details is illustrated by the curious uncertainty as to the religion supposed to be professed by the good people of the play, for Egeon talks of the 'merciless gods,' while Antipholus of Syracuse calls himself a Christian; Pinch pretends to exorcise Satan; and we are puzzled to say what kind of priory, with such definite rights of sanctuary, that might be over which Emilia is abbess. From thinking of the scene of this play one naturally passes to considering how it would be represented. There would be some difficulty, of course, in making the brothers like enough to each other to give the scenes some probability, and yet not so much alike as to confuse the spectators as to which was which; but this might, doubtless, be got over by some expedient, such as one actor taking both parts till the last scene, and then it is easy to see how amusing and effective the play would be. The stately opening comes like a formal introduction,

contrasting strongly with the absurd scenes that follow. Antipholus of Syracuse begins the series of errors by his first meeting with Dromio of Ephesus, from which point every mistake leads up to another, the situation gets more and more bewildering, till the whole comes to a grand climax at the end. Thus, in point of dramatic construction, this is superior to far better plays, for the interest is sustained throughout. It is a great improvement in this respect on *Love's Labour's Lost*, for here we have none of those superfluous characters nor those breaks in action which hinder the course of the story; on the contrary, everything is connected and tends to further the development of the plot.

There is great scope for clever acting in the various characters presented; the bewildered and angry Antipholi growing by degrees into a state of frantic exasperation; the equally puzzled but easier-tempered Dromios keeping up the comic aspect of the complications; the voluble, passionate Adriana, would all be effective on the stage when the main object is to make the audience laugh. Unlike the other plays, the *Comedy of Errors* does not seem to aim higher than this; it is full of jokes, absurdities, quick, rattling fun, odd turns and repartees, just a comical sketch drawn in rough lines, telling enough, but not without something of caricature in the whole. It is curious to contrast the whole tone of it with *Love's Labour's Lost*, for Shakespeare has come down from high life and fine-spun sentiment to plain burghers, and he marks the change by making the whole party, excepting the Duke and Egeon, incline to be rough and violent, almost vulgar. Consider Adriana first as representing the heroine, or, at any rate, the principal female character of the play—what a shrew she is, petulant, jealous, undignified, surely more like a scolding fishwife than the burgher dames of Shakespeare's days. She would be enough to drive Antipholus out of his house altogether, if she frequently lost her temper in that fashion, though it *might* be annoying to be kept wating for dinner. The agreeableness of her character is sacrificed to the fun of the piece; her wrath makes us laugh as the hungry, angry beauty comes pathetically upbraiding—the wrong man, and then gets so completely puzzled by his imcomprehensible conduct. Of course Shakespeare could easily have put a more ladylike matron in Adriana's place, somebody more in keeping with her position, for she is clearly a person of consequence in Ephesus, well known to the Duke, who has arranged her marriage, and still has an interest in her; but this stormy woman is just the one required to add to the cross purposes of the plot by her impatient ways, and her expedients for trying to reduce her husband to order. Luciana is obviously meant to be a foil to Adriana, and to give us one of the Griselda-women popular in the literature of the time, the soft, gentle, entirely submissive order. Doubtless she would be an easier companion than her excitable sister. Luciana would take her husband's eccentric hours quite calmly, and not be offended if she had sometimes to dine alone—at least she says so; but Adriana is evidently of opinion

that her sister's romantic theories of unbounded submission would break down in practice. There is a natural little bit of dialogue between them (act ii. scene 1) where Luciana expresses her girlish ideas of matrimony and a husband's authority, and Adriana, looking down from the height of her experience, says in effect—'Wait till you try it, my dear.' Luciana is supposed to be most charming, but there is something very incongruous and disagreeable in the idea of this lovely young lady advising her supposed brother-in-law (act ii. scene 2) 'if he likes elsewhere, do it by stealth!' 'Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?' and this, though she really loves Adriana, and defends her against the abbess's attack on her treatment of Antipholus.

But the twin Antipholi are naturally the most important characters: he of Syracuse is the better man of the two, not content till he has searched the world for his missing relations; whereas his brother calmly settles down at Ephesus and troubles himself no more about the matter. That Antipholus of Syracuse takes the bewildering course of events which follow his arrival at Ephesus more quietly than his twin, is not surprising, as things are much pleasanter for him. Money and gifts come to him; he has the agreeable, if puzzling society of the fair sisters, while Antipholus of Ephesus has to pay for all this, gets the doors shut against him, and finds himself arrested and finally shut up as a madman! It is no wonder that he is exasperated; yet his whole tone is coarser and more violent than his brother's; and indeed he is not at all an engaging personage in himself, though his storms of rage and his ineffectual struggles to get into his own house doubtless heighten the fun of the play. Antipholus of Syracuse is of a quieter nature, and bends to the pressure of circumstances; as, for instance, he yields to Adriana's intreaties to go with her, though he does not understand her in the least; then, when matters get too desperately entangled, his only idea is to run away from them, even from fair Luciana, in spite of the impression she has made on his heart. By thus half-yielding, then drawing back and trying to escape, he does his part towards increasing the confusion. Antipholus of Syracuse seems a more refined and poetical man than the prosperous soldier-merchant of Ephesus; into his mouth is put the pretty lines (act i. scene 2) of the fellow drops in the ocean, and from him comes the quaint fancy which transforms Luciana into a mermaid (act ii. scene 2). He is hardly capable of the violence of his brother, the furious abuse directed against Adriana, the threats to disfigure her beauty, &c., and on the whole Dromio of Syracuse has an easier time of it than Dromio of Ephesus, though both suffer in the medley.

If there are points of difference between the Antipholi, the twin Dromios are counterparts of each other, representing a type of character occurring over and over again in Shakespeare's later plays, growing more vivid and better defined in these subsequent modifications and

developments. Here we have a laughable picture of the two honest fellows, so faithful and so quaint, taking the merry side of everything, even of the blows which come to them pretty plentifully, even comical in their complaints. 'Good sir, be patient,' says the officer to Antipholus of Ephesus. 'Nay,' responds Dromio, under the rope's end, '*'tis* for *me* to be patient, *I* am in adversity.' Half-snubbed, half-encouraged they have a droll mixture of servility and forwardness, and their merry humour is wholly irrepressible; nothing really daunts them, till Dromio of Syracuse encounters 'the mountain of mad flesh who claims marriage,' and then even he runs away to seek his master's protection. Their jokes and answers keep up the lively character of the piece, and form a sort of chorus or running commentary, while they identify themselves completely with the masters they have served since childhood, and are obviously half-spoilt factotums, who think themselves entitled to take liberties, though their freedom is very apt to get them into trouble. In the dialogues between them and their masters we have a change, speaking generally, from the elaborate word-fencing of *Love's Labour's Lost;* only here and there comes in a string of conceits in the old way.

Underlying all this bustle and fun there is, as noted above, the sad story of the separated family: the one brother roaming about to find the other, the poor old father falling into terrible danger while seeking his children, and the mother hiding her lonely head in the priory. It quite startles one in the height of the comical entanglement, when Egeon's position is realised, so forlorn and comfortless, piteously appealing in vain to the son, who remembers him not, and appears as if he scorned his father's misery. Happily this painful scene is quickly over, the appearance of Emilia with the elder Antipholus and Dromio puts everything to rights, and releases Egeon from his perilous condition.

It is interesting to notice the minor points occurring in this play connected with the manners and customs of the time. Shakespeare is thinking far less of ancient Ephesus than of Elizabethan London, with its meeting-places of busy merchants, whose houses are known by their swinging signs, the Phœnix, the Centaur. Possibly these mythologic names are an attempt at 'local colouring,' but they suggest far more than the peaked gables and stout sign-poles with pendant boards roughly painted, which we see in old engravings, than anything Ephesian. Then, too, we have the merchant's household, with the congregation of chattering maidservants, all, by the way, dubbed with purely English names, the free hospitality, the fat cook and her turnspit-dog labouring in the wheel, and the old English fashion of locking the outer door while the dinner is in progress. Another genuine English feature is introduced: the leather-clad sergeant who arrests Antipholus of Ephesus, a stolid worthy, who has one fixed idea, that of keeping his prisoner, whether he is mad or sane, till his debt is paid. Doubtless

many of Shakespeare's audience knew what it was to object to have him behind them, 'like an evil angel,' and to dislike the sight of his suit of buff. He is indeed the prototype of the unhappy policeman of our pantomimes, though Shakespeare has more respect, but not much more, for the official of the law than our modern farce writers. Another of the secondary characters clearly belongs to Shakespeare's day—Pinch the doctor—who combines the arts of medicine and conjuring, undertaking both to cure diseases and to cast out demons. This combination of rogue and quack must have been familiar to everybody, medical science having got down to a very low ebb in the sixteenth century, though by the time this play was written a better state of affairs existed, and the revolution in medical practice begun by the great surgeon Vesalius had changed people's ideas on these matters. Perhaps this very improvement pointed the satire of Pinch's character; at all events it is curious to contrast him with the quiet, watchful Doctor in *Macbeth*. It appears to have been the proper thing in that time to represent quacks as extremely thin; they would seem to have made but an indifferent living out of all their various trades. What a delightfully grotesque figure Pinch must have been on the stage, peering into the face of the furious Antipholus, feeling his pulse, and sagely pronouncing his opinion on his 'pale and deadly looks!' Incidentally we have a hint given of the usual treatment of lunatics in that age, the 'dark and dankish cell' in which Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus are put in bond; the Abbess, however, speaking as a person of some experience in such maladies, favours a milder treatment—'wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,' and not letting her patient be annoyed.

In spite of the fun and good points for acting in this comedy, it is evident that Shakespeare did not care to go on in the same vein. As his powers expanded, laughter, confusion, and absurdity did not suffice to employ him, though he enjoyed them to the end. He reproduced many of the ideas here presented—the long-parted and re-united family, the mistaken identities—above all, the Dromio character; only more forcibly and vividly depicted, and interwoven with all kinds of tender, passionate, touching scenes, which would have been misplaced here. As his powers of indicating character grew in strength it would have been almost impossible for him to sacrifice his people to his plot; and, in truth, the whole nature of the plays became too intense for this sort of farce. He also gradually discarded the fetters of long rhyming dialogues, of which we have several examples here; as, for instance, before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus (act iii. scene 1); but it is worth notice that even in this play the proportion of rhyming lines is diminished from that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the blank verse is increased, and the prose is lessened. A good deal of doggerel still remains; after this play we shall hardly meet with it again.

In conclusion, if we consider the *Comedy of Errors* as on the same

level with *As You Like It* or *Much Ado About Nothing*, we shall be conscious that a great deal is wanting to bring it up to their standard of excellence; but take it for what it is, one of Shakespeare's trials of strength, one of the steps by which his genius found out its proper path, and then we shall enjoy the cleverness, the brilliant bustle, the real fun of it, and be interested in seeing how much he improved on it afterwards.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

WORKHOUSE VISITING.

CHAPTER I.

NOT many years ago half-a-dozen ladies formed themselves into a kind of association for visiting the workhouse of the large inland town of Ellsborough.

The idea was a new one to the somewhat old-fashioned formal people who made up the chief society of the place, and so it is not surprising that it was received with several discouraging auguries.

'They would never get leave for one thing. The Board of Guardians would not allow *anybody* in the shape of a visitor to do so much as look inside the workhouse gates. Or if they did get leave what would be the use of spending time on people who were well taken care of already? Very worthless people too,' &c., &c.

At least, augury the first very soon proved false. The Board not only granted the ladies the required permission in a courteously-worded answer, but even went so far as to express some satisfaction at an interest being felt in the matter. Really the citadel surrendered almost too easily!

However, the objectors at any rate could say no more about impossibilities, and the association was set on foot in a highly prosperous manner.

The ladies began their work of visiting one September. Six months later they resolved on having a meeting to compare notes and to ascertain what progress had been made.

For this purpose the whole six met at the house of Miss Blunt, who had taken rather a leading part in the affair, though it was not she but the gentle and dreamy-looking Miss Meldon who had really been the first to think of forming the association.

Miss Blunt was brisk and alert, and her cheerful, decided manner gave her a knack of managing others, and thus it seemed quite natural that she should be voted the president of the little assembly.

But though the ladies had arranged themselves in the most orthodox and business-like manner round Miss Blunt's dining-room table they very soon found out, as many people have found out before and since,

hat a meeting for the purpose of talking is seldom the entire success it is supposed to be. Very little valuable information is really interchanged, for two reasons—

First, because everybody is unluckily seized with a desire to talk, and nobody is at all inclined to listen, or to do what Sidney Smith called 'indulging in brilliant flashes of silence.' The buzz of voices that ensues is of course confusing, if not utterly distracting, to any one who wishes to gain a real insight into the subject under discussion.

And secondly, the success of the meeting is endangered by an insidious pitfall into which metaphorically nearly every one, sooner or later, is sure to slip, and must be the despair and dread of any one who 'takes the chair' at a meeting—I mean the pitfall of irrelevant subjects.

Now the present meeting did not escape either danger. For instance, no sooner had Miss Blunt embarked in a really very coherent account of her experiences than Miss Meldon was irresistibly impelled to burst in with an anecdote relating to *her* adventures, thereby snapping the thread of Miss Blunt's discourse right in half. One anecdote naturally led to another, and each one bore the assembly a little nearer the fatal pitfall, until, as a matter of course, everybody, except the president, had quietly and unconsciously slipped into it. When Miss Blunt had distinctly caught the words 'my district,' 'little Ellen,' 'fourpart song,' and 'convalescent home,' she thought it time to attempt a rescue, besides which a bright idea had just come into her mind.

She rapped the table sharply with an ivory paper-knife and startled everybody into silence.

'My dear ladies,' she began, 'I suppose I must apologise for interrupting you, but we shall never get on at this rate. I have a plan to propose, which I hope you will all agree to and lend me your assistance in carrying out. It is that each of us should give an account of her experiences in writing, which accounts I propose should be read aloud, say in a month's time. Is there any objection to this plan?'

No one answered at first, but in a minute Miss Meldon said—

'I will do my best, Miss Blunt, but I never wrote anything but a letter in my life, and I should perhaps write bad grammar, and what should you say to *that*?'

'Never mind,' said Miss Blunt, encouragingly, 'here is one volunteer at least. What do the rest say?'

Mrs. Price, a stout, middle-aged lady, objected to the plan as far as she was concerned on the plea that 'she had no time for putting her ideas together on paper.'

Miss Saville, a kindly, fresh-faced spinster, agreed with her, and added simply and kindly: 'I should like to hear what the others say all the same, though I never could write anything beyond a letter myself.' Two refusals.

Miss Blunt was not daunted, but appealed to Mrs. Cardyce, an

interesting-looking young widow, whose serene, oval face was framed with heavy crape.

'I should like to write about the children, please, if I may do it simply, for I am not literary or clever, and I dare say I shall not succeed in making you care about them as much as I do, dear little things!' and as she spoke a little smile awoke on her usually rather sad face.

Miss Pryor alone remained. 'You must forgive me if I put off writing for the present,' she said, in a clear, nicely-modulated voice; 'some day I hope to give you an account of my work, which has been among the younger women, and some sad histories have come to my knowledge. It is a promise that I write them down, though it may be at some future time. I shall be a ready listener to the three ladies who have promised, for you, of course, Miss Blunt, mean to write.'

'Oh, yes,' said Miss Blunt, 'in my own stupid way I shall manage something. "Faint heart," you know the saying. We must do our best whatever that is.'

With that the meeting broke up, and the members agreed on separating that they should meet again in a month's time.

'If we cannot write our experiences in a month we cannot at all,' said Miss Blunt, with a decision that silenced all murmurs.

It is not necessary to follow the ladies to their homes nor to inquire whether they found the appointed task easy or the reverse. Suffice it to say that punctually at the month's end the six met again at Miss Blunt's house, and three manuscripts were seen duly lying before her. The three ladies who had declined writing seemed very much at their ease and were evidently prepared to listen with interested attention, while the other three were slightly embarrassed, as if not particularly enjoying the idea of the ordeal that was awaiting them. Miss Meldon, with kind consideration, paved the way by offering to read her account first. I give it entire :—

It seems strange to me, on looking back, to remember that though our workhouse is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the whole town, I lived for full half-a-dozen years in Ellsborough without bestowing as much as half-a-dozen thoughts upon it, and certainly not half-a-dozen thoughts on its inhabitants. To be sure I knew well enough what the huge red pile was, but the idea had only reached the outer surface of my mind so to speak. To me workhouse inmates were shadowy indistinct beings that seemed to have as little to do with my own life as the inhabitants of Greenland or the interior of Africa.

Besides this there was a stillness about the whole place that nothing ever seemed to disturb. Though at one time I passed the door daily, I never once saw it open, nor caught so much as a glimpse of what went on within.

I cannot tell you exactly how it was that I should have lived six years within daily sight of the workhouse, and the seventh year a

growing curiosity about it should have possessed me. Is there potency in a seventh year? I leave you to settle that point. At all events I felt more and more anxious to look inside those iron gates, and it may be that the desire from being baffled grew keener. At last something happened, and it was this:

One June morning, coming home from a walk with my hands full of flowers, I saw that not only was the workhouse door open, but there was a slight bustle on the spotlessly white steps. A wheel-chair had stopped at the door, and a woman was being lifted out, whose face haunted me for many a day after. Such a dull, greyish face, with an expression of weary suffering as though all power of enjoyment had died out long ago. No one had come to see her into the 'House,' she was evidently of the very poorest class, yet as she passed through the gate she cast one last glance at the outer world, a keen look that lighted up her dull eyes for the moment. A child or two stood near curiously glancing in. The poor creature's shabby dress did not seem to impress the porter much, as with a hurried, nonchalant air he carried her in and banged the door, and as I turned away I heard the key grate in the lock. Why did the tears spring to my eyes and my heart grow heavy in a moment? I cannot tell. Each time I went by after that, I wondered a little about the poor dull-eyed woman shut inside, while the stream of life went on flowing past the door just as ever.

One thing leads to another. The spirit of inquiry was awakened within me, and never quite went to sleep again. One night I was at a rather dull dinner-party. The evening was hot, and I was in the rather forlorn position of hearing my immediate neighbours talk, as I thought interminably, about travelling in Switzerland. They had just come back and were full of the subject, but I, who have never been out of England, was trying with rather poor success to seem duly interested. Listening without the power of putting in a word is apt to weary, and by-and-by the conversation drifted away from me altogether, and I was reduced to trying to catch scraps of a conversation that was going on at the other end of the table.

A middle-aged clergyman sat near the bottom, an intimate friend of our own, Mr. Trevor, and it seemed he was trying to answer the many questions that a stranger lady was showering upon him. I suppose her time at Ellsborough was short; at any rate she seemed bent on collecting all possible information about the place, and rather unmercifully making our friend an animated guide-book.

'What is that building by the river?' I heard her say. 'Is it a college, or school, or anything, it looks large enough?'

'It *is* large,' responded our friend, 'for it holds two hundred human beings. It is the union workhouse. I know it pretty well, for I was chaplain there for a year. I think I saw suffering in nearly every form there, and it taught me many a lesson which I have not forgotten.'

'Really,' said the stranger lady, rather bewildered, for she was evidently not conversant with workhouses. 'Then it made you contented, I hope,' with a slight laugh.

'Contented! No,' he said. 'I was never more discontented with myself, though I understand that you mean it made one thankful.'

The conversation was evidently too grave for the lively lady, and her attention wandered. Mr. Trevor sat musing.

But the few words I had heard roused up vehement thoughts within me. The faint spark of interest had burst forth into a flame at last. A terrible feeling of neglected responsibility overwhelmed me. The flower-decked table seemed to vanish, and, in its stead, poor, sick, troubled faces rose up before me. The maimed, halt, old, Christ's poor, whom He loved, were gathered inside the gate a stone's throw from me, and I had never cared nor scarcely given them a thought. 'I was sick and ye visited me' rang in my ears with a sound I could not shut out. There were two hundred human beings, the sick, old, sinful, surely the very members of the flock that want a woman's love, and tenderness, and pity.

Why had I never thought of this before? Here was I, a woman with health and strength, not too young, with few home duties and plenty of leisure, spending week after week near the workhouse, and doing nothing—no, no more than if I had been lame, or blind, or senseless. A veil seemed to have dropped from my eyes. New resolutions crowded into my mind, and made my heart beat fast and loud. I sadly forgot my duties to my immediate neighbours that evening. I sat and built castles in the air. I would become a ministering angel to the workhouse. The paupers would sit up in their beds and bless me, as the soldiers did at Scutari when Miss Nightingale passed by. Very silly notions I know *now* these to have been. I was roused out of a delightful reverie by Mr. Trevor coming and sitting down near me.

The project must instantly be imparted to him. 'Do you think I could visit the workhouse here,' I asked eagerly.

'I don't think visitors are admitted,' he answered, rather shortly.

It is one of my faults, I know, to be easily damped, and this little splash of cold water was unpleasant.

I went on. 'Why are they not admitted? It is a great shame, when all the poorest and most afflicted people are there, and——' I stopped, as I thought I saw a smile on my auditor's face. I could not stand that. 'You think visitors are of no use, I see.'

It was rather too pettishly said, but Mr. Trevor only said quietly, 'Well, perhaps I do think it would not *do* to have all the excitable young ladies of Ellsborough rushing in and out. It might perhaps work up the patients into a fever.'

I made an effort to speak calmly. 'I don't think I'm excitable,' I said, 'and I do wish for work. I only want to go and cheer up the poor things a little. Surely one person couldn't work them into a

fever. Only,' I went on, 'whenever I think I have found some work to do, somebody discovers that it isn't wanted, and I daresay' (my voice grew tremulous) 'I am not wanted at the workhouse.'

I suppose Mr. Trevor thought he had acted the wet blanket long enough, for he said kindly, 'Yes, I think the workhouse wants *you*. It is such an utilitarian place that it does need some womanly sympathy to warm up the coldness a little.'

'Oh, that's right!' I exclaimed, joyfully. 'And now I shall want some advice about what I am to do and what reforms I can suggest, because I daresay a great many things want altering.'

'Put the idea of reforms out of your head altogether,' said he, rather crossly, I thought. 'I thought you were only going to cheer up the invalids. If you succeed in doing *that*, it will be quite enough to begin with, at any rate. But you can do another thing—observe everything; you will have quite enough to occupy you then. Remember, however, you are not a workhouse visitor yet.'

Unluckily, here came an interruption, and I was called away. My visions had become already more matter-of-fact; but I was, on the whole, glad I had spoken to Mr. Trevor. I knew he was thoroughly kind at heart, only a little chilling in manner, and I was sure that he would not forget my scheme, but would stand by me, now that he had expressed his approval of it.

I went home from what had promised to be a particularly dull dinner-party in high spirits. I felt I had a new field of usefulness spreading out before me, and I longed to enter upon it at once. As I passed the workhouse in the dim darkness, I almost longed to knock at the door at once. I could hardly sleep for the new thoughts that possessed me.

'*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*' This has always seemed to me a particularly encouraging saying, and I thought of it now. But in this case the difficulty was to determine what *was* the first step; for it really wanted more courage than I possessed to go (in morning light) and ring boldly at the iron gates. I am ashamed to say my zeal began to cool a little now there was the real obstacle in the way.

But Mr. Trevor did not forget me. In a day or two I received this note:—

'Dear Miss Meldon,—There is only one way of obtaining access to the workhouse. Write a courteous note to the Board of Guardians asking for leave. But you must be prepared for a possible refusal.

'Yours,
'C. Trevor.'

All my hopes, which had begun to fade a little, were at once revived, though I felt vexed with myself for not having thought of so easy and obvious a way of cutting the Gordian knot. It seemed simple enough, and I wanted to sit down and compose the note at once.

But on talking the matter over with my father and mother, it seemed to us all three that I should not gain much by asking leave to visit the workhouse alone, on my own responsibility. It would be better to form a little association, and do things methodically and *en règle*. Union is always strength (I mean no pun), and what would be feebly done by one person would be really effective if undertaken by several; and also the failure of one would by no means necessitate the work being given up.

You all know what followed. The present association *was* formed, and we agreed from the first to take different parts of the house.

I am afraid I rather selfishly chose the easiest department of the workhouse, namely, the women's infirmary and day-room. I will pass on to the first visit I paid to these wards.

You will think me very poor-spirited when I confess to you that it was *not* with a very valorous heart that I stood on the door-steps that first afternoon, waiting for the gate to be opened. When the porter, clad in a stone-coloured suit, appeared, I asked to 'see the matron.' He muttered something that sounded like 'Walk in,' so in I went. I glanced curiously round. Nothing in the least interesting was to be seen. A plain, paved courtyard, into which half-a-dozen doors opened; a clock, a distant sound of scrubbing, the s-swish of water thrown down, a nearer sound of the hum of a school, a smell (this seems quite inseparable from a workhouse) of hot soap and water. In a few minutes the matron came towards me.

'May I go to the Female Infirmary,' said I, forgetting in my nervousness all courteous preliminaries. She looked astonished, but on my adding that I had leave from the Board of Guardians, she retired into an inner room, I suppose to consult her husband, for very soon a man's step approached, and a precise, business-like voice spoke.

'I may suggest,' said the master, for I supposed it was he, 'that Mrs. —— should conduct you up stairs and indicate to you the door of the women's ward, so that you may enter it alone. I hope there may be regularity and punctuality in the visits of the ladies, for these are of much consequence in an institution like this.'

Having delivered, very politely, this little opening address, Mr. —— left me to follow the matron up stairs. The door was duly 'indicated' to me, and I lifted the latch and entered.

First impressions of any place are always peculiarly vivid. I shall always remember distinctly my first glimpse of workhouse life. There were eight or ten beds ranged at equal distances each side of the long ward, the occupants of which at first sight looked almost absolutely motionless. Round the empty fireplace (for it was summer time) there was a large semicircle of figures, dressed exactly alike in blue gowns, large white caps with frills, and cotton handkerchiefs pinned across the chest. They sat erect and quiet, and no one was talking, or, so far as I could see, doing anything. The ward was what would be called

'scrupulously' clean; there were bare shining boards, spotless white-washed walls, and tidy blue coverlets on every bed. One or two of the heads turned to look at me with a slightly curious glance; but I could see that the very small sensation my entrance caused subsided in a moment. A listless apathy had settled down on the room, it seemed to me, and enveloped it like a damp mist. I felt chilled at receiving no answer to my greeting (I found afterwards that a *general* salutation is never responded to in a workhouse). And what was I to say or do next? I stood for a minute stupidly silent, which was certainly a brilliant mode of fulfilling my mission. At last the spell was broken. I turned towards the beds and met one gaze that was not entirely strange. It was that of the woman whose arrival at the union I had happened to witness three months before. I could not mistake the expression of intense suffering. Oh, what a sad face it was, lined and worn with pain and the utter weariness of pain! I went up to the bed and spoke a word or two of greeting.

'Oh!' she moaned, 'its a'most more than I can bear. Rack, rack, day and night, not a minute's ease. Oh, my God! I prays Him to take me, that I do, that I do,' and her voice died away into a faint-sighing whisper. I could guess that she had one of those hopeless internal maladies that slowly, too slowly, make their terrible death attack, and at every step make havoc of every nerve and rack every fibre of the sufferer's frame. Sympathy and comfort must be wanted here, and yet at that moment I felt miserably unequal to the task I had undertaken. All phrases that might have seemed appropriate slipped utterly out of my head. My overmastering feeling was that I could realise *nothing* of what that poor creature was enduring; and in the midst of all (though I hated myself for it) I had a horrible self-conscious feeling of wondering what the other paupers must be thinking of me. But the awkwardness did not last; in a minute the sick woman began to speak again.

She fixed her eyes on a bunch of autumn roses I had in my hand, and as I laid them close to her cheek, for the first time smiled a faint smile.

'I had flowers once,' she whispered, 'and a nice home along by the river; but I got ill after my husband died, and couldn't pay nobody to wait upon me. My clock, he were a beauty,' using the masculine pronoun, after the fashion of south-country people; 'I do miss him so of nights a striking every hour. The flowers remind me of those days, Miss. I love flowers,' she said, with a less drawn look of pain. Presently she began again. 'I've got some words running in my head, and I can't say them rightly. "There is a land of pure delight," it begins, and there's something about flowers.'

Fortunately I knew the hymn, and repeated it to the end.

'Ah! that's it—"never-withering flowers." It'll be beautiful there, Miss. I shall lie and look at the flowers. Thank you for them,' as I wished her Good-bye.

I turned to the next bed. A strange-looking creature was sitting

up in it—a woman of middle age, slightly deformed, and of evidently imperfect intellect.

'How are you?' I asked.

'Bad,' she answered laconically, and without moving a muscle.

Here a voice struck in from the circle round the fire. 'Speak to the lady, Sally, and say "Thank you, ma'am;" and an old dame, a friend of Sally's I concluded, tottered up to her bedside and sat down with a pleased look at her *protégée* being noticed. Then to me in a stage whisper, 'She ain't quite right,' accompanying the information with nods and winks of intelligence.

'I want a pin,' said Sally, in a sepulchral voice, 'and their ain't on anywhere,' she went on, almost crying.

'Not on the floor,' said I, stooping down to look.

Sally's friend patronised my inexperience. 'Lauk, how can there be anything on the floor *here*? Pins is scarce, and so is everything that ain't set down on the rules.'

I looked round, and understood what she meant. There was scarcely a vestige of anything that could be called private property. I did not see a book, or a pincushion, or any little feminine belongings about the room. The inmates had lost the right of possession. It was not even Communism, for nothing belonged to them, even as a corporate body. Strange that the words *my* and *mine*, that are oftenest on our lips, could never be used here!

Perhaps this is one of the chief trials of workhouse life. Most people feel a kind of love for familiar inanimate *things*. What a touch of nature it is in *Silas Marner*, when the old weaver feels absolute grief at the breakage of his old brown jug that had served him for so many years! It is just this feeling that is rudely torn up by the roots in the case of workhouse inmates. The little household treasures are gone for ever that have been acquired painfully during many years—perhaps the very labour enhancing their value tenfold.

'I'll bring you some pins next time, Sally,' said I, for unluckily I had none with me.

'That's a good thing,' she answered, with her deliberate gravity. 'Who's she?' she suddenly asked, meaning me.

'Hush, Sally!' said her friend, who evidently kept laborious watch over Sally's manners. 'That's rude. She won't come no more if you say so,' in the tone used to a child.

'Do you like oranges?' I asked, with a view of changing the conversation. Sally's eyes widened, but she said nothing.

'Oranges, Sally,' shouted the old woman; 'you knows what they are.'

'Ah, yes,' she slowly answered. 'They've got gravy inside 'em; and I takes up the gravy in the hollow of my hand.'

'Silly gal, she means *juice*;' the last word, for Sally's enlightenment, very loud.

'Perhaps I might bring you one next time,' I said.

I did not dare promise for fear of transgressing unknown rules. I doubt too if Sally could have carried her mind forward to 'next time.' She only gazed stolidly before her while I turned to the third bed.

There lay an old paralysed woman, all but utterly helpless. She must have seen better days, for she spoke with a refinement of tone unlike those about her.

'Yes, ma'am, I'm pretty comfortable. I've got much to be thankful for. It's His will that I should be here, and He's kinder to us than we are to Him,' she said, simply; 'only I wish dying were nearer, for I can't bear to be such a trouble to everybody.'

'Well, that you *are*,' said a hard, matter-of-fact voice over my shoulder. It was that of the pauper-nurse, who had just come into the ward. 'It gives me a pain in my back to lift her, that it do; but this ain't the place for saying you *can't* do a thing. You've got no choice, that's where it is. However, I will say *she's* contented enough,' she added, not unkindly, 'and that's more than some folks is,' with a side glance at a woman with bright red, withered cheeks, like dried apples, who sat propped up in bed, and was glancing about her with a discontented expression.

In one of the shrillest, most querulous voices I ever heard, she began: 'Afflicted! who's afflicted but me, I wonder? and nobody cares, not one of them—a parcel of unfeeling folks. Here I am, with my poor limbs cold and stiff, that can't stand. Oh, dear, there's nobody like me.'

The querulous voice was evidently dreaded, for there were smothered exclamations of annoyance from the other beds. I found that she was far beyond mine or any one's power of soothing. She was stone deaf. I do not think she was really unkindly treated; the same routine of attention was bestowed on her as on all alike, but the paralysis had slightly affected her brain. Besides which, she lived in a sense absolutely alone, cut off from all human intercourse; for she could neither hear a voice nor read the simplest word. Poor soul, it seemed the saddest of all the sad cases there!

In the next bed lay a young girl, with bright, dark, gipsy-like eyes, evidently dying of consumption. She told me she had led a wandering life, living 'nowhere in particular, not in the summer;' and I guessed her friends were of the costermonger class, among whom the frail and weakly have little chance of life, from the exposure to cold and wet, and the alternate starvation and plenty to which they are subjected. In sickness, their sole refuge is the workhouse, and this girl had evidently come here to die. She asked me to read to her, and I read a Psalm, and the hymn, 'I heard the voice of Jesus say.'

'Have you no friends to come and see you?' I asked.

'They'll come when the Michaelmas fairs are over,' she said, in no tone of complaining. Alas, before Michaelmas came she was in her

grave. A fortnight later I found the bed vacant—the only sign in a workhouse of a death.

Another woman, with a dead-white face, told me she had been bed-ridden for three years. Three years! the words are soon written down, but it is hard to realise what those three years must have been to her. Three years, with hardly a change of posture night or day; the same white-washed wall to look at, the same unvarying round, summer and winter, Sundays and week-days—all utterly and absolutely alike!

'Does the time pass slowly?' I asked.

'Not very. I don't think about it now, nor yet about getting better.'

There was such weariness in the voice, that I longed to bring a little variety into the poor creature's life. I had known bright and cheerful bed-ridden people, but then they had been in their own homes; and an invalid at home is still, in a sense, *in* the moving world of interests and work. Every little bit of news is told her, so that she can hardly escape being roused and interested. But in a workhouse an incurable person is almost as much out of the world as a nun in her cell; though the body is cared for, the mind is left to become more and more dully torpid. And did God let the hearts grow cold too? I could not tell. It all seemed dreary and perplexing just then, yet the next minute showed me that—

'Love's a flower that will not die,'

even in the cold arid soil of a workhouse.

I noticed two old women sitting rather apart, side by side. One had a nutcracker face, and a bright but rather infantine smile, for she was a little childish, and kept perpetually chuckling to herself. The other had a worn, lined face, and was totally blind; but she had the quiet, restful look that is sometimes seen on blind faces, and, after a curious fashion, seemed to depend on Peggy (that was the nutcracker dame), and let her lead her about, dress her, and help her with her food. I wondered if, on the other hand, Blind Kitty supplied Peggy's lack of sense, and found it really was so. When Peggy burst forth into chuckles, Kitty would stroke her hand, and say, 'Nay, Peg, there's nothing to laugh at;' and then to me, apologetically, 'You see, miss, she's like a child, but she's good to me—very good;' on which Pegg chuckled more than ever, and nodded her head a great many times, and repeated, 'Peg's quite 'appy; Peg 'ull take care of you;' one of her peculiarities being never to speak of herself except in the third person.

It seemed the one bright spot in the dulness, the friendship between these two old women tottering together to the grave. Poor Kitty had a paralytic stroke soon after, and only lingered a few days; and after that, Peggy literally moped herself to death. She was

'lost,' as the others said, without Kitty; and after sitting dull and melancholy for a few days, took to her bed and died within a fortnight of her friend.

My next visit was to the day-room. This is a large ward on the ground floor, and is used as a sitting-room by the elderly women who are neither ill enough nor old enough to be inmates of the infirmary. A few sat round the fire-place, but the greater number were at work at a long deal table, making, as I found out afterwards, shrouds! I addressed myself to the idle ones round the fire-place, and asked them if I should read to them.

'Oh, yes,' they said, and listened attentively, but without betraying much interest, to the 14th chapter of St. John. When I had finished, no one spoke, but one old woman with keen, bright eyes, who sighed wearily, and said—

'What's the day of the month, please, ma'am?' I told her, but I felt disappointed that the chapter had made no more impression.

'I thought so,' she exclaimed. 'Then it's my wedding day. Fifty years ago to-day we were married.'

'Then it's your golden wedding,' said I, glad of something so appropriate to say. 'Do you know it is the custom in some countries to give golden presents when a couple have lived together for——' I stopped short, for I remembered that her husband must probably be dead, or why should she be here?

'He's over there,' said she, nodding her head in the direction (I supposed) of the men's wards. 'A pretty golden wedding for us apart,' she said, with a smile; only it had a touch of bitterness.

'Don't you see him sometimes?' I asked.

'Oh, yes; on Fridays, for half-an-hour.'

'Till death us do part,' came into my mind, and I thought of 'Transome and me' in the *King's Servants*. Then I tried, lamely enough, I know, to speak of the Better Home—the many mansions where there will be no more parting nor tears. I need not have spoken of tears; there was no sign of them in her keen eyes; but it was in a gentler tone she said, 'It's not very far off now. Thank you for the words, "Let not your heart be troubled;" they'll just suit me.'

This and one other case stand out in my recollections of that first day.

There was one gentle-looking woman with a patient face, who sat at work, never looking off it; her arm moving up and down with the regularity of a machine. She told me she had been twenty-three years in the workhouse, and had never once been outside its walls. 'How can I?' she said, showing me her foot, which was quite useless from a heavy weight having crushed it when she was a child. She could sew neatly, but could neither read nor write, nor, owing to her lameness, could take any share in household work. I have often

thought what a life hers must have been. Twenty-three years of high walls, paved courts, whitewashed wards, endless blue seams, regulation diet. Yet she had a bright, pleasant smile, and had evidently not lost all interest in the outer world, for when I read *Little Meg's Children* aloud, she listened eagerly, drinking in every word, and the tears coming into her eyes at the description of the baby learning to walk. 'I had a little sister that used to love me,' she said, and her eyes had a far off look, as if recalling some long-cherished picture in the past.

The other women in this room made a much fainter impression than the two I have mentioned; indeed now, although I know one white-capped head from another quite well, I often feel that I cannot care for these as much as for my invalids. The day-room women, as a rule, belong to what may be called the supine class of the poor. For it is obvious that if a woman is *only* elderly, and has good health, she may, generally speaking, keep out of the workhouse, with the help of out-door relief. But this depends on the kind of person she is: if she has a real love of independence she will struggle to do this, if she does not care for it, she will prefer the union to the harder life outside. In some cases, drink has driven its victim to the workhouse as a last refuge, or it may be that genuine misfortune or 'reverses' have forced a respectable person to take shelter here, so that this ward is a strange medley of character, such as are at first not easy to classify. Indeed in a workhouse more than elsewhere, time is needed to find out differences of character. The monotonous blue cotton dress leaves no room for individual traits of neatness or taste, and there are no personal surroundings whatever, from which so much may be learnt in visiting the poor in their own homes. Clean window blinds and a few flowers on the sill are always good signs in my experience. But of all this there can be of course nothing in a workhouse, where every article is scrubbed up to the regulation standard of cleanliness. Thus it is the grand difficulty to know anything of the inner selves, the hearts and souls that are underneath the pauper uniform. I have often wished for Bishop Wilberforce's wonderful power of sympathy. It was told of him that once when he had given an address in a workhouse ward, his audience remarked afterwards, 'One should have thought the Bishop had lived here for a year or two himself.'

That is the 'fairy gift' I should wish for, yet I must be patient and learn sympathy by slow degrees, by storing up every little incident and trait of character, and by trusting to time, kind time, who makes strangers friends at last.

Six months have passed away and perhaps it is only honest to say the *couleur de rose* of my first visions has faded. Yet the matter-of-fact realities of life are not so bad after all. There is real quiet enjoyment in knowing that I can bring a little pleasure, at any rate a

whiff, from the outer world into the lives of the poor infirmary invalids. For these are nearest my heart, and there is no difficulty in being patient and tender enough with them. It is little enough that I can do, but a little bit of news, a book lent, a story read aloud, give them, they say, something to think of, and this is valued more than tangible gifts of oranges or 'sweets' or snuff, though the latter is an acceptable offering, even in these days, among our south country poor, and especially to the old women of our workhouse.

When the iron gates have closed upon one of these old or helpless people, it is usually for life, or rather for that small portion of life that remains to them. *Hopeless* is the one word that might be written over most workhouse beds, as far as this world is concerned. Health that can never be better, poverty that cannot be deeper, friendlessness that is the more bitter for the remembrance of past happier days. Can anything be more sad? Yet often I am rebuked by the faith, patience, and endurance I find among my invalids, and right thankful I am for the many lessons I have learnt from them.

I feel as though I had written rather harshly about my comparatively uninteresting day-room women. I may have judged those too hardly, who very often have begun life at a disadvantage; they have perhaps low intellectual abilities or a slight twist or 'craze' that just unfits them for making their way in the world. God knows all, and His mercy is over all, while we may remember that in the most dull and darkened mind there may yet linger the power of reflecting back the Divine Image, even though the outlines may be blurred and faint.

CHAPTER II.

MISS BLUNT'S NARRATIVE.

ONE morning last summer, in the usual course of my district rounds, I climbed some rickety stairs to get to a small room, which, like many others in poor courts, is rented as a separate dwelling.

I knew the way well, and had learnt, through long practice, not to put my foot in the hole which is on the top step, and to find the latch of the door in spite of total darkness. For old Robin Budd lived here, and did he not expect a visit the most regularly of any one of my district people? Some dozens of visits I had paid to this room, and the sight that greeted me on opening the door seldom or never varied. Old Robin was always sitting at right angles to the fire, stooping a little forward to catch the warm blaze, while another chair stood opposite in a convenient position for a visitor, a little table was always at his elbow, covered with a not particularly clean cloth, on which a long pipe reposed when it was not in use, while over the chimney-piece hung, in vivid colouring, 'Eclipse, the winner of the Derby,' and a brilliantly-dressed jockey, a sporting engraving that did not seem in keeping with the gentle, cultivated tastes of the old man.

He was an uncommon character, much above his class in conversational powers, full of interest in all the subjects of the day, and only too glad of a discussion. We were great friends, and had had many a talk, real talk, such as District Visitors as a rule seldom get, for much of their work consists in listening to the recital of innumerable troubles and grievances, which listening *is* work, in a certain sense of the word.

It used to be therefore the more refreshing after a long round of visits, to sit down for a chat, and forget parish topics for a time. On this particular morning I lifted the latch with a pleasant sense of expecting my old friend's usual bright smile and cheery welcome.

But what did I see? An empty room, containing nothing but a feather-bed that was evidently in process of unpicking, for the air was full of fluffy dust, no fire, no vestige whatever of old Robin. He had vanished with all his possessions. I stood in blank amazement with the latch still in my hand.

In a few moments Mrs. Bell, the woman who rents the whole house, came to my rescue. She has one of the loudest voices I ever heard, and when I say she *came* to my rescue, I mean she merely shouted to me from some invisible part of the lower regions.

'Robin's gone into the 'ouse, Miss. Went yesterday afternoon. He told me to tell you as he were gone. He were a getting weaker, and wasn't able to do for hisself, so he took and went without saying much. I couldn't say nothing agen it, for to tell you the truth (here the owner of the voice came in sight) the rent had got a bit behind, and we're poor folk,' &c., &c. The rest I forget, for here she abandoned Robin, and went off on the tack of her own difficulties.

I began to understand. The old man had a horror of debt, and rather than incur it, he had fled. He had probably been living on his savings, though I never know exactly, and by slow degrees the store had ebbed away. He was weaker and more tottery than usual, the last time I had called, a fortnight before (for I had been away from home), and I noticed that he seemed to want more help than his landlady had time or inclination to bestow on him. His household goods had evidently been made over to her to pay his rent, for I stumbled over his three-legged stool in the passage, and caught a glimpse of his arm-chair, serving as an extempore cradle for the baby, while the 'Winner of the Derby' careered over the front parlour chimney-piece.

'His place shall know him no more' seemed to ring in my ears, and I felt sad as I thought of the old man shutting his door for the last time, and setting out for the last walk he would probably ever take, down the hill, across the rushing river, and stopping at those iron gates which had opened and shut him in, and he had become merely one of a multitude of aged paupers, fed and clothed by the rates. Perhaps it was best, but it seemed a flat ending of an interesting life.

'Robin said as how he 'oped you'd go and see him, Miss,' said Mrs.

Bell, as I was preparing to go away. 'He says to me last thing, "Good-bye, Mrs. Bell," he says, "and tell the district lady to come and see me." Poor old man, how I misses him to be sure,' and she put her apron to her eyes; but I don't think there was a real tear there.

'Yes, I'll go and see him certainly,' I said, rather cheered up, and I walked home ruminating about the workhouse, and when I had better make an attempt to see the old man. When I reached home I found Miss Meldon's note waiting for me, asking me to join her in visiting the workhouse. If I might ever have felt hesitation, old Robin's fate decided me now, and I wrote and accepted the offer at once.

It seemed a coincidence that a way should be opened just when I was most wishing to find one, and it was a further stroke of good fortune that when it was agreed we should each visit different parts of the house, it should fall to my lot to have the old invalid men as my charge, for among them I should be certain to find Robin.

I went for the first time one brilliant afternoon in the early autumn. The paved court felt cool and pleasant coming out of the hot, busy street, yet the utter stillness was rather depressing. The porter showed me half way up-stairs, and then called out a name that sounded like 'Zekiel.' A grave, sad-looking man appeared, whether pauper or not I could not tell, and opened the door that led into the infirmary.

My first impression was that a uniform, greyish white tint pervaded everything. The room was colourless, and so I fancied were the greater number of the faces. The walls were dead white, and before I had walked half-way down the room, I felt that my eyes were craving for a scrap of colour.

Of course my thought was to ask for old Budd. Zekiel, or Ezekiel, which is his proper name, answered briefly, for his peculiarity I have since found is to be economical of words.

'Day-room down stairs. Only the sick is here.'

True, old Robin was hardly 'sick' enough for this ward, for, on looking round on the faces, I could gather one fact easily enough, that nearly all had come here to *die*.

More than half were old worn-out men, with bowed forms, crippled limbs, and the hollow, sunken cheeks of age, and they seemed to be dying a slow death, as a gradually decaying fire goes out.

One old man, with a vacant, childish look on his face, kept restlessly pacing up and down, until Ezekiel shouted to him, for he was nearly stone deaf—

'Sit down and bide, can't yer,' on which he sat down for a few minutes, but soon began again his endless walk.

A small group sat round the fire and looked at me with expressionless gaze, and all were totally silent. I began to think they looked upon me as an intruder, and that perhaps after all the desperate stillness of the place was best left unbroken. But just then the bells of a neighbouring church struck up a merry peal, and a slight movement ran round the little circle, showing that this was evidently an event.

'What's that for?' said one old man, with large eyes, and the sort of mouth that I have always connected in my own mind with talkativeness.

'I think it's for one of the royal birthdays,' I said, delighted to have such an opening for conversation. 'Or perhaps——'

'Ah! the Prince of Wales, may be,' interrupted a thin man, with a very melancholy face and a consumptive cough. 'I mind when he were born; I was a young hearty man then, nigh upon thirty year ago,' and forthwith something like a discussion sprang up.

From royal birthdays we diverged to army subjects, and the old man whom I had expected to be talkative fulfilled my presentiment, and when once set off, went on at great length about his adventures by sea and land, for he had been a soldier in early life.

At last a new voice struck in—

'All's vanity, soldiers or no soldiers. The end 'ull soon be here.'

It was a rather fierce-looking man who had spoken, and I found afterwards that he was fond of this kind of moralising, though he never expected any answer. He would fling his remarks at us, aimed at no one in particular, and then relapse into total silence.

We went on talking, and by and bye I took up an old Bible which lay on the deal table, to read a few verses.

'Can you tell me if Bethlehem is still standing?'

It was a startling question, and I looked round amazed, for the voice sounded polished and unlike the other tones. A bearded figure stood behind me of a man in middle life. He gasped with asthma, but was bent on talking. He asked far more questions about Palestine than I could answer, and was evidently of cultivated mind. I have never quite known his history, but he must have begun life very many degrees above a workhouse pauper. I suspect drink to have been his bane, and that one situation after another was lost, each failure finding him a little lower down the social ladder. It has been said that of the lowest depth there is a lower deep still, but this is not true of a workhouse. There is no step lower than that, except the grave.

'Do you care for books or newspapers?' said I, seeing the almost total dearth of literature on the table. One old copy of Moore's *Almanac*, a dilapidated Bible, and one of the very earliest of hymnals printed in small, close type.

The thin man brightened at once.

'Oh yes,' he said; 'the days are so terrible long in here. I'm pretty much of a scholar, and many's the books I've read in my day. I'm regular greedy at books.'

'And,' struck in my bearded friend, 'we should like to know what is passing in the country at large, and what is occurring in Parliament, and we're all fond of magazines in here. One copy of the *Leisure Hour* that was left here accidentally was almost read to pieces. *I* would read to the others, ma'am, if we had books,' he concluded, impressively.

'Ball's the man for reading. He'd read all day and all night, I believe *he* would.'

I glanced across at a sitting figure that looked petrified; it was so rigidly quiet. A grave, pale face bent over a book, and the eyes travelled down one page and then down the next, evidently not missing a word. I went nearer, to see what book engrossed him. It was an old copy of the *History of the Plague*.

'He knows it a'most by heart,' said the talkative old man. Then, going close to him, and shouting into his ear, 'Should you like another book, Ball?'

'I should,' he answered, gravely; and then, without a moment's hesitation, '*Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, or the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

I was surprised at his readiness, and gladly promised the second, reflecting that the *Martyrdoms* would be a degree too harrowing in a place where there was already suffering enough. Nor was the *History of the Plague* exactly the book to diffuse brightness. I felt that I should be haunted by the thought of the grave man perpetually reading his one doleful book. Surely life might be sweetened a little for these poor dull souls! Did they sit perpetually *thinking*, and if so about what? I longed to bring some illustrated papers, pictures for the walls, *anything* to rouse a wholesome interest in the outer world, and turn away the thoughts from continually dwelling on aches and pains. Was not God Himself likely to be forgotten where there was nothing to remind of Him? And I could not help thinking that if we in our happy privileged lives find it hard to keep alive faith and hope, and need outward aids continually, surely these weary people wanted helping and comforting on their way to the dark river, a rough and thorny road to them, embittered too by sad recollections. The chaplain came once a week to read I found, but between his visits there was a blank. If good seed is ever sown by means of books, here was a golden opportunity. The enforced leisure might at least be made more bearable. I think there is deep knowledge of human nature in the saying 'Make people happy: for that is one step towards making them good.' But would the 'discipline of affliction' bring purification, unsoftened and merely *borne* as a hardship? If life had been a failure with some of the poor souls, surely the evening shadows might be lightened, and a glimpse opened of a Paradise beyond.

To continue my story. I turned towards the long line of beds, wondering if I should find any wish for literature here.

There seemed to be invalids in every stage of slow decay. *Incurable* was plainly marked on every face. Some were quiet and passive, others seemed to be fighting for dear life, with some terrible malady; there were many cases of consumption, with its tearing cough and laboured breath, while there were lesser ailments, but only lesser by comparison, 'bad legs,' asthma, and rheumatic affections of all sorts. Rheumatism is indeed the great foe of outdoor labourers in their old age, and haunts workhouse wards. It grips every limb, and racks

every joint, the seeds of the disease having been sown long ago by exposure to cold and wet.

'My clothes never used to be dry,' said one, whose hands were knotted and helpless, but in no tone of complaint. I was struck by the *decorum*—I can call it nothing else—of the poor sick folk. A civil answer always, when the question did reach the dulled ears; and there was little or none of the fretfulness of illness.

I came to one man, who was evidently suffering terribly from mortal disease. His face was set into hard lines from pain, but he brightened at seeing a visitor.

'*Could* you lend me a book, ma'am? I am so weary of nothing but pain night and day—night and day. I want comforting words badly enough. You haven't a book now?' he went on, with feverish eagerness.

I had nothing with me but an S.P.C.K. hymn book, which I gave him gladly. He turned the pages hastily, till he came to the hymn, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and then paused and read it. I watched him the while. First, there was the strained eager look, and then came a lightening of the whole countenance, a look of relief and peace.

'Those are the words for me,' he whispered; 'they're music to my ears. The chaplain said them to me, but I wanted to see them for myself;' and then, unasked, he told me he had been a gentleman once. His father was an officer in the army. 'A good man; and I,' said he, in a broken voice, with his face turned away, 'was the prodigal son.'

Poor wasted life. Only a very small part of it remained now, for the terrible disease was advancing inch by inch, and in another week or two a torpor came on, mercifully dulling his pain, and lasting many days; yet once or twice when I went near his bedside, I saw his lips move, and I caught the words, 'O Lamb of God, I come.'

May we not hope that the poor stained soul was washed white in the Blood of the Lamb ere it was summoned away!

Contrasts are always striking. I can remember well the thrill of surprise with which, in the midst of the worn, faded people, I found one quite young face. It was that of a lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his smooth brow, and round, almost childish cheeks, had such a look of health, that the first moment, without thinking, I asked why he was here.

The answer came unhesitatingly, and without a quaver in the voice—'I cannot move hand or foot.'

It was only too true. Every limb was useless, and the form small and puny, like that of a child ten or eleven. But the face was not in least affected by this mysterious visitation, and he had one of the brightest smiles I ever saw.

Michael (for that was his name) was not born a cripple. He has told me since that he was being well educated for a clerk, and one day during his schoolboy life he had a terrible fall from a tree. The spine

was injured, and paralysis followed; yet life was strong in him, and he lived, and might live on till middle age.

'Only,' said he, with a pathetic ring in his voice, 'I cannot wish that.'

He was almost alone in the world, virtually friendless as to kith and kin, for his parents had died, and his only relation, an uncle, never came near him, for fear, perhaps, of Michael being thrust upon his charity.

'He couldn't be cumbered with me,' said the poor boy, simply.

'What do you do all day?' I asked, for I felt almost *appalled* at his fate. Young, educated, with a keen, eager soul, looking out of his bright eyes, yet chained by his useless stiffened limbs to a workhouse bed. A wildly rebellious feeling shot up in my heart, a sort of doubting of God's mercy. Next came the better thought that the saddest life is not without its compensations. But in this case where were they?

'Did you not say something about books, m'am?' he said, without answering my question. 'Do bring me one, please. I lie and long for the book I used to like. I once began the *Talisman*, but never finished it, and I've lain and wondered what the secret was, but I think I've guessed it,' he said, with a bright look.

'It would spoil the story to tell you,' I said, 'but you shall read it next week. He smiled gratefully, and I noticed how the smile was really a happy one and lit up his whole face.

'That is what I do sometimes,' said he, pointing as well as he could to something that lay on the window-sill.

The something when I took it up proved to be a rough chess-board made of a bit of wood, the figures coarsely carved but correctly placed, each one fitting into a little hole.

'Jack made it,' said Michael, indicating a young consumptive man in the next bed; 'and we've had many a game together; but he's too ill to-day.'

'*He* won't last long,' said Ezekiel's lugubrious voice from the doorway.

Jack did not hear, he was in feverish sleep, and his hands outspread on the counterpane looked skin and bone. Somehow Michael did not seem to grieve. Did he think dying better than living? or perhaps he only shared the general callousness of workhouse inmates about death.

'Could you work out a problem in chess alone?' I asked.

'No, ma'am,' he said, glancing at his helpless fingers. 'I can't do the moves, but I could read, and I'm nearly sure I could turn the leaves with this,' showing a bit of stick.

I was obliged to bid him farewell, as it was late, and I turned away strangely touched and interested. Were these his compensations, I wondered, a power of enjoying trifles and thinking pleasant thoughts in spite of his dreary bit of whitewashed wall, the only thing he had to look at. The afternoon was waning, and I asked Ezekiel to show me the way to the day-room.

It was a bare, large ward, without a superfluous article of any kind. It was furnished with a long table and two benches each side of the fireplace, on which sat about a dozen old men. Old Budd sat on the outside nearest the door in virtue of being the latest comer, a long way from the small fire that burnt in the grate, for the straight benches effectually prevented a circle being formed round the fire. He looked up and tried to rise as I entered, but I could see at a glance that he had become much weaker, and his spirit and cheeriness all seemed gone from him. 'He was pretty comfortable, nothing to find fault with. The food: yes, it was good, and plenty of it. But it ain't like home.'

Here he stopped and would, I think, have said more if it had not been for the presence of the others. We had no comfortable talk, and I thought with sorrow of the tiny room looking out on the blank wall which was home to him, and he could welcome a friend to it with as much dignity as if he had been a king. His neighbour, an old man with a gentle face and piping, quavering voice, here struck in.

'No, it ain't a mossel like home. Home's up there,' he said, with a reverent look. 'And here's blessed words,' pointing to a small New Testament that lay open on the table. "The Son of Man had not where to lay His head." If He hadn't ne'er a home we can do without one for a bit, can't we Robin? I can't read much myself, but I makes him help me. *He's* a scholard, he is. He reads a verse a many times and then I gets to know it. I know the story of Nicodemus now,' and he went on to repeat it quite correctly.

He talked far more than Robin, and was evidently one of those fervid religious spirits met with now and then among the poor, of whom home missionaries might be made, if we knew how to use all the implements within our reach. Indeed old Chaytor was a missionary in his own humble way among the others, and I felt that both his ignorance and knowledge made him an excellent comforter for old Robin, and thus it was, that though I had lost my old friend in one sense, I left him somewhat cheered and comforted.

Thus ended my first afternoon, and perhaps it is a fair specimen of many others, for visits to a workhouse are seldom remarkable for variety. Week after week you find the same figures sitting in the same positions, till you wonder at last whether they *can* move or sit anywhere else. Among the invalids there are of course more frequent changes, but chiefly the sad one of death; yet when a vacant bed is filled with a new face, the history is strangely like that of the one preceding it—'Couldn't work any more—ill a long time.' 'Any relations?' 'No, none.'

And then an indescribable feeling of depression will creep over one, which is the very feeling of all others which a workhouse visitor must not have, for what good is she if she have not a cheerful manner and brightness that is proof against the dull weariness of the place? Yet there is a brighter side. When old Miss Turner found she could spare

half a-dozen volumes of the *Illustrated News*, what a boon they were to my invalids as well as to the old day-room men! Michael sat up in bed devouring the huge volume with the look of a hungry person who is at last satisfied. A sixpenny *Talisman* entertained him for many days, and better still when another kind friend offered the gift of an old wheel-chair to the workhouse, Ezekiel at once offered to dress Michael, carry him down stairs and give him a ride, and thus it is that the poor boy's pale cheeks have a little colour now, for he goes out once or twice a week, in turn with one or two of the other invalids.

As to newspapers, an avalanche of them descended upon me when I mentioned to two or three people that I wanted them for the workhouse. There is no lack of that kind of literature now, but I feel that what we want is something more substantial as well. Some large-print religious books and other books also, so as to form a real library for the workhouse. It might not be impossible to raise a fund for this purpose, and the trouble of collecting it and of covering the books when they are bought, I will gladly take upon myself. That is the only suggestion I have to make, but it is one that I wish heartily to see carried out.

Miss Blunt's appeal was soon responded to, when it became known, and gifts of half-crowns and five shillings accumulated so quickly that a good library was speedily purchased, and now a brisk interchange of books goes on weekly in the various wards. Miss Blunt and Miss Meldon are welcome visitors with their arms full of books, and it is the universal opinion that time has gone much more quickly 'since we had our library.'

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CARDYCE'S NARRATIVE.

MRS. CARDYCE did not read her paper, but she left it with the other ladies, who read it each in turn quietly to herself:—

I should give a wrong impression if I were to begin by saying that I have always loved children dearly. It would be more honest to confess what I know now to have been a grievous fault, that for a great part of my life I used to be terribly fastidious in my child likings.

I believe I cared almost passionately for beauty, but ugly children, on the other hand, I simply could not endure. Some sorts of ugliness I especially disliked. A thin little sickly face was positively repulsive to me, and a heavy pasty-faced fat child was almost as bad! I see now that I must have done infinite harm in my father's parish with my beauty-loving propensities. I used to pet the rosy-cheeked darlings, but I would hardly look at the uninteresting children, of whom there are plenty in every parish. I had almost an aversion to one meritorious stolid boy with small, dull eyes, and a certain little freckled girl with carrotty locks never earned from me a kind word

however well she might say her hymns. But if dear little Florence, with her sweet rounded cheeks like a peach, and her mass of golden curls, were ever so idle and inattentive, I only spoilt her the more. I have a vision now of a rose-covered school porch and a little mischievous sweet face peeping out at me all unrebuked, for everybody knew she was 'Miss's' favourite.

Very unjust I see now I must have been, and I have lived to repent bitterly. But what opened my eyes? You shall hear; but I must hurry over the next few pages, for I am going to write about a part of my life of which I have not learned to think calmly yet.

I married, and came to live in Ellsborough. Though I was very happy I often felt dull at first, for my husband was a good deal away at his office, and I missed the hundred little interests that throng the life of a country parson's daughter. But after a while a new joy came to me, keener and stronger than any I had known before. My only child was born. I had been fond of children before, but it was 'as water unto wine' compared with the love I felt for my boy. I cannot write about that. It made me feel happy and blessed too. Sometimes I have thought that 'Blessed art thou among women' is faintly echoed in *every* mother's heart.

My Johnny was not sickly nor plain, far from it. I have just taken out his photograph, and I am looking at it as well as I can through a mist of tears. I see a sweet little face with dark, beseeching eyes. I shall see them next at the Resurrection, for Johnny is in Paradise now.

I must pass on to the time when my darling was three years old. I remember well, for it seems burnt in on my mind, the last day that he was well and strong. It was a bitterly cold February day, the clouds looking so much inclined to snow that I had been afraid to let the child go for his usual walk. Nor had I ventured out myself, and so it had been a long day indoors. Intensely happy I think now it must have been, for I had had my darling with me all day. I never minded neglecting other things to amuse and play with him, and sometimes people used to reproach me for the hours I wasted. But I cannot feel remorse about that, for every hour I spent with him is now a sweet and precious memory laid up in my heart.

Towards evening he had grown tired of play and stories, and so I agreed that for the last hour before his bed-time we should look out of the window and try and make a little fun out of the very few passers-by there were to be seen. At first there was nothing more interesting than the usual 'man with a basket,' and speculations as to what was in it, ranging from apples to a white rabbit, lasted Johnny some time. Then we were duly amused with the baker's cart and the milkman, until at last we saw something that interested Johnny far more. It was a little girl shabbily dressed in an old worn spencer and ragged hat, who came and played about near the window. She was quite alone, and it seemed strange she should have strayed so far, for there

are no poor people's cottages within three or four streets of our house. As she looked up at the window I noticed what an ugly little face it was. It was pinched and sickly, yet even health and plenty could not have beautified the *nez retroussé* and wide mouth that was like a slit, so devoid was it of any approach to pouting, childish lips. She had thin hay-coloured hair, that was pinched up in two unbecoming knots, tied with rag at the back of her head.

But Johnny did not seem to think her plain. When I said, 'What an ugly little girl!' he only looked up in my face, and answered, 'Poor 'ittle girl—so cold, so cold!' and kept patting the window to attract her attention. The child was only three or four, yet she did not seem lonely, running backwards and forwards in front of the house, and letting her little cold hand drag along the area railings, touching each in turn, which she evidently considered a sort of game she could play quite successfully by herself. She smiled at Johnny, extending her wide mouth from ear to ear, and he laughed back at her, and tried to make me understand he wanted me to give her something; but I shook my head.

I could not help comparing the two children with a feeling of pride in my darling; he looked more lovely than usual, I thought, as he played bo-peep with the little girl on the cold pavement—he rosy and glowing, and she pinched and pale; but there was an almost equally bright smile on both the little faces.

Presently the maid came to shut the shutters and the nurse to take Johnny to bed; but when he got to the door he ran back to take one more look at the little girl through a chink in the shutters. There she was, still peeping through the iron railings, and as Johnny disappeared the little mouth puckered up for a cry. The thought crossed my mind that I would go outside and question her, and try and find out where she came from, and, if she was hungry, bring her into the kitchen, and give her some tea. But unluckily at that moment a note was brought in that wanted an immediate answer, and when that was written, my resolve had grown much fainter. Besides which, I had, as usual, a dislike to ugly children, and I shrank from touching this one's dirty clothes; and all this helped to settle the matter easily and comfortably as far as I was concerned, namely, to do nothing at all. What would I not have given afterwards to have had those minutes back, and to have escaped the bitter memory of my neglect!

I was in my child's nursery early the next morning, for he had complained of a sore throat on going to bed, and when I went to him I found him flushed and feverish. I was bending over his crib when my husband entered.

'Clara,' said he, hastily and loudly, 'did you know a child was frozen to death on our door-step last night? Where the police can have been I can't imagine; it's a case of gross neglect, I consider.'

I turned, struck to the heart with a sudden dread, as I thought of

the ugly child. Could it—oh, could it be she? I was anxious and excited about Johnny, thinking he might be sickening with fever, and as terrible fears surged through my mind, I felt as though this were too much. I went down stairs, but I could not bear to go into the drawing-room and look at the familiar railings and the window through which the children had gazed at one another, unless I could have this terrible mystery cleared up. If it were that child who was dead, it was my fault, and I felt sick with fear.

'William,' I said to my husband, 'I must know more. A little girl came to the window last night and played with Johnny; she looked cold and hungry, and now Johnny will die too!' and I broke down and burst into sobs.

My husband spoke with a calmness that reassured me. 'There are hundreds of children in Ellsborough, so why need it be the one you saw? As for Johnny, it's only a heavy cold; so don't worry yourself,' he added, kindly.

'But where is the child—her corpse, I mean?' for I was bent on seeing her and banishing the horrible dread.

'At the workhouse, I think they said; and I've no doubt she'll be buried decently by the parish when the inquest is over; so don't think any more about it. Why, you look quite white, child.'

'Do come with me,' I implored; 'it isn't far, and I should like to tell Johnny it isn't the little girl he saw, or it may haunt his mind,' I said, speaking more reasonably as my fears subsided. I got my hat and made ready to go, and so my husband could not refuse me.

We walked silently the couple of hundred yards to the workhouse, and as Mr. Cardyce was well known in the town we obtained admission easily. The porter did not even demur when we told our errand, probably supposing that my husband, as a lawyer, had something to do with the case. I shivered as I entered the dead-house—a cold, dull cell, with an earthy smell. The little body lay decently covered over on the stone slab—just my child's size, I thought; and then the porter removed the handkerchief that was over the little face; but still I could not look at first.

Was it the child? Alas! the first glance was enough. There was the little face, not smiling, as I had seen it the night before, but awfully still. The little thin waxen hands were folded, and as I tenderly laid mine on them, I heard, as though in a dream, my husband speaking to the porter.

'Who is she, do you suppose?' asked he.

'We're on the right track, I expect,' said the porter. It's Brushwood's child, down in Skittle Alley. Mother's mostly drunk, and never missed her all night. It's supposed she ran out to play with some other children, and got parted from them, and then was drowsy with the cold, so sat down and died in her sleep, poor little soul. The doctor who saw the body said she was in a lowish state from poor living, and that made the cold take such hold on her.'

'Yes, but *I* might have saved her,' I thought, but did not speak a word. I only wanted to get away—to get home—to forget the whole sad scene as soon as possible. But I could not shut it out; and hot, scalding tears streamed down under my veil as I walked rapidly home.

It was a relief to reach the house and to be able to rush to my room, that I might compose my face before I went to the nursery.

Johnny was lying in an uneasy sleep, but he roused up a little as I came in, and murmured something about 'the 'ittle girl so cold, so cold,' and then he shivered, and said, quite distinctly, 'Johnny cold, Mammy, like 'ittle girl.'

I wrapped him up warmly, and sent off the nurse at once for the doctor, for I began to be dreadfully alarmed. My unspoken fear was scarlet fever, for there had been a case or two in our street, and the sore throat I knew was a symptom. It was a miserable, anxious day, the doctor when he came confirming my fears, that it was the terrible fever.

Still I hoped, even the next day and the next after that, although Johnny grew worse, and the doctor looked grave, and called it, out of my hearing, as he thought, 'a very unpromising case.'

At last came that terrible daybreak, when my husband called me from a short sleep, and I went to Johnny. He lay feverish and tossing on his bed, and his eyes looked wandering; then all at once he knew me, and said, 'Is the 'ittle girl in Heaven, Mammy? she'll be my little sister, then.' Then came the torpor that precedes the end, and I sat on, numbed and stiff. 'O God!' I cried in my heart, 'hold Thou me up;' and He did hear my prayer, though the answer seemed long in coming.

A few days later I was a childless widow. My husband sickened with scarlet fever, and was buried with Johnny, and I was alone—God only knows *how* alone—in the world!

I pass over the next few weeks. My whole life seemed uprooted, and all the fibres were torn as though they could never cling to anything again.

It was strange, too, how continually present with me was the thought of that other little dead child, who might have lived if I had exercised the commonest Christian charity. And there was additional bitterness in knowing that I had refused my darling's last request, 'Give her something, please, dear Mammy.'

There was sharp self-reproach when I thought of this, and the feeling was probably exaggerated, owing to my dispirited state. Still I know now, and shall always feel, that my careless indifference was a sin—one of those 'negligences' from which we pray in the Litany to be delivered. And I could now trace my fault to its true source—my over-fondness for beauty, and my dislike, which I had never tried to repress, of unattractive children. Oh, what miserable thoughts I used to have!

The spring came at last, lovely and bright, and I forced myself to

walk in the country lanes, for the sake of my health, far more than for any enjoyment it was to me. I was, too, painfully reminded of last year, when I had my husband and child with me; now I walked utterly alone. One afternoon I was walking, sadly, as usual, when a little blue-coated procession, in two orderly files, passed me briskly on the high road. A glance was enough to tell me these were the union children, and the sight of them reminded me anew of my visit to the workhouse that sad morning, and brought the whole story back vividly to my mind. Still I looked at them with only a faint interest, for I felt a dull indifference to everything, my heart was so heavy and sad.

But as they passed along, the last child turned and looked at me. What did I see under the large blue-ribboned workhouse bonnet? Surely the face of the little ugly girl!

It was a sudden shock, and I started violently, my first impulse being to put out my hand and detain the child; but she passed on, and I heard the mistress say, 'Brushwood, keep up with the others, and don't stare about, child.'

Brushwood? Surely that was the name I had heard when my husband asked the porter about the dead child! And the likeness was wonderful; for I had never forgotten the little face smiling at my Johnny. A ray of hope darted through me that the child was not dead after all, that my negligence had not been fatal, that the whole had been a mistake. The thought roused me up, and kindled the first spark of interest I had felt in anything for many weeks. I must discover the truth, and set the matter at rest, one way or another.

The next day I went to the workhouse, and soon found myself inside the clean, bare, whitewashed schoolroom. I looked eagerly at the little cropped heads bending over slates, but they were too well-drilled to look up, or at least to cast more than a furtive glance at the strange lady in mourning. I suppose I said something about Brushwood, for the civil, trim, alert mistress seized on the name at once, and went on glibly,—

'Brushwood? Oh, yes, ma'am—Ellen and Tommy' (here she tapped two of the heads); then, in a lower tone, 'Their mother deserted them, and the father died soon after. They were sadly neglected when they came here, and almost starving. Ellen is always a fretful little thing, but Tommy is quiet and contented enough now he's plenty to eat.'

'Did a child of the same name die—was found dead, I mean?' for still I could not understand the mystery.

'I do not know,' said the mistress, who evidently was not interested beyond her own department, and knew nothing of what took place outside the 'House.'

I made a last attempt. 'May the little girl come here?' I asked.

'Certainly, ma'am;' and the little blue-frocked form slid down from the bench, and again I had turned to me the face of the little ugly girl.

I knelt on the floor, and she came close to me.

'Had you ever a little sister?' I asked, hurriedly, for I was near crying.

'Yes, ma'am,' said the child, directly; 'Ada, and she's dead.'

In the meantime the mistress had gone out of the room, to try and get the information I wanted from the porter. When she returned, all was easily explained.

Ada Brushwood was dead, but her sister Ellen, a year older, and extremely like her, had been taken with her little brother to the union when their father died, soon after the miserable mother deserted her two remaining children. Poor little Ellen! She was quite as ugly as her sister; but that never struck me now. I only seemed to hear my darling saying, 'Poor little girl, give her something, mammy.' Ah, it was too late, for what, what could I give even this one now? She was fed and clothed by the rates, and what more did she want?

But the question was settled in a very unexpected way. Suddenly little Ellen put her cheek against mine, for I was still kneeling on the floor by her side. Her touch thrilled all through me, for no child's face had touched mine since my darling died. I almost recoiled the first moment, then I held out my arms and clasped the child close.

Ah, she was not cold nor hungry in a literal sense, but she was cold for want of love. Love to warm her little heart, and the rates could not give her *that*. Could I love the little forlorn thing? I would try for my darling's sake, and I gave the little face a kiss, greatly to the mistress's surprise.

'Brushwood, go back to your place,' she said, sternly; and then to me, *sotto voce*, 'She's such a strange child, always doing something you do not expect. She'll sit and mope in the corner instead of playing with the others, and never seems contented and happy except when her little brother's near her; but she's very good to him,' the mistress added, with a kind tone in her rather sharp voice.

'I should like to come again, if I may,' said I, 'for I have no children of my own, and I suppose these are motherless children, most of them, are they not?' And as I spoke I looked round the circle of little waifs and strays, who sat so prim and sedate, and in their short-sleeved blue frocks and neat checked pinafores, all precisely alike.

'Oh yes; here is a list if you would like to see it.'

I glanced down the page. 'Parents dead; parents not heard of; mother dead; father in lunatic asylum;' and, almost saddest of all, 'mother in prison.'

My heart was strangely thrilled and touched. Had God sent me some work to do for Him among these orphans? At least I would try to do something, though what I hardly knew. The resolution was the first I had made for a long time, and it seemed to brace me. I bade the mistress and children good-bye, and, as I went home, the aching void in my heart seemed a little lessened, for I felt I had an object in life now, if only to try and repair my fault.

A few days later I had become one of Miss Meldon's association for workhouse visiting, and I had gladly received the children as my charge. It was on a Sunday afternoon that I paid my next visit, and I begged the tired mistress to refresh herself with a walk, as I felt quite sure I should improve my acquaintance with the children better if her eye were not upon us, as I had no great confidence in my own powers.

I sat down and they clustered round me, and I took the youngest, a chubby thing of two, on my lap. At first they were amused enough with handling my jet chain, hearing my watch tick, and looking at the contents of my pocket, for even a pocket-pincushion was a startling novelty to them. Then I began telling them a Bible story about Joseph and his brethren, and they listened quietly, but evidently without much interest. There was no answering look on the faces, and at last I guessed the truth that many of the details of the story so interesting to most children, conveyed to these no ideas whatever, owing to their strangely limited experience of life. For instance, when I was trying to explain what merchants were, and said—

'You all know what it is to buy and sell in a shop,' there was only half-comprehension in their eyes, and I strongly suspected that hardly one of the whole number knew what the inside of an ordinary shop was like, except little Ellen who had entered the school later in her life, though even her recollections were growing indistinct. It was the same with New Testament stories. When I told of our Blessed Saviour's birth, how He was laid in a manger, not one of the children had ever seen a manger, or knew its use in real life. And an angel was merely a word to them, and nothing more, nobody had ever seen a picture, or carved image of one, and I did not find my attempts at description were successful; they were soon weary, and my words fell flat, which made me feel disappointed and discouraged.

In desperation, Sunday though it was, I thought I would try a secular story. What would they say to the time-honoured *Three Cakes*? I told it as graphically as I could, but the same kind of difficulty occurred perpetually. Harry's mother was to them a dim, indistinct being of another sphere, and the cook who had such liberal ideas about citron and orange-peel was not the delightful personage she is to ordinary child minds, simply because, in their workhouse life, they had not the slightest acquaintance either with cooks or the manufacture of cakes. Thus I found myself continually stopping to explain, and children are impatient of explanations, and love an unmixed 'story.'

Still it was a happy afternoon to me, for I felt I had made a beginning; and when I reached home I had occupation enough in writing down the names, trying to fit names and faces together in my mind, and in planning an order for a brilliantly-coloured series of scripture pictures, which I settled I would take with me next time.

I suppose I must have looked brighter, for when I met Mr. Trevor a few days after, he said—

'You need not tell me, Mrs. Cardyce; I know you have got something to interest you.'

And when I told him about the workhouse children, he said—

'Thank God. I don't know whether I am most glad for their sake or yours. They do indeed want love; it is *the* need of that routine life, and children's hearts are starved without it.'

Some little time after I told him the whole story, and I remember well his words—

'Yes, God's lessons are sometimes sharp, but they wake us out of our apathy; and if we accept them humbly, the healing is sure to come. Perhaps in some cases the healing is work to do for Him, if only we come to His Cross for it, just as Mary and St. John came in their utter desolation, and He gave them the blessed work of comforting each other. You have these children to love and comfort for Him, and that must be blessed work, perhaps more in the spirit of Christ than any other. How a deserted child would have stirred His Divine compassion, or rather does stir it, for He is our pitying Lord now and for ever.'

I felt very much cheered, and thanked Mr. Trevor warmly, and yet I felt humbled and almost fearful less I should not be tender and loving enough. But I would try my best, and I remembered a bracing word of advice I had seen somewhere, 'If your work is to be worth anything, leave self out of the question.' Then I began to see how selfish I had been, even in my grief, and how it had been self-pity all these weeks, not *acceptance* of the cross laid on me. A mist seemed cleared away now, and I came out, not indeed into the sunshine, but into a clearer twilight than I should have thought possible a few days before.

The next Sunday I went to the school again, and established myself with the children round me, little Ellen Brushwood edging the closest of all, and slipping her little hand into mine. The first picture I showed them was one of our Saviour as a babe in the manger, and this they almost devoured with their eager eyes.

'Why, He were as little as Tommy;' Tommy being the youngest there, and almost a baby.

'Did He ever cry?' they asked.

'Yes; He was sorry sometimes, just as you are.'

'And what a bootiful dress,' pointing to the Virgin's brightly-coloured robe.

I let them admire to their hearts' content before attempting any teaching, believing the picture would speak for itself. Then I taught them the hymn—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

Upon which one remarked—

'And He was a little child once,' showing that the idea of our Saviour's childhood had come home to them.

They were not ignorant, for they had regular religious instruction, only it was all unbending system, facts were duly instilled, but the imagination, always so strong in children, had no room to expand. It was a perpetual boarding-school life, only far more monotonous than any boarding-school: no holidays, no letters from home, indeed the word home had no meaning for them. They would never know the small everyday drama of cottage life, father coming home from work with his little bit of news, mother rocking the baby by the fire, the kiss and good-night. I was sad when I thought of all this, yet when the boarding-out system was proposed as an infallible remedy for the present evils, I have doubted whether the sacred thing Home can be artificially made. For orphan children, who cannot have real homes, a school-life is not amiss in itself. They are brought up to be clean, neat, and orderly; they are regularly taught, and they miss the roughness and coarseness that is the worst side of cottage life. It is love and tenderness alone that are wanting, and why should not the children have these too, considering the number of women there are in most towns, whose affections are running to waste for want of an object to expend them upon. I do not know whether I am right. I am after all arguing, as most women argue, on personal grounds, and my own experience is of early autumn. Only it seems to me, why should we burden working mothers with additional children, when there are many educated, well-to-do women, who might care for these orphans if they would. But I am wandering sadly from my own little flock, whom I left admiring my Sunday pictures.

After the pictures, we had singing—*Once in Royal David's City*—and though the voices were shrill and chirpy, it was on the whole a very successful performance. I suppose we sang Tommy to sleep, for his head dropped on my shoulder, and I had to lay him on the floor. Poor little man, his hand clutched my finger so tightly in his sleep, that I could hardly draw it away; and I thought with a pang of the many times my darling had done the same. But I dashed away the tears that would come to my eyes, and then I rose to bid them good-bye. Still I could not go at once, for a dozen little hands hung on my dress, and I was a prisoner for several minutes more, until at last I tore myself away.

As I sat at my solitary tea that evening, I pondered what could be done to remedy their wonderful ignorance of ordinary life. How could the gulf be bridged over that separated them from the everyday world? One day they would have to enter upon it, and from their very ignorance they would be likely to be led astray. And then I sadly reflected—Suppose they do go wrong in after life, who would care? *They belonged to nobody*, when they had been turned out old enough and strong enough to earn their own living. But the present question was—What could *I* do for these children, to show them what home is, and to give them associations beyond that whitewashed schoolroom and dull routine life? Suddenly a thought struck me,

and I almost started up. 'I'll have them here sometimes,' I exclaimed aloud; 'and I'll show them my house, and give them tea, and make them feel a little bit at home.'

It was a hastily-conceived resolution, but, on sober reflection, there did not seem to be any real objection to the plan. I live alone with one good-tempered old maid-servant, who is never worried by children, and the trouble would be nothing to either of us. In a day or two I went to the matron, and formally asked leave for six of the children to come to tea with me the following Tuesday, specifying that Ellen Brushwood might be one of them.

Permission was graciously given, though I suspected not a little surprise at my request; and when I told the children themselves their eyes opened very wide, an invitation being evidently so new a thing that they hardly knew whether it was delightful or not, much as a proposed trip to the moon would sound to ordinary children's ears!

They came, and were dreadfully shy at first, but soon their wonderment swallowed up their shyness. My sitting-room was a new world to them; and the tour we made round it I took care to prolong, as I feared the time might hang heavily on my little guests' hands. But I soon saw there was no fear of that, the tea came all too soon. I tried to make the meal as *al fresco* as I could, so I sent one for the kettle, and instructed her how to boil it, while the others helped me to cut bread and jam, at some risk of their fingers, it must be confessed; but how were they to learn the use of knives without an apprenticeship in the art?

They were quiet and well-behaved enough, workhouse *etiquette* rigidly exacting 'Thank you,' oft-repeated; but I did long to hear the sober little things laugh. I had my wish, for when their hearts were warmed with tea, and little Ellen said suddenly, 'Is jam made of *apples?*' there was a little bubble of laughter all round, which was the most natural sound I had heard yet.

After tea, I took them over the house Simply as it is furnished, it seemed absolutely full of strange and wonderful sights to them. A box-pincushion on my dressing-table was as good as a conjuring trick, and a little cabinet of shells with many drawers was a delightful marvel. I paused before one door—it was that of my child's nursery. It was very sacred to me; should I show it? Ah, what good are dead memories to us, unless they are a link with the 'living present'? I turned the key, and led in the little troop of children. His little bed was in one corner, his rocking-horse, his tiny chair; in the middle of the room, a little table with my Bible and Prayer-book on it; for I love to say my prayers here, and to fancy that when I am drawing near to my Father, the angel presence is helping me, and lifting me upward. It may be fanciful, but it is a fancy very deep down in my heart; and perhaps some people would wonder that I could let little pauper children come into this room, that is to me so full of holy memories. But when the little feet pattered in, I did not repent, but

I thought Johnny might be smiling down at them, and rejoicing because they were glad.

I sat down and gathered the children round me, and told them about the child who lived here once, and how God had taken him to live in a beautiful home, and how they must all try and follow him there.

They were hushed and awed, and nobody spoke, until at last little Ellen said, 'My sister is in Heaven; perhaps she and the little boy have met each other.' I could only answer with a kiss, but I felt at that moment as though the soreness of my heart were well-nigh healed.

The children come to me once or twice a week; and now that the weather is warm enough, we very often have a pic-nic on the downs. It does my heart good to see the town-bred little things clambering about to their hearts' content, and free from the strict workhouse rule for one day at least. I still go every Sunday to teach them, but I want most of all to be their playfellow and friend, and to win their confidence, so that in after years, when they leave the workhouse, they may feel that there is at least one person in the world who cares for them, who would be grieved and sorrowful if they did wrong. I think I am rewarded already, by feeling that the children do begin to love me a little.

Ellen has become a talkative little girl, and always walks along holding my hand. By degrees I have had told to me all she remembers of her sad home. The drunken mother had beaten Ada, and turned her out of doors that snowy day, and bid her come back if she dared! She was beside herself with drink, for in her sober moments she seems to have been not wholly unkind. Then she fell heavily asleep, and forgot everything, and the neighbours thought Ada had only run out to play, and would be back by night as usual. She must have lost her way near our house, and then came the cruel cold night from which I might have saved her! Ellen remembers the lonely misery of that night, for the little sisters had never been separated. In the morning the mother was sobered by hearing of her child's body being found, and the wretched woman was seized with fearful remorse, and soon after went away secretly in the night. Her fate has never been known, but that she is dead there can be but little doubt.

'Did you see Ada that day, ma'am?' Ellen asked once, for she had a perception that I was interested in her sister, though she did not know why.

'Yes, dear,' I answered calmly; 'she saw my dear little boy the last day he was well, and he wanted me to give her something, but I cannot do that now.'

Then, after a pause, I said, 'Ellen, some day you must be my little maid, and live with me, and we will help each other to remember Johnny and Ada, shall we?'

Ellen did not answer; she only squeezed my hand; but her face was all one bright smile.

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEPTUAGESIMA IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THESE recollections of my Transatlantic Holy Days were commenced while I yet lived and wrote beneath a tropical sky, but their completion must be carried on in less genial latitudes; and I have a special pleasure in recalling the season of Septuagesima, as the only one which recurred four times ere I quitted the New World. The first year I spent it at Palmeiras, in Brazil; the second and third, at Monte Video; and the fourth at Buenos Ayres, where Septuagesima Sunday was my last upon *terra firma* before sailing for England. And but a very few reminiscences of each will, I fear, fully occupy our space this month.

Of Palmeiras let us speak first. This place is a tiny station on the 'Ferro Carril de Don Pedro Segundo,' boasting of neither town nor village, but only a few dwelling-houses clustered near the line, and one good-sized hotel built upon the hill above. The houses belong chiefly to an enterprising Scotch doctor, who, deterred by the exclusiveness of Brazilian etiquette from practising medicine in the country, turned his attention to philanthropic pursuits of various descriptions, and, amongst others, to the purchase of slaves in order to let them work out their own freedom. Accordingly most of the domestics on his establishment are blacks, half or wholly self-emancipated by this benevolent but somewhat Quixotic arrangement: in fact, the one *bona fide slave* on the premises is the much-tried and most enduring lady of the house, whose daily martyrdoms, between the shortcomings of the servants and her own exquisitely refined aspirations after cleanliness and order, deserve canonisation. And to convince my readers that I am *not* guilty of using the word 'martyrdom' lightly in this case, I feel constrained to tell a little incident which occurred the first Sunday morning of my visit. The acting housemaid was a burly negress, who resided at her little cottage a few yards from the house, and came over daily for the performance of her duties at an early hour. She was—I regret to have to mention it—a great drunkard, and had upon this morning come to her mistress with a doleful story of her bad health, which being entirely caused by her own intemperance, Mrs. —— took occasion to administer a much-needed homily thereupon. She then gave the medicine required, which happened to be a dose of tartar emetic, and straitly charged her to *go home and take it*, and repose a little before returning to her domestic avocations. But the woman was much offended at being rebuked, and deliberately revenged herself by swallowing the emetic as soon as she got into the veranda outside the library window! . . . I forbear to pursue the subject; but appeal to my readers as to what manner of

praise a Scotch lady deserves for making the best of, and doing the best for, a set of such servants as *that?* I should like to record the least apparent good result among the darkies in return for all her devotion to their welfare; but am bound to confess that she herself always frankly averred they grew every year more idle, lying, thieving, and disobedient. *A scheme founded upon a deliberate infraction of the laws of one's own country* commences under *bad auspices.* And the more one sees of slavery and the slave-trade, the more one values the positive prohibition against British subjects buying their sable fellow-creatures for any pretext whatsoever; but that it is a law constantly infringed or evaded by Englishmen abroad, is matter of notoriety. I met plenty of my countrymen who owned slaves, either in the name of a foreign wife, or even openly in their own; and it is a positive satisfaction to add, that an avenging Nemesis of inconvenience, discomfort, and yet more serious evils was easily discernible overtaking the domestic economy of all such households. Traffic in suffering humanity is a kind of 'pitch' that *burns* as well as 'defiles' every sacrilegious hand that touches it; and to reverence the memory of Wilberforce and his colleagues aright (for their efforts at prompt as well as utter national renunciation of this truly 'accursed thing'), one must have beheld it with one's own eyes and near at hand—*seen* its loathsome corruption of national morals, its essential *depravation* of owner and slave alike. I have the *look* of slavery yet before me, reader, while I write these seemingly harsh words—a look you have never imagined; a despair in the men's eyes, a brutal degradation on the faces of the women—which I never again can forget. It haunted my entire stay in Brazil with a pitiful pain; the recollection of it was strongly upon me as I stood reverently before that quaint, gentle face in Westminster Abbey, the effigy of the man who made it his life-work to rid England from so vile a system.*

But to return to Palmeiras, which has pleasanter memories for me than these, and most especially of the kind hospitality and cultivated society of its gentle Chatelaine, who contrives to make it a most delightful place of sojourn for her guests, spite of all her own difficulties with the domestic executive. It was my good fortune to spend Septuagesima Sunday there, as I have said, and to have the privilege of playing the chaunts and hymn-tunes at the little service held in her drawing-room for the benefit of such few English as were staying near. The place itself is more beautiful than I know how to describe. It stands about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and looks down a long vista of richly-wooded valleys, terminating in the Sierra de Mar, with a streak of silver, marking the line of ocean, visible from its higher ground. If I were to tell you of its flowers, humming-birds, and fire-flies—its transcendently glorious sunsets and thunder-storms—the

* The present Emperor of Brazil has done his utmost for the slaves in his dominions, and, in fact, within the expiration of a very few years now, slavery will cease in that country altogether.

magnificence of its virgin forest, and the unearthly beauty of its 'air-plants' and other orchids—you would probably hold me guilty of exaggerative word-painting just when I described most accurately what I saw there. And I must hurry away from the remembrance of its beauties, to speak of my last weeks before Lent in the River Plate during the two following years.

It is of course needless to remind you that 'Carnival' is kept up in South America even more than upon the European continent, or that it dates, properly speaking, from Quinquagesima Sunday to the dawn of Ash Wednesday. It is, however, continued to a certain extent beyond that date, the following Sunday being kept as 'Morto del Carnival,' and mock funeral processions parading the streets in some places upon that day, for make-believe obsequies of the expired festival; and for weeks beforehand the shop windows are filled with masks, dominoes, squirts, or boxes full of 'Rimmel's scent-fountains,' &c., &c., in readiness for the approaching fun. My first acquaintance therewith was the receiving a perfect drenching of perfume over my shoulders (walking down the street one evening with a friend) from some amiable Monte Videan standing at his or her doorway as we passed. This, I was informed, 'was only Carnival!'—albeit it was several days before the real commencement—and I was further given to understand how fortunate I might consider myself not to have received the fragrant shower in my eyes, which are the favourite point of aim! However, on that occasion I gained little further knowledge of the gay doings, as illness kept me almost entirely to the house until they were over that year, and but few *comparses*) (troops of masquers) came through our quiet street. Single dominoes occasionally traversed it on their way elsewhere, and I was unpleasantly struck by the number of them who had selected for their disguise a representation of the devil, with horns, trailing tail, and brandished fork! Being far from well at the time, I frankly confess that the continual recurrence of so hideous an apparition fairly shook my nerves, and I failed to see anything in the least comic therein. Next year I went with a large party of friends into town one of the first evenings of the Carnival, and found the scene in the Plaça and principal streets very *bizarre* and amusing. Brilliantly lighted, and swarming with masquers in every variety of gaudy costume, they presented an appearance utterly different from aught to be seen in sober Albion, while gay *badinage* of all sorts passed from mouth to mouth as the crowds passed good-humouredly along. We all got well besprinkled with scent, but I had learned the correct mode of 'ducking' to save one's eyes, and escaped without inconvenience. (I have known an English lady to be nearly blind for a week after Carnival from the effect of scents aimed at the eyes.) The 'Water Carnival,' still popular at Buenos Ayres, has been prohibited in Monte Video: according to its customs, the pastime was to pour or squirt deluges of water down upon the people in the street from windows

above, fill paper bags with water and throw them on to the heads of passers-by, &c. &c. The English chaplain told me that when he went to hold service in the camp * on Quinquagesima Sunday one year, squirts of scent were put into vigorous use the moment service was over among the congregation; and in 1875 the morning service at the English church in Monte Video was obliged to be held at eight o'clock in the morning, as no congregation could possibly have assembled in comfort later, on account of the state of the streets, while the evensong had to be given up altogether. Well I remember that Sunday morning's early worship. We lived at some distance from the Calle Trinte-y-trez, and were obliged to breakfast at half-past six in order to be in time; and somehow S. Paul's definition of that which is 'the very bond of peace and of all virtues,' and the Quinquagesima Collect beseeching its bestowal, are eternally associated in my mind with the freshness of the morning air and sunshine as we drove through the yet quiet streets on our way to and from church. Something in the restful brightness and quietness and Sabbath calm harmonised most fitly with the day's services, and their promise of that time when we shall see 'face to face, and know even as we are known.'

I did not remain long enough in the Argentine Republic to witness a Carnival there, but on Septuagesima Sunday I was in Buenos Ayres, and able to attend the beautiful little church where Dr. Smith officiates. It has recently been restored, and is all that could be wished for order, good taste, and comfort, with the advantage of remarkably good choral music. Of Dr. Smith's sermons I have had occasion to speak already, nor was the one preached upon this occasion any exception to the general rule, his subject being the analogy between creation and the new creation in the Christian soul. And you, reader, who listened to the Septuagesima Lesson in the safe security of the home circle, picture to yourself how it must have fallen upon the ears of one who, in but few hours' time, was to set forth upon the wide ocean, cross its depths ere home could be reached, and place them as a 'great gulf fixed' between dear friendships for life!

'And there was no more sea . . . . no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. . . . . He that overcometh shall inherit these things!' † . . . .

Was not that a beautiful motto wherewith to brace one for a long farewell? But these seeming coincidences are among the privileges of Church membership, doubled in their preciousness by the thought that they are shared by every fellow-worshipper separated from us as to time or place.

* Camp signifies open country,—*campo*,—not an encampment, on the River Plate.

† See marginal reading of Rev. xxi. 7.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1878.

ON THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

To that green hill, the shepherds' haunt,
Why speed the children's feet?
And who the youth that sits alone,
The clamourous flock to greet?

His hands are laid above their heads,
Their faces at his knee:
His looks are looks of love; yet seem
Something beyond to see.

The simple townsmen cross the hill,
And bid the throng away,
'Nor press around the stranger youth,
Nor in the fold delay.'

As one who smiles and wakes, he lifts
A child upon his knee:
'God's kingdom is of such as these;
So let them come to me.'

—Ah, Lord and Christ! Thy perfect heart
No fond excess could touch!
But man's best strength is feebleness,
And we may love too much!

Yet maim'd the man, or poor in blood,
Who glows not with delight
Whene'er the little ones go by
In casual daily sight;

Or when the child at mother's knee,
His altar, lisps a prayer,
And perfect faith, and utter love,
And Christ Himself, is there;

Or when the little hands are clasp'd
To beg some baby grace,
And all the beauty of the dawn
Comes rose-red o'er the face;

Or when some elder one to learn
Her smaller sister wiles,
And two bright heads o'ershade the book;
Half study, and half smiles.

—Ah, Lord and Christ! Thy perfect heart
No fond excess could touch!
Yet when that innocence we view,
How can we love too much?

They twine around our heart of hearts;
Their spell we seek in vain;—
Go, ask the linnet why he sings,—
He can but sing again!

To winter-life their bloom and breath
Recall a later spring,
O dewy roses of the dawn,
Fresh from God's gardening!

Earth's treasures waste with use; but Thine,
O Lord! by lessening grow;
From love's pure fount the more we take
The more the waters flow.

How should we prize the things unseen,
Not prizing what we see?
How turn away Thy little ones
Without forbidding Thee?

The Shepherd wills not we should stint
Or count our kisses o'er;
Nor bids us love His lambs the less,
But Him who loves them, more.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

January, 1878.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER IX.

S. JUSTIN, originally a Platonic philosopher, was a native of Flavia Neapolis, a town of Greek population and language on the site of the ancient Sychem in Samaria. He was not only one of the most learned, but also one of the earliest, writers of the Eastern Church, 'not long after the Apostles,' as Eusebius says of him—'and near to them both in time and virtue,' adds Methodius, Bishop of Tyre. In his dialogue with the Jew, Trypho, S. Justin, has given us an insight into the progress of his religious opinions. At the time of his conversion, he was a Platonic philosopher, having before made proof of the Stoic and Pythagorean schools of thought, then popular as forms of Greek philosophy, but failing to be satisfied with either. The assumption and dogmatism of the Stoics helped, no doubt, to disgust him, and to induce him to seek a third master in the school of Plato. Here S. Justin thought to have found a very treasure of wisdom; and to some extent he had certainly reason for his joy, for he had advanced nearer to the true principle of natural religion. Still his position was dangerous in the extreme, for at the very same point at which he came into contact with Christianity, numbers of gifted men were launching out upon a wild course of opinions which had nothing to do with the Gospel. At this juncture, what seemed a mere accident turned the whole current of S. Justin's life; for a series of incidents took place which all materially assisted in helping him to look favourably upon the cause of Christianity. The Christians in Palestine were suffering considerably by the rebellion of Barcochebas, or the Son of the Star. Justin, who had resolved to give himself up for some time to solitude and contemplation, was taking a walk one day by the sea-coast, full of himself, and inflated with the knowledge he had acquired, when he was disturbed in his soliloquy by the presence of an old man, of mild and reverend appearance, who fell into discourse with him. S. Justin, astonished to find that any one had followed him to his solitude, stopped short to look at the old man, who asked the reason. 'I am wondering,' replied S. Justin, 'what brought you here?' 'It is because of my anxiety for some friends who are travelling. I came to seek some news of them, and to see if I could find them in any part. But you—what brings you to this solitude?' S. Justin then told him that it was with a view of giving himself more especially to philosophical meditations. The conversation between them was concerning the excellency of philosophy in general, and of

Platonism in particular, which to S. Justin then seemed the only way to happiness and to the knowledge of God.

The old man, in reply, assured him that his studies hitherto had been unpractical and useless; for that, long before the philosophers of whom he boasted, there had been certain blessed and holy men, lovers of God, called prophets, who foretold things which have since come to pass, and who alone understood the truth, and declared it to the world.

After the old man had explained that these prophets attested the faithfulness and integrity of their predictions by the miracles which they wrought, magnifying God, the Great Creator of the world, and publishing His Son Christ to the world, he concluded his conversation with this advice: 'But as for thyself, above all things pray that the gates of light may be set open to thee; for these are not things discerned and understood by all, unless God and Christ grant to a man the knowledge of them.' The old man then departed from him.

From the course of reading thus suggested to S. Justin, convictions arose which were strengthened by the events then taking place. After witnessing the heroic constancy with which the Christians who were suffering in Palestine met their death, because they would not acknowledge Barcochebas, he confesses the great change wrought in him by their fearless and undaunted courage. 'For my own part,' says he, 'being yet detained under the Platonic institutions, when I heard the Christians traduced and reproached, and yet saw them fearlessly rushing into death, and venturing upon all those things that are accounted most dreadful and amazing to human nature, I concluded with myself it was impossible that those men should wallow in vice, and be carried away with the love of lust and pleasure.' And on another occasion he remarks, 'It is evident that no one can terrify or enslave those who have believed in Jesus. For when condemned to be beheaded, to be crucified, to be cast to wild beasts, into chains or the flames, or to be otherwise tortured, they never swerve from the profession of their faith. Nay, the more frequently such punishments are inflicted, the greater the addition to the faithful and pious believers in the name of Jesus; as, when you cut off the fruit-bearing parts of the vine, it puts forth other flourishing and more fruitful branches.' Thus he exchanged for the dreams of the philosopher the study of the prophets. He had to give up all that had been engrossing his mind for years, and to overcome all the obstacles that lay in his path. Ere long he found that what to the world was foolishness was wisdom and truth indeed. Very joyfully did he join afterwards in the assemblies of the Christians, 'who had turned from dumb idols to serve the living God.'

The Gentiles were not a little sorry to lose so useful and eminent a person, we may be sure, and finding that their curiosity was aroused as

to the causes of his conversion, S. Justin wrote to them as follows:—'Think not, O ye Greeks, that I have rashly and without any deliberation departed from the rites of your religion; for I could find nothing in it really sacred and worthy of the Divine acceptance. Your faith, according to your poets, is a monument of nothing but madness and intemperance; and a man can no sooner apply himself even to the most learned among you for instruction than he becomes entangled in a thousand difficulties, and is the most confused man in the world.' S. Justin concludes his address with these words:—'Come hither, O ye Greeks, and partake of a most incomparable wisdom, and be instructed in a Divine religion, and acquaint yourselves with an Immortal King.' Such a convert was not likely to remain long in obscurity; although he had laid aside his former profession, we find him travelling to Rome, where he established a school of Christian philosophy, still preaching and defending the Christian religion in his old garb, the pallium or cloak, which was the usual badge of a Greek philosopher. Indeed all his time was now given to the Church. Henceforward we find him 'earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints,' not only by teaching orally, but in his writings. The poison first introduced by Simon Magus had been intensified by Marcion, for whose confutation S. Justin availed himself of those stores of philosophy with which he had made himself acquainted in earlier years.

His first apology contains a bold remonstrance against the iniquity of persecuting Christians for their religion, while all others were allowed to worship and believe as each thought best. Living so nearly to the apostolic age, it is very important to remark his appeals to the evidence of miracles and prophecy, as well as to the consistent lives of the Christians, their love even for their enemies, their disinterestedness, their firmness in confessing the faith, their patience in suffering for it. 'No one,' says he, 'had ever believed Socrates in such a manner as to die for his philosophy, but multitudes even in the lowest ranks had braved danger and death in the cause of Christ.' He defends also the Christians from the common objections of their enemies, proves the divinity of the Christian faith, and shows how unjust it was to proceed against them without their being convicted by the law. S. Justin presented to the emperor, Antoninus Pius, and to the senate and people of Rome this apology about the year A.D. 150. Very shortly afterwards, moved either by the apology or by the information that he had received from other parts of the empire, the emperor gave orders that 'if any shall still go on to create them trouble, merely because they are Christians, let him that is indicted be discharged, although it appear that he be a Christian, and let the informer himself undergo the punishment.' We next read of S. Justin at Ephesus, where he encountered the Jew Trypho, his dialogue with whom is one of the longest and most

elaborate of his writings; it is devoted to the rebuking, and confounding, and controverting of the Jews, as well as to the relation of the progress of his religious opinions. The conference ended in the Jew acknowledging himself highly pleased with the discourse, and begging the friendship of S. Justin.

S. Justin fell into dispute with a philosopher, Crescens, who had employed himself in railing against the Christians, 'denouncing in public as impious men and atheists the Christians of whom he knows nothing, indulging in his misrepresentations for the mere gratification of the crowd.' The zeal of S. Justin excited the rage of Crescens, who lost no opportunity of bringing him under the notice of the emperor, who, though a philosopher, was withal a maintainer of Pagan rites. S. Justin's belief in the doctrines for which he had abandoned the Gentile philosophy was to be soon ratified by his blood, and the title of philosopher exchanged for that of Martyr. With six others he was brought before the tribunal of Rusticus, the Pretorian Prefect. On being commanded in the usual form to worship the gods and obey the emperor he answered with an avowal of Christianity; upon which the prefect, turning to him, remarked—'Hark, thou that hast the reputation of eloquence and thinkest that thou holdest the truth, if thou shalt be scourged and beheaded, art thou persuaded that thou wilt go up to Heaven?' Justin answered, 'I hope if I undergo these to receive the same that has already been given to those who have kept the word of Christ, for I well know that Divine Grace is reserved for those who thus live until the end of the world!' 'Do you suppose, then,' said Rusticus, 'that you will go up to Heaven and receive a reward?' 'I not only suppose but know and am fully assured;' to which he again replied:—'Nothing remains for us but to come immediately to the point: sacrifice with one consent to the gods.' Justin answered 'No one in his proper senses falls from piety into impiety.' When the prefect threatened to put him to a cruel death, S. Justin exclaimed, 'It is through a cruel death that we hope and pray to be saved for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, since this will be our salvation and means of confidence before the terrible and more universal tribunal of our Lord and Saviour.' To which sentiment the others assenting in their reply of, 'Do what you will, for we are Christians, and do not sacrifice to idols,' the whole company of faithful witnesses was led to the place of execution and received the crown of martyrdom, their bodies being taken up by the Christians and decently interred. As no writer of that day drew a more sarcastic picture of the different sects into which the philosophers were divided, it is little matter for surprise that S. Justin brought down upon himself their especial wrath. Aristotle in his *Metaphysics* tells us 'That the part of a philosopher is to inquire into the real nature of the truth of whatever comes under his consideration.'

Amongst the Christian apologists was one Tatian, a Syriah, a pupil of S. Justin's, and who had a common love with his master for the study of Greek literature, both having enrolled themselves on the list of philosophers, having earnestly sought the truth after being disgusted with the vanity of their former pursuits. That another philosopher should swell the ranks of the Christians was, we may be sure, matter for perplexity and indignation to his late companions. The martyrdom of S. Justin proves to what a successful issue they carried their hatred. By his death, Tatian lost a faithful guide. For a time, however, he succeeded S. Justin in both his oral and written defences of the faith with considerable success, defending Christianity against the usual calumnies which he retorts upon the accusers. Afterwards, alas! he renounced some of the very points on which he had previously insisted. Unlike his master, he lacked meekness of mind and that good sense and judgment which discovers that bounds are set to revelation, the Gospel not solving the problem of the reason of the existence of evil in the world. And so he made shipwreck of his faith and became vain and heretical. He combined the Gospels into one continuous history after the fashion of what we now call a harmony. We learn from Eusebius that Tatian gave this the name of a Diatessaron. By this ingenious device he omitted in the Gospels, without its being very easy for the omission to be recognised, the Genealogies, which declared our Lord to be of the seed of David according to the flesh. So little indeed was this trick suspected that 250 years after Theodoret found about 200 copies of it used by the orthodox in the churches of his diocese. For the future, Tatian was no longer the Christian Apologist, but a teacher of Gnosticism, preaching from province to province, and gaining an unhappy celebrity by founding a new sect, which from the ascetic discipline they enjoined were called Encratites. How or where he died we know not, but let us hope that before his death he repented of the errors into which he had fallen. Of Tatian's many writings his treatise is all that remains to us.

The fourth persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Hadrian, to which we alluded as having been one of the causes that influenced the mind of S. Justin, was only a continuation of the third. The Jews were now dispersed throughout the whole world, especially in Asia and Africa. One of these, Barcochebas (or the Son of the Star), gave himself out to be the Christ, and a general insurrection of the Jews ensued, the Christians suffering severely for refusing to acknowledge him. After a protracted and frightful struggle, and not until after six thousand men had fallen, Jerusalem was utterly destroyed, and the Jews were forbidden to dwell there. Once a year only, on the anniversary of the capture of the city by Titus, were they allowed to visit and mourn over the seat of their fallen greatness. A temple of Jupiter was built over the Holy Sepulchre, and another dedicated to

Venus, occupied the place where the cross had stood. Up to this time, all the Bishops of Jerusalem had been Jews by birth, and so far obedient to the Law as to be circumcised. But when Judas, the fifteenth bishop, died, the Christians judged by the last and utter destruction of Jerusalem, that the Law was abolished: and a Gentile Bishop, named Mark, who would conform to the practice of Gentile Churches, was chosen A.D. 135. The majority of Christians, knowing how much they had suffered from being mixed up with the Jews, intended thus to abandon the Mosaic usages which they had until then retained.

At Tibur or Tivoli, near Rome, the Emperor Hadrian was engaged in building himself a magnificent palace, the remains of which exist to this day. This he wished to dedicate to his gods by offering them sacrifices, and consulting them concerning the stability of this superb edifice. When waiting for a favourable answer, he received the following:—'Prince, we cannot satisfy your curiosity, because you have not used your influence to put a stop to an insult by a Christian widow who invokes her God in our presence. Her name is Symphorosa, and she is the mother of seven sons. Command that she shall offer incense to our gods, and accede to our demands.' The emperor, ever jealous, as we have seen, for his religion, was very indignant at the outrage that had been committed against the gods, ordered that Symphorosa should be seized, with her children.

They were therefore brought before Hadrian, who at first concealed his indignation, and used only flattering words, hoping to induce them to sacrifice to the gods.

S. Symphorosa, full of that God who made her speak, answered the emperor in the following words:—'My lord, I have had for my husband and my brother-in-law, two officers of your army, Getulius and Amatius; both had the honour to command your soldiers; they were tribunes; they have given their lives for Jesus Christ; far rather would these noble athletes have endured a thousand torments than have burnt one single grain of incense before the gods whom you adore. They died after having vanquished the same gods, and if their omission was shameful before men, it was honourable before the angels. They are now crowned with immortal brightness, and follow the great King who reigns above, while they are covered with that glory to which they have been raised by dying for Him.'

Hadrian, stung to the quick by these words, replied, 'Either sacrifice to the gods, or I will give up thee and thy children.'

'And from whom does this happiness come to me,' cried Symphorosa, 'to be able to be sacrificed eight times to my God?' 'I say again to thee,' interrupted Hadrian, 'that I shall sacrifice thee to my gods.' 'Your gods,' replied the holy woman, 'cannot receive me in sacrifice, I am not a victim for them; but if thou orderest me to be burnt for the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord, know that the fire which shall consume

me, will only increase the number of those who shall be executed. You think, no doubt, to terrify me,' continued Symphorosa, 'but your threats will not change my sentiments. I can never be united too soon to my husband, whom you put to death for confessing Jesus Christ. What do you wait for now? Behold me here ready to die also.' Then the emperor commanded that she should be led to the Temple of Hercules, and hung by the hair of her head; but learning that these torments would only serve to strengthen others in the faith, he caused S. Symphorosa to be thrown into the river, with a stone tied round her neck; a kind of martyrdom with which Paul de la Roche's exquisite picture of *Placida* has made us all familiar. The saint's brother, who was one of the consuls at Tibur, drew her from the water, and interred her in a suburb of the town.

The day following S. Symphorosa's martyrdom, Hadrian commanded the seven sons to be brought before him, and, seeing that neither threats nor promises, nor the most frightful display of the torments which were being prepared for them, could destroy the constancy of these noble brothers, or induce them to sacrifice to idols, he had them impaled on seven stakes planted round the Temple of Hercules. Their bodies were thrown next day, by the emperor's orders, into a deep pit.

The Christians availed themselves of this time of peace to render honour to the sacred relics of the martyrs; their remains were religiously inclosed in tombs, and their names inscribed upon them. They are written also in the Book of Life, in characters of light which time can never efface.

Hadrian's name indeed is chiefly immortalised by his architectural works. Amongst the great buildings of Rome, none was more stupendous than his mausoleum, which continued to exist during the middle ages, but was afterwards partially destroyed. It is still the greatest building extant, and its gigantic masses show its original beauty.

To gain any idea of the activity of his mind from the monuments of which he was the author, one must, like him, leave Rome, and travel the world over, visiting, in its turn, every part of the Roman empire. Hadrian, in his wanderings, left traces of his presence everywhere, in bridges, fountains, and edifices of all sorts. He repaired and restored much, and was ever anxious to be doing, and loving to shine. To the regret of every one he destroyed a theatre which Trajan had built in the Campus Martius. Hadrian's curiosity was insatiable. Amongst other things, he is said to have climbed a mountain in the middle of the night to see the sun rise; and to have ascended Mount Etna. Hadrian collected in his villa at Tivoli copies of those things that had struck him most in his travels, especially at Athens, which was to the Romans then very much what Rome is to us now. To the different parts of his villa he gave celebrated names, and the imitations, which

were then modern have in their turn become antiquities which the curious visit with interest.

Hadrian was succeeded by Antoninus, to whom was given the surname of Pius, as well for his devotion to his father-in-law, and adopted father, as for his general good qualities. He is said also to have received the name of Pius from having saved a number of illustrious senators who had been sentenced to death during one Hadrian's fits of insanity.

Antoninus was invested with the imperial purple amidst the joyful acclamations of the capital of the world. He was celebrated for all the attributes which could form the perfect statesman, philosopher, and friend. Rebuilding cities, which had been destroyed in the former reigns, Antoninus relieved also the distresses, and supplied the necessaries of his subjects with his own money. When he heard of conquering heroes, he exclaimed, in the language of Scipio, 'I prefer the life and preservation of one citizen to the death of a hundred enemies.' He was almost the first emperor who reigned without shedding the blood of his citizens, even of his enemies.

Antoninus had, equally with his predecessor Hadrian, and his successor Marcus Aurelius, a great respect for orators and philosophers, to whom he assigned in all parts of the kingdom honours and pensions. It was therefore not surprising that in these reigns a great number of men distinguished for their learning should have flourished. Plutarch, amongst others, has a world-wide celebrity, less as a philosopher than an historian. As a priest of Delphi and Apollo, he showed himself generally a devoted Pagan, while he was occupied entirely in what could bring honour to his native country, Greece. Of the Jews, he speaks only in an uncertain superficial manner. The Christians he ignores entirely. Only in his treatise, where he examines into the reasons why the greater part of the oracles are silent, he reports that under the reign of Tiberius, who took cognizance of the fact, an extraordinary voice was heard, announcing this news to Greece—'The Great Pan is dead,'—and that this announcement was followed by long groans. The date of this event was exactly that of the death of Jesus Christ. Plutarch observes that it is since this time more particularly that the oracles (which fact he attributes to the demons) began to cease.

The Emperor Antoninus died in the year A.D. 161, after having reigned twenty-two years; following the usual custom he was afterwards worshipped as a god. Notwithstanding all his forbearance towards the Christians, the persecutions continued in the provinces and cities, because governors still adhered to their former sanguinary policy against them.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLV.

REFORMATION AND COUNTER-REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

1539—1558.

It was in Tudor times that Ireland began to be the English difficulty. The Plantagenet sovereigns had created it a colony, where the English settlers were constantly struggling with the natives, and there was no other nation who had any interest in its convulsions. But whenever François I. was at war with Henry VIII. it was his interest to foment the discords of Ireland, and though he never gained anything by so doing, the anxiety was perpetual.

Ireland was held by the English kings in virtue of a grant from Pope Adrian IV. to Henry II., as one of the 'isles of the sea' that were considered as the special heritage of the Church, and thus the English king had hitherto been only Lord of Ireland under the Pope. The eastern side of the island round Dublin was the English pale, where dwelt the descendants of the settlers who had come with Earl Strongbow, and had been gradually added to ever since. They spoke English, were ruled by the Lord Deputy, dwelt in castles, and were in the main like the feudal nobility of other places, though with the fierceness and turbulence sure to be acquired in the Irish air. They had Irish followers, who fought in their quarrels and used Irish war cries, and the two most often heard under Henry VIII. were the 'Crom a boo!' of the Fitzgeralds, or Geraldines, of Kildare, and the 'Butler a boo' of the Butlers of Ormond, the last of whom were descended from the sister of Thomas à Becket.

There was a desperate warfare between these two houses in the time of Henry VII., ending in the capture of the Earl of Kildare, who was brought before Henry VII. for trial. The king advised him to obtain able counsel for his defence. 'I will,' said the ready Irishman, grasping the king's hand; 'I take your Grace for my defender against these false knaves.'

He was accused of having burnt Cashel cathedral. 'I did burn the church,' was the answer, 'but it was only because I thought the Bishop was in it'—a defence which much amused the court.

'All Ireland cannot govern this man,' said the Butler party.

'Then he shall govern all Ireland,' said the king, who wanted to keep the Butlers down, and saw capacity in Kildare, who went back as Lord Deputy, and did such good service as to be made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VIII. His son, Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, who married a daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, was one of the most splendid ornaments of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and

was Lord Deputy until the Geraldines of Desmond, head of the other branch of his family, was detected in treasonable correspondence with François I. Kildare eluded chastising him, and though he was forgiven for this, did other actions so wild and arrogant that the representations of the Butlers prevailed, and he was summoned to London to justify himself.

He foolishly left the administration to his son Thomas Fitzgerald, a youth of twenty-two, full of arrogance as to the power of the Geraldines, and so splendid in dress and equipments that he was commonly known as 'the Silken Earl.' On hearing that his father was in the Tower, the youth, at the head of 140 followers, galloped to St. Mary's Abbey, where the Privy Council was assembled, poured forth a torrent of fury against the king, and ended by throwing down the sword of state, and renouncing his allegiance, and defying him.

The Primate, Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, who was also Chancellor, began to remonstrate with him on his fatal folly, but a bard broke forth in a song in honour of the Geraldines, the attendants drowned the Archbishop's voice with their shouts, and the young noble, bursting away, put himself at the head of his followers and ravaged the country round Dublin. Alan, Archbishop of Dublin, fell into the hands of his people, and was dragged before him, as a determined enemy of his family. 'Take away the English churl,' said Thomas, whereupon the prelate was murdered. Otherwise he tried to stop the horrors that were sure to be the consequence of a rising in Ireland. He tried to besiege Dublin, but the new Lord Deputy, Skeffington, arrived with English troops, and he had to flee to the woods, where he made alliance with the O'Neills and O'Connors; but Maynooth, one of his chief fortresses, was betrayed into the hands of the English, and Fitzgerald was obliged to treat with his uncle, Sir Leonard Grey, the English commander, who promised him full safety and protection, but flagrantly violated the oath, and sent him a prisoner to England, where, on his arrival, he found that his father had died of grief at his rebellion.

Henry VIII. commanded the five brothers of Kildare to be seized, and Grey invited them to a banquet, when he had them seized, bound, and shipped off for England. They were all beheaded, together with their nephew, who was the only really guilty person. There was another young brother, named Gerald, only twelve years old, who was sought for, but was protected by an aunt who had married the MacArthy of Munster, and sent off to France. Henry demanded the poor boy as a rebel, but he was handed on to the emperor's dominions, where Cardinal Pole took him into his household and treated him as a son.

So went matters in the English pale. Beyond, the 'mere Irish' stood in about the same relation to the government as do the Kaffirs

of Natal, or the Maoris of New Zealand. The old clans, or, as they were called in Irish-English, septs, remained unbroken, and held their own territories according to the original custom, by which the tribe, not the individual, had a right. The chief knowledge we have of their customs is from *A View of Ireland*, written by the poet Edmund Spenser, in a conversation between two gentlemen, whom he calls Eudoxus and Irenæus. The latter mentions that on the death of the chief of a sept, his successor is elected, 'the eldest and worthiest of his blood.' Then 'they use to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot, whereon he standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient forms and customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then has a wand delivered to him by some whose proper office it is, after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself thrice forward and thrice backward.'

This chief was the former Tanist, elected by the tribe, and a new Tanist was then elected, and made to stand on the stone, so as to be ready to assume the chieftainship on the death of his superior. The chief was called the Oe, or grandson of the great ancestor, whose children the whole sept were, as the O'Neill, descended from Nial of the Nine Hostages, the great family of Ulster, whose badge was the red left hand, and their war-cry '*Lam dearg aboo!*' the cause of the red hand. The Geraldines of Kildare cried '*Crom a boo-a-crom*' (one of their castles) 'for ever!'; those of Kerry, '*Fame buidhe aboo*' (the yellow troop) 'for ever!'; the O'Brien's, '*Lam laider aboo*' (the strong hand) 'for ever!'; the M'Carthys of Desmond, '*Sean alt aboo*' (the old place) 'for ever!'; the De Burghs of Clanricarde, 'The Red Stranger for ever!' the Fitzpatricks, 'Sharp and strong; '*Farragh, farragh!*' or 'Fall on!' was the universal war-cry said to be handed down from the days of Fingal.

Each chief had his bard, whose office it was to sing the deeds of his forefathers and his own, and to incite the clan to battle. They had seldom any castles, but lived in villages built up of timber and turf, the chief's own hall being of no better material, but vast enough to afford board and bed to any number of his followers. The chiefs themselves were like panthers of the wilderness—graceful, noble, and brave, often generous, but with deadly hatred and capable of horrible ferocity, and their followers loved them and hated every hostile clan, and the English above all. Their ground was chiefly pasture land, and they went out with their cattle to the best grazing places, living in bothies, or, as Spenser calls them, 'boolies,' and removing when the grass was exhausted, in consequence of which Spenser considered that 'many great enormities arise unto that commonwealth.'

They wore 'long glibbes,' or curled bushes of hair, hanging down

over their eyes, long shirts of linen dyed with saffron, and mantles. These mantles greatly roused Spenser's ire. 'It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. When it raineth it is his pent-house, when it bloweth it is his tent, when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close, at all times he can use it, never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is serviceable; for in his war that he maketh (if at least it deserves the name of war), when he still flieth from his foe and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which in that country do more annoy the naked rebels when they keep the woods, and do more sharply wound them, than all their enemy's swords or spears, which can seldom come nigh them. Yea, and often times their mantle serveth them, when they are near driven, being wrapped about their left arm instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword, besides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him, for in it he may cleanly convey away any fit pillage that cometh handsomely to him.' It is equally convenient to a bad housewife and inconvenient to a good one, according to Spenser.

He was chiefly bent on making out similarities between the Irish and ancient Scythians, and thus only mentions the customs that serve his purpose, such as the war-cries, the 'keening,' which he calls 'dispaireful outcries,' at burials, the charming of weapons before a battle, the saffron shirts, wicker shields covering the whole body, and the broad swords, and the drinking the blood of their enemies.

He was not much more delighted with the Irish of English descent than with the natives, and those who had adopted Irish names and spoke Erse (as the Mac Mahons, who were once Fitz Urses) displeased him greatly, though he admired their personal beauty and wonderful riding, for they could leap upon a horse in motion without using a stirrup. They wore quilted breastplates instead of armour, and long hose, and their chief force consisted of footmen, called 'galloglasses' (*gall ogla*, English yeoman), who carried axes, and kernes, with the mantle, and a long skene knife, and they, like the native Irish, kept bards, for whom the poet of the *Faery Queene* had little fellow-feeling. For 'a share of a stolen cow,' he says, they will thus vaunt 'a most notorious thief and outlaw.' 'That he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to

defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night and the night was his day; that his music was not the harp nor lays of love, but the cries of the people and the clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death.'

This elegy, it seems, was bought for forty crowns. However, Spenser allows that some of the poetry was 'sprinkled with pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify verse.'

Morality and decency were at the lowest ebb among both natives and English in Ireland. Even when Ireland had been the Isle of Saints, these saints had been of a very strange kind, to judge by their legends, and at the best they had never exercised much influence over the people at large. The country was divided into twenty-six dioceses after the conquest, and sprinkled with abbeys and religious houses, 1,000 in number; but the Bishops were mostly of the soldier kind, the clergy —in these remote regions—very ignorant and irregular in life; and, though the native Irish continued to be baptised, nobody seems to have thought of giving them real religious instruction or making the Latin ritual comprehensible to them. Still they were passionately attached to the old national sanctuaries, where S. Patrick, S. Bridget, S. Kevin, and other saints had lived, where cures were supposed to be wrought, and where the septs had a much cherished right of burial.

When Henry VIII. claimed the supremacy over the English Church he demanded the same acknowledgment from the Irish; but he was opposed by the Primate, Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh and Chancellor. Henry thereupon made George Browne, one of the Reforming clergy, Archbishop of Dublin, and carried through the Irish parliament bills for acknowledging himself, not lord, but king, of Ireland; and the island not only independent spiritually, but temporally, of Rome.

This claim to be king excited the ire of the native chiefs, who considered it to interfere with their freedom. The O'Neil of Ulster set up the red hand, proclaiming himself chief of the north, and wasting the country. When the Lord Deputy, Leonard Gray, would have marched against O'Neil, the Barters refused to follow him, accusing him of the escape of the young Fitzgerald; but he obtained men from Cheshire and also the assistance of a hostile clan from Drogheda, and with these he met O'Neil at Bellishoe, on the borders of Meath, and routed him entirely. But the accusers of Gray prevailed, the jealousy of Henry VIII. was excited, and Leonard was sent to London, where he underwent the usual fate of his family, and was beheaded.

Con O'Neil, who had been persuaded to make his submission, returned, 'richly plated,' *i.e.*, with rich presents, and created Earl of Tyrone, in order to give him a seat in the Irish parliament. He had made it his special request to the king that his illegitimate son, Matthew, who was created Lord Dungannon, should succeed to the earldom, to the exclusion of his legitimate son, Shan, who was then very young. Several other Irish chiefs received peerages, as well as some of the English pale. The O'Byrnes and O'Ferralls, of Wicklow, begged to be taken under the English law, but were refused; but Meath was accepted, and divided into the two counties of East and West Meath. Regulations were put forth forbidding laymen and boys to hold benefices, suppressing the huge trains of idle followers of all noblemen, and likewise forbidding chiefs to have more than twenty cubits of linen in their shirts, or to dye them with saffron.

This was under Sir Antony St. Leger, in 1542, and he further promoted the carrying out of the edicts for the destruction of images and the dissolution of monasteries. Archbishop Browne carried out the enactments with right good will. The staff of S. Patrick, the rood of Ballybogan, the image of our Lady at Trim, and many more like treasures, were publicly burnt, and the same destruction of monasteries went on as in England, within the English pale; but in Tyrone, Tyrconnel, and other regions where English law did not penetrate, the religious orders were undisturbed, and the Irishry for the most part held that the Pope was the true king of Ireland.

Still Henry VIII. had managed to gain sufficient hold of the imaginations of the Irish to prevent either Pope or French king from succeeding in their attempts against him. On the death of Archbishop Cromer he made Primate, George Dowdall, a native of Louth, the ex-Prior of the Crutched Friary of Ardace. Dowdall obtained confirmation from the Pope, and continued to follow the old customs for the short remainder of Henry's reign.

When in the name of Edward VI. Somerset sent orders for the adoption of the English Prayer-book, Dowdall resisted it, giving as one objection, 'then shall every illiterate fellow read mass.' St. Leger replied that there were many priests illiterate enough not to understand their Latin, but now both clergy and people would understand.

Then there was a sharp little dispute between him and the Viceroy on the question whether St. Peter were the head of the Church, ending by the Archbishop rising, with all the Bishops of his province except the English Staples, Bishop of Meath, and quitting the assembly as a protest. There remained the Archbishop of Dublin with his suffragans, and he accepted the new liturgy, saying that he submitted to the king as our Lord to Cæsar. It was used in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, for the first time on Easter-day, 1551, the Archbishop preaching a sermon on the text, 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law.'

Sir Antony St. Leger was recalled, and Sir James Crofts sent out, as being more likely to carry out the changes with a high hand. The clergy who resisted the new edict were deprived, and the troops sent to drive them out plundered their churches. In especial the sanctuary of Clonmacnois, where was a cluster of nine churches, was plundered and laid waste by the garrison of Athlone. It had a cross fifteen feet high, carved out of a single stone, and sculptured with scenes from the life of S. Kieran. Some of the churches had painted windows and considerable treasures, and these were all plundered and dispersed. The sanctuary, like all those strange clusters of shrines among the mountains, was very dear to the Irish. Con O'Neil began to waver in his allegiance; his son Matthew accused him to the deputy, and Sir James Croft threw the old man and his wife into prison, where they died. Shan O'Neil then declared himself Lord of Ulster, fortified a strong island in Tyrone, which he called 'Foogh ni Gall,' or, 'the hatred of the English,' and there reigned like an independent prince. He was an ideal Keltic chief, brave and ferocious—so deadly in his hatred that he hung one of his men for eating English biscuit; treacherous in the true savage fashion, and yet so just that wrong was always redressed in his domains, and so devout and charitable that, whenever he sat down to eat, he always cut off a portion for the poor before touching the food himself, saying that Christ's portion must come first.

The O'Mores and O'Carolls of Leinster had also risen, but Sir James Crofts persuaded their leaders to go to England and lay their grievances before the king. They were thrown into the Tower, where O'More died shortly of grief, while their lands were divided by Somerset's favourites, and their clansmen driven out of Leix and Ofally, whereupon they began a warfare like that of the Red Indians upon the intruding colonists, as deadly and as terrible.

Government proceeded to deprive Archbishop Dowdall, who left the island; the primacy was transferred to Dublin, and Armagh was offered to Turner, who very properly declined, because he said he understood no Irish and should have 'to preach to the walls and stalls.' Cranmer assured him that English was spoken in Ireland, though whether in Armagh he very much doubted; but Turner still refused, and Hugh Goodacre was appointed. To the bishopric of Ossory was appointed John Bale, an Englishman, educated at Cambridge, and so hot a Reformer that he had been obliged to leave England in Henry's time, though Bishop Poynet had brought him back and made him rector of Bishopstoke, near Winchester. He did not choose to receive the wafer bread still used in the Holy Communion, but caused a white loaf of manchet bread to be placed on the altar. A good many clergy were turned out, and others put in their places, with little heed to anything save that they took the oath of supremacy and promised to use the Liturgy, but there was no care

taken to instruct the Irish speakers in what was as incomprehensible as the Latin, and less familiar. Bale knew no Irish, but he preached all round his diocese in English, and was much disturbed that his clergy were in no hurry to accept the Second Book, alleging, as he says, 'the lewd example of the Archbishop of Dublin, which was always slack in things pertaining to God's glory.'

This Bale understood to be bare Calvinism, and this he forced on the unwilling dwellers at S. Canace for the six months till Edward's death, which was only shortly preceded by that of Hugh Goodacre, so that Archbishop Dowdall could return unmolested.

Mary released the unfortunate Irish chiefs who still survived, and restored young Lord Kildare to the honours of the Geraldines. She at once sent permission to restore the mass, though there was no penalty against those who persisted in the English service.

Bishop Bale has left a curious account of the doings at Kilkenny the day the queen was proclaimed. He says:—'What ado I had that day with the prebendaries and priests about wearing the cope, crozier, and mitre in procession, it were too much to write.' He told them these were Mosaic, not Christian, and that ceremonial shadows had departed; and then he preached from the market cross, from Romans xii., while the procession took place, when the chapter caused the mitre and crosier to be borne by 'two disguised priests.' The young men in the forenoon played a tragedy of the promises in the Old Law at the market cross, with organ, plainges, and songs, very aptly. In the afternoon they played a comedy of S. John the Baptist's preachings, 'and the temptations in the wilderness'; but why one was tragedy and the other comedy does not appear.

While he was away for a few days the dean and clergy of Kilkenny took advantage of his absence to restore the old ritual; and it must have been to the great delight of the people, for Bale in great wrath tells how they rang all the bells of the cathedral, minster, and parish churches; how 'they flung up their caps to the battlements of the great temple with smilings and laughings most dissolutely,' and had a grand procession, singing the Latin Litany. 'They chattered it, they chanted it, with great noise and devotion; they banquetted all the day after, for that they were delivered into a warm sun.'

Sir James Crofts was recalled, and Sir Antony St. Leger sent back in his place, affecting much zeal for the queen's religion; but, unfortunately for himself, he had shown equal zeal for that of the late king, and had composed some satirical verses on the doctrine of the mass, which were shown to the queen, in his own handwriting, and destroyed all her confidence in him.

Armagh was restored to the primacy; Archbishop Browne was deposed on account of his having married, and he soon after died. Archbishop Curwen took his place. Bale had given bitter offence by his coarse and almost blasphemous denunciations of what his flock

held most sacred, and an Irish mob attacked him at his house at Bishop's Court, and killed five of his servants. He shut down the iron grate over his door, and defended himself till some soldiers came and escorted him to Dublin, whence, thinking his life still in danger, he fled to Basle; and three more of Edward's Bishops were deposed.

Thomas Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwalter, afterwards Earl of Sussex, came as deputy, to find Shan O'Neil paramount in the north, two O'Briens fighting in North Munster, the Geraldines and Butlers in South Munster, the dispossessed O'Mores marauding in Ofally, the De Burghs fighting one another in Connaught, and 'the Tooles and Kavanaghs cockish in the countie of Dublin, ranging in flocks of seven or eight score.' Their 'cockishness' was soon put down by Ratcliffe's strong hand. He would not listen to the petition of the O'Mores and O'Farrells, but hunted them down with fire and sword, and even changed the names of Ofally and Leix into King's County and Queen's County, with Philipstown and Maryborough for their capitals.

What was possible was done towards restoration of Church property; but there was no persecution. Indeed a whole English congregation came over from Cheshire, with their clergyman, and lived safely in Ireland unmolested. There is a curious story that one Dr. Cole was sent off by the Privy Council in England with despatches, and, halting at Chester, was there visited by the mayor at his lodgings, when, taking a leathern box out of his cloak-bag, he observed, 'Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland.' This was overheard by the good woman of the house, who had a brother at Dublin named John Edmonds, whom she thought in danger of coming under this lash. Therefore she watched her opportunity, and, while the mayor was taking his leave, and the doctor complimenting him down stairs, opened the box, took out the commission, and popped in a sheet of paper inclosing a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. Unsuspecting, Cole brought his box to the Lord Deputy, and the Irish council opened it, expecting to produce the commission for the persecution, and found the knave of clubs grinning in his face.

'Let us have another commission,' said Ratcliffe, 'and shuffle the cards in the meantime.'

Before another commission could be procured from England, Queen Mary was dead.

This story, which comes from *Ware's Annals*, goes on to state that Sussex told Queen Elizabeth the story, and that she was so much obliged to the good woman, Mrs. Mattershed, for saving the lives of her Protestant subjects, as to give her a pension of 40*l.* per annum. It was so unlike Queen Elizabeth to reward any one for tampering with the royal despatches, that we much fear that this casts a doubt upon the story.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BELFOREST MAGNUM BONUM.

MRS. ROBERT BROWNLOW was churched with all the expedition possible, in order that she might not lose the sight of the funeral procession, which would be fully visible from the studio in the top of the tower.

The excitement was increased by invitations to attend the funeral being sent to the colonel and to his two eldest nephews, who were just come home for the holidays, also to their mother to be present at the subsequent reading of the will.

A carriage was sent for her, and she entered it, not knowing or caring to find out what she wished, and haunted by the line, 'Die and endow a college or a cat.'

Allen met her at the front door, whispering—'Did you see, mother, he has still got his ears?' And the thought crossed her—'Will those ears cost us dear?'

She was the only woman present in the library—a large room, but with an atmosphere as if the open air had not been admitted for thirty years, and with an enormous fire, close to which was the arm-chair whither she was marshalled, being introduced to the two solicitors, Mr. Rowse and Mr. Wakefield, who, with Farmer Gould, the Agent Richards, the colonel, and the two boys, made up the audience.

The lawyers explained that the will had been sent home ten years ago from Yucatan, and had ever since been in their hands. Search had been made for a later one, but none had been found, nor did they believe that one could exist.

It was very short. The executors were Charles Rowse and Peter Ball, and the whole property was devised to them, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Brownlow, as trustees for the testator's great-niece, Mrs. Caroline Otway Brownlow, daughter of John and Caroline Allen, and wife of Joseph Brownlow, Esq., F.R.C.S., the income and use thereof to be enjoyed by her during her lifetime; and the property, after her death, to be divided among her children in such proportions as she should direct.

That was all; there was no legacy, no further directions.

'Allow me to congratulate—' began the elder lawyer.

'No—no—oh, stay a bit,' cried she, in breathless dismay and bewilderment; 'It can't be! It can't mean only me. There must be something about Elvira de Menella.'

'I fear there is not,' said Mr. Rowse; 'I could wish my late client had attended more to the claims of justice, and had divided the property, which could well have borne it; but unfortunately it is not so.'

'It is exactly as he led us to expect,' said Mr. Gould. 'We have no right to complain, and very likely the child will be much happier without it. You have a fine family growing up to enjoy it, Mrs. Brownlow, and I am sure no one congratulates you more heartily than I.'

'Don't; it can't be,' cried the heiress, nearly crying, and wringing the old farmer's hand. 'He must have meant Elvira. You know he sent for you. Has everything been hunted over? There must be a later will.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Brownlow,' said the solicitor, 'you may rest assured that full search has been made. Mr. Richards had the same impression, and we have been searching every imaginable receptacle.'

'Besides,' added Colonel Brownlow, 'if he had made another will there would have been witnesses.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Richards; 'but to make matters certain, I wrote to several of the servants to ask whether they remembered any attestation, but no one did; and indeed I doubt whether, after his arrival here, poor Mr. Barnes ever had sustained power enough to have drawn up and executed a will without my assistance, or that of any legal gentleman.'

'It is too hard and unjust,' cried Caroline; 'it cannot be. I must halve it with the child, as if there had been no will at all. Robert! you know that is what your brother would have done.'

'That would be just as well as generous, indeed, if it were practicable,' said Mr. Rowse; 'but unfortunately Colonel Brownlow and myself (for Mr. Ball is dead) are in trust to prevent any such proceeding. All that is in your power is to divide the property among your own family by will, in such proportion as you may think fit.'

'Quite true, my dear sister,' said the colonel, meeting her despairing appealing look, 'as regards the principal, but the ready money at the bank and the income are entirely at your own disposal, and you can, without difficulty, secure a very sufficient compensation to the little girl out of them.'

'No doubt,' said Mr. Rowse.

'You'll let me—you'll let me, Mr. Gould,' implored Caroline; 'you'll let me keep her, and do all I can to make up to her. You see the colonel thinks it is only justice; don't you, Robert?'

'Mrs. Brownlow is quite right,' said the colonel, seeing that her vehemence was a little distrusted; 'it will be only an act of justice to make provision for your granddaughter.'

'I am sure, Colonel Brownlow, nothing can be handsomer than your conduct and Mrs. Brownlow's,' said the old man; 'but I should not

like to take advantage of what she is good enough to say on the spur of the moment, till she has had more time to think it over.'

Therewith he took leave, while Caroline exclaimed—

'I always say there is no truer gentleman in the county than old Mr. Gould. I shall not be satisfied about that will till I have turned everything over and the partners have been written to.'

Again she was assured that she might set her mind at rest, and then the lawyers began to read a statement of the property which made Allen utter, under his breath, an emphatic 'I say!' but his mother hardly took it in. The heated room had affected her from the first, and the bewilderment of the tidings seemed almost to crush her; her heart and temples throbbed, her head ached violently, and while the final words respecting arrangements were passing between the colonel and the lawyers, she was conscious only of a sickening sense of oppression, and a fear of committing the absurdity of fainting.

However, at last her brother-in-law put her into the brougham, desiring the boys to walk home, which they did very willingly, and with a wonderful air of lordship and possession.

'Well, Caroline,' said the colonel, 'I congratulate you on being the richest proprietor in the county.'

'O Robert, don't! If—if,' said a suffocated voice, so miserable that he turned and took her hand kindly, saying—

'My dear sister, this feeling is very—it becomes you well. This is a fearful responsibility.'

She could not answer. She only leant back in the carriage, with closed eyes, and moaned—

'Oh! Joe! Joe!'

'Indeed,' said his brother, greatly touched, 'we want him more than ever.'

He did not try to talk any more to her, and when they reached the Pagoda, all she could do was to hurry up stairs, and, throwing off her bonnet, bury her face in the pillow.

Janet and her aunt both followed, the latter with kind and tender solicitude; but Caroline could bear nothing, and begged only to be left alone.

'Dear Ellen, it is very kind, but nothing does any good to these headaches. Please don't—please leave me alone.'

They saw it was the only true kindness, and left her, after all attempts at bathing her forehead, or giving her sal volatile, proved only to molest her. She lay on her bed, not able to think, and feeling nothing but the pain of her headache and a general weight and loneliness.

The first break was from Allen, who came in tenderly with a cup of coffee, saying that they thought her time was come for being ready for it. His manner always did her good, and she sat up, pushed back her hair, smiled, took the cup, and thanked him lovingly.

'Uncle Robert is waiting to hear if you are better,' he said.

'Oh yes,' she said; 'thank him; I am sorry I was so silly.'

'He wants me to dine there to-night, mother, to meet Mr. Rowse and Mr. Wakefield,' said Allen, with a certain importance suited to a lad of fifteen, who had just become 'somebody.'

'Very well,' she said, in weary acquiescence, as she lay down again, just enough refreshed by the coffee to become sleepy.

'And mother,' said Allen, lingering in the dark, 'don't trouble about Elfie. I shall marry her as soon as I am of age, and that will make all straight.'

Her stunned sleepiness was scarcely alive to this magnanimous announcement, and she dreamily said—

'Time enough to think of such things.'

'I know,' said Allen; 'but I thought you ought to know this.'

He looked wistfully for another word on this great avowal, but she was really too much stupefied to enter into the purport of the boy's words, and soon after he left her she fell sound asleep. She had a curious dream, which she remembered long after. She seemed to have identified herself with King Midas, and to be touching all her children, who turned into hard, cold, solid golden statues fixed on pedestals in the Belforest gardens, where she wandered about, vainly calling them. Then her husband's voice, sad and reproachful, seemed to say, 'Magnum Bonum! Magnum Bonum!' and she fancied it the elixir which alone could restore them, and would have climbed a mountain in search of it, as in the Arabian tale; but her feet were cold, heavy, and immovable, and she found that they too had become gold, and that the chill was creeping upwards. With a scream of 'Save the children, Joe,' she awoke.

No wonder she had dreamt of cold golden limbs, for her feet were really chilly as ice, and the room as dark as at midnight. However, it was not yet seven o'clock; and presently Janet brought a light, and persuaded her to come down stairs and warm herself. She was not yet capable of going into the dining-room to the family tea, but crept down to lie on the sofa in the drawing-room; and there, after taking the small refreshment which was all she could yet endure, she lay with closed eyes, while the children came in from the meal. Armine and Babie were the first. She knew they were looking at her, but was too weary to exert herself to speak to them.

'Asleep,' they whispered. 'Poor Mother Carey.'

'Army,' said Babie, 'is mother unhappy because she has got rich?'

Armine hesitated. His brief experience of school had made him less unsophisticated, and he seldom talked in his own peculiar fashion even to his little sister, and she added—

'Must people get wicked when they are rich?'

'Mother is always good,' said faithful little Armine.

'The rich people in the Bible were all bad,' pondered Babie. 'There was Dives, and the man with the barns.'

'Yes,' said Armine; 'but there were good ones too—Abraham and Solomon.'

'Solomon was not always good,' said Babie; 'and Uncle Robert told Allen it was a fearful responsibility. What is a responsibility? Army, I am sure Ali didn't like it.'

'Something to answer for!' said Armine.

'To *who?*' asked the little girl.

'To God,' said the boy reverently. 'It's like the talent in the parable. One has got to do something for God with it, and then it won't turn to harm.'

'Like the man's treasure that changed into slate stones when he made a bad use of it,' said Babie. 'Oh! Army, what shall we do? Shall we give plum-puddings to the little thin girls down the lane?'

'And I should like to give something good to the little grey workhouse boys,' said Armine. 'I should so hate always walking out along a straight road as they do.'

'And oh! Armine, then don't you think we may get a nice book to write out Jotapata in?'

'Yes, a real jolly one. For you know, Babie, it will take lots of room, even if I write my very smallest.

'Please let it be ruled, Army. And where shall we begin?'

'Oh! at the beginning, I think, just when Sir Engelbert first heard about the Crusade.'

'It will take lots of books then.'

'Never mind, we can buy them all now. And do you know, Bab, I think Adelmar and Ermelind might find a nice lot of natural petroleum and frighten Mustafa ever so much with it!'

For be it known that Armine and Barbara's most cherished delight was in one continued running invention of a defence of Jotapata by a crusading family, which went on from generation to generation with unabated energy, though they were very apt to be reduced to two young children who held out their fortress against frightful odds of Saracens, and sometimes conquered, sometimes converted their enemies. Nobody but themselves was fully kept *au courant* with this wonderful siege, which had hitherto been recorded in interlined copy-books, on little paper books pasted together, and very remarkably illustrated.

The door began to creak with an elaborate noisiness intended for perfect silence, and Jock's voice was heard.

'Bother the door! Did it wake mother? No? That's right;' and he squatted down between the little ones while Bobus seated himself at the table with a book.

'Well! what colour shall our ponies be?' began Jock, in an attempt at a whisper.

'Oh! shall we have ponies?' cried the little ones.

'Zebras if we like,' said Jock. 'We'll have a team.'

'Can't,' growled Bobus.

'Why not? They can be bought!'

'Not tamed. They've tried it at the Jardin d'Acclimatation.'

'O that was only Frenchmen. A zebra is too jolly to let himself be tamed by a Frenchman! I'll break one in myself and go out with the hounds upon him.'

'Jack-ass on striped-ass—or off him,' muttered Bobus.

'Oh! don't, Jock,' implored Babie, 'you'll get thrown.'

'No such thing. You'll come to the meet yourself, Babie, on your pony.'

'Not she,' said Bobus, in his teasing voice. 'She'll be governessed up and kept to lessons all day.'

'Mother always teaches us,' said Babie.

'She'll have no time, she'll be a great lady, and you'll have three governesses—one for French, and one for German, and one for deportment, to make you turn out your toes, and hold up your head, and never sit on the rug.'

'Never mind, Babie,' said Jock. 'We'll bother them out of their lives if they do.'

'You'll be at school,' said Bobus, 'and they'll all three go out walking with Babie, and if she goes out of a straight line one will say Mademoiselle Barbe, and the other will say, Fräulein Barbara, and the third will call for the stocks.'

'For shame, Robert,' cried his mother, hearing something like a sob; 'how can you tease her so!'

'Mother, must I have three governesses?" asked poor little Barbara.

'Not one cross one, my sweet, if I can help it!'

'Oh! mother, if it might be Miss Ogilvie?' said Babie.

'Yes, mother, do let it be Miss Ogilvie,' chimed in Armine. 'She tells such jolly stories!'

'She ain't a very nasty one,' quoted Jock from Newman Noggs, and as Janet appeared he received her with—'Moved by Barbara, seconded by Armine, that Miss Ogilvie become bear-leader to lick you all into shape.'

'What do you think of it, Janet?' said her mother.

'It will not make much difference to me,' said Janet. 'I shall depend on classes and lectures when we go back to London. I should have thought a German better for the children, but I suppose the chief point is to find some one who can manage Elfie if we are still to keep her.'

'By the by, where is she, poor little thing?' asked Caroline.

'Aunt Ellen took her home,' said Janet. 'She said she would send her back at bed-time, but she thought we should be more comfortable alone to-night.'

'Real kindness,' said Caroline; 'but remember, children, all of you, that Elfie is altogether one of us, on perfectly equal terms, so don't let any difference be made now or ever.'

'Shall I have a great many more lessons, mother?' asked Babie.

'Don't be as silly as Essie, Babie,' said Janet. 'She expects us all to have velvet frocks and gold fringed sashes; and Jessie's first thought was "Now, Janet, you'll have a ladies' maid."'

'No wonder she rejoiced to be relieved of trying to make you presentable,' said Bobus.

'Shall we live at Belforest?' asked Armine.

'Part of the year,' said Janet, who was in a wonderfully expansive and genial state; 'but we shall get back to London for the season, and know what it is to enjoy life and rationality again, and then we must all go abroad. Mother, how soon can we go abroad?'

'It won't make a bit of difference for a year. We shan't get it for ever so long,' said Bobus.

'Oh!'

'Fact. I know a man whose uncle left him a hundred pounds last year, and the lawyers haven't let him touch a penny of it.'

'Perhaps he is not of age,' said Janet.

'At any rate,' said Jock, 'we can have our fun at Belforest.'

'O yes, Jock, only think,' cried Babie, 'all the dear tadpoles belong to mother!'

'And all the dragon-flies,' said Armine.

'And all the herons,' said Jock.

'We can open the gates again,' said Armine.

'Oh! the flowers!' cried Babie in an ecstasy.

'Yes,' said Janet. 'I suppose we shall have the early spring in the country, but we must have the best part of the season in London now that we can get out of banishment, and enjoy rational conversation once more.'

'Rational fiddlestick,' muttered Bobus.

'That's what any girl who wasn't such a prig as Janet would look for,' said Jock.

'Well of course,' said Janet. 'I mean to have my balls like other people; I shall see life thoroughly. That's just what I value this for.'

Bobus made a scoffing noise.

'What's up, Bobus?' asked Jock.

'Nothing, only you keep up such a row, one can't read.'

'I'm sure this is better and more wonderful than any book!' said Jock.

'It makes no odds to me,' returned Bobus, over his book.

'Oh! now!' cried Janet, 'if it were only the pleasure of being free from patronage it would be something.'

'Gratitude!' said Bobus.

'*I'll* show my gratitude,' said Janet; 'we'll give all of them at

Kenscroft all the fine clothes and jewels and amusements that ever they care for, more than ever they gave us; only it is we that shall give and they that will take, don't you see?'

'Sweet charity,' quoth Bobus.

Those two were a great contrast; Janet had never been so radiant, feeling her sentence of banishment revoked, and realising more vividly than any one else was doing, the pleasures of wealth. The cloud under which she had been ever since the coming to the Pagoda seemed to have rolled away, in the sense of triumph and anticipation; while Bobus seemed to have fallen into a mood of sarcastic ill-temper. His mother saw, and it added to her sense of worry, though her bright sweet nature would scarcely have fathomed the cause, even had she been in a state to think actively rather than to feel passively. Bobus, only a year younger than Allen, and endowed with more force and application if not with more quickness, had always been on a level with his brother, and felt superior, despising Allen's Eton airs and graces, and other characteristics which most people thought amiable. And now Allen had become son and heir, and was treated by every one as the only person of importance. Bobus did not know what his own claims might be, but at any rate his brother's would transcend them, and his temper was thoroughly upset.

Poor Caroline! She did not wholly omit to pray 'In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, deliver us!' but if she had known all that was in her children's hearts, her own would have trembled more.

And as to Ellen, the utmost she allowed herself to say was, 'Well, I hope she will make a good use of it!'

While the colonel, as trustee and adviser, had really a very considerable amount of direct importance and enjoyment before him, which might indeed be—to use his own useful phrase—'a fearful responsibility,' but was no small boon to a man with too much time on his hands.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

'ETHEL THE MAGNIFICENT.'

'A maid of grace and complete majesty.'

LATER on in the morning Mildred was passing by the door of her brother's study, when she heard his voice calling to her. He was sitting in his usual chair, with his back to the light, reading, but he laid down his book directly.

'Are you busy, Mildred?'

'Not if you want me,' she returned, brightly. 'I was just thinking I had hardly spoken to you to-day.'

'The same thought was lying heavy on my conscience. Heriot tells me you are looking better already. I hope you are beginning to feel at home with us, my dear.'

'With you, Arnold—do you need to ask?' Mildred returned, reproachfully. But the tears started to her eyes.

'And the children are good to you?' he continued, a little anxiously.

'They are everything I can wish. Cardie is most thoughtful for my comfort, and Olive is fast losing her shyness. The only thing I regret is that I manage to see so little of you, Arnold.'

He patted her hand gently. 'It is better so, my dear. I am poor company, I fear, and have grown into strangely unsociable ways. They are good children; but you must not let them spoil me, Mildred. Sometimes I think I ought to rouse myself more for their sakes.'

'Indeed, Arnold, their conduct is most exemplary. Neither Cardie nor Roy ever seem to let you go out alone.'

'Aye, aye,' he muttered; 'his mother was right. The lad is beyond his years, and has a wise head on young shoulders. Heriot tells me I must be looking out for a curate. I had some notion of waiting for Richard, but he will have it the work is beyond me.'

Mildred was silent. She thought any work, however exhausting, was better than the long, lonely hours passed in the study—hours during which his children were denied admittance, and for which all Richard's mannishness was not allowed to find a remedy; and yet, as she looked at the wan, thin face and weary stoop of the figure, might it not be that Dr. Heriot was right?

'Heriot has heard of some one at Durham who is likely to suit me, he thinks; he wants me to have him down. By the by, Mildred, how do you get on with Heriot?'

'He is very nice,' she returned, vaguely, rather taken aback by the suddenness of the question. 'Such a general favourite could not fail to please,' she continued, a little mischievously.

'Ah, you are laughing at us. Well, Heriot is our weak point, I confess. Cardie is not given to raptures, but he has not a word to say against him, and Trelawney is always having him up at Kirk Leathom. Kirkly-Stephen could not do without Heriot now.'

'He is clever in his profession, then?'

'Very. And then so thoroughly unselfish; he would go twenty miles to do any one a service, and take as much pains to hide it afterwards. I shall be disappointed indeed, Mildred, if you and he do not become good friends.'

'Dear Arnold, he is a perfect stranger to me yet. I like him quite

well enough to wish to see more of him. There seems some mystery about him,' she continued, hesitating; for Mildred, honest and straightforward by nature, was a foe to all mysteries.

'Only the mystery of a disappointed life. He has no secrets with us—he never had. We knew him when we lived at Lambeth, and even then his story was well known to us.'

'Betha told me he had given up a large West-end practice in consequence of severe domestic trouble. She hinted once that he had a bad wife.'

'She was hardly deserving of the name. I have heard that she was nine years older than he, and a great beauty; a woman, too, of marvellous fascination, and gifted beyond the generality of her sex, and that he was madly in love when he married her.'

'Perhaps the love was only on his side?'

'Alas! yes. He found out, when it was too late, that she had accepted him out of pique, and that his rival was living. The very first days of their union were embittered by the discovery that jealousy had forged these life-long fetters for them, and that already remorse was driving his unhappy bride almost frantic. Can you conceive the torment for poor Heriot? He could not set her free, though he loved her so that he would willingly have laid down his life to give her peace. She had no mother living, or he would have sent her away when he saw how distasteful his presence was to her; but, though she had murdered his happiness as well as her own, he was bound to be her protector.'

'He was right,' returned Mildred, in a low voice.

'Ay, and he acted nobly. Instead of overwhelming her with reproaches that could have done no good, or crushing her still more with his coldness, he forgave her, and set himself to win the heart that proved itself so unworthy of his forbearance. Any other husband would have thought himself injured beyond reparation, but not so Heriot. He hid his wretchedness, and by every means in his power tried to lighten the burthen of his domestic misery.'

'But people must have seen it?'

'Not through his complaint, for he ever honoured her. I have been told by those who knew him at the time that his conduct to her was blameless, and that they marvelled at the gentleness with which he bore her wayward fits. After the birth of their only child there was an interval of comparative comfort; in her weakness there was a glimmering of compassion for the man she had injured, and who was the father of her boy. Heriot was touched by the unusual kindness of her manner; there were even tears in her eyes when he took the little creature in his arms and noticed the long eye-lashes, so like his mother's.'

'But the child died?'

'Yes—"the little peace-maker," as Heriot fondly called it. But

certainly all peace was buried in its little grave; for it was during the months that followed her child's loss that Margaret Heriot developed that unwholesome craving for stimulants which afterwards grew to absolute disease, and which was to wear out her husband's patience into slow disgust and then into utter weariness of life.'

'Oh, Arnold, I never suspected this!'

'It was just then we made his acquaintance, and, as a priest, he sought my help and counsel in ministering to what was indeed a diseased mind; but, poor misguided woman! she would not see me. In her better moments she would cling to Heriot, and beg him to save her from the demon that seemed to possess her. She even knelt and asked his forgiveness once; but no remedy that he could recommend could be effectual in the case of one who had never been taught to deny herself a moment's gratification. I shudder to think of the scenes to which she subjected him, of the daily torture and uncertainty in which he lived: his was the mockery of a home. Her softer feelings had in time turned to hate; she never spoke to him at last but to reproach him with being the cause of her misery.'

'Then it was this that induced him to give up his London practice?'

'Yes. It was a strange act of his; but I verily believe the man was broken-hearted. He had grown to loathe his life, and the spectacle of her daily degradation made him anxious to shake off friends and old belongings. I believe, too, she had contracted serious debts, and he was anxious to take her out of the way of temptation. Heriot was always a creature of impulse; his chief motive in following us here was to bury himself socially, though I think our friendship had even then become necessary to him. At one time he trusted, too, that the change might be beneficial for her; but he soon found out his mistake.'

'They say that women who have contracted this fatal habit are so seldom cured,' sighed Mildred.

'God help their husbands!' ejaculated Mr. Lambert. 'I always thought myself that the poor creature was possessed, for her acts certainly bordered on frenzy. He found at last that he was fighting against mental disease, but he refused all advice to place her under restraint. "I am her husband," he said once to me; "I have taken her for better and worse. But there will be no better for her, my poor Margaret; she will not be long with me—there is another disease at work; let her die in her husband's home."'

'But did she die there? I thought Betha told me she was away from him.'

'Yes, he had sent her with her nurse to the sea, meaning to join them, when news reached him that she was rapidly failing. The release came none too soon. Poor creature! she had suffered martyrdom; it was by her own wish that he was called, but he arrived too late—the final attack was very sudden. And so, as he said, the

demon that had tormented her was cast out for ever. "Anything more grandly beautiful than she looked could not be imagined." But what touched him most was to find among the treasures she had secretly hidden about her, an infant's sock and a scrap of downy hair; and faintly, almost illegibly, traced on the paper by her dying hand, "My little son's hair, to be given to his father." Ah, Mildred, my dear, you look ready to weep; but, alas! such stories are by no means rare, and during my ministry I have met with others almost as sad as Heriot's. His troubles are over now, poor fellow, though doubtless they have left lifelong scars. Grieved as he has been, he may yet see the fruit of his noble forbearance in that tardy repentance and mute prayer for forgiveness. Who knows but that the first sight that may meet his eyes in the other world may be Margaret, "sitting clothed and in her right mind at her Master's feet"?'

Never had Mildred seen her brother more roused and excited than during the recital of his friend's unhappy story, while in herself it had excited a degree of emotion that was almost painful.

'It shows how carefully we should abstain from judging people from their outward appearance,' she remarked, after a short interval of silence. 'When I first saw Dr. Heriot I thought there was something a little repellent in that dark face of his, but when he spoke he gave me a more pleasing impression.'

'He has his bitter moods at times; no one could pass through such an ordeal quite unscathed. I am afraid he will never marry again; he told me once that the woman did not live whom he could love as he loved Margaret.'

'She must have been very beautiful.'

'I believe her chief charm lay in her wonderful fascination of manner. Heriot is a severe critic in feminine beauty; he is singularly fastidious; he will not allow that Miss Trelawney is handsome, though I believe she is generally considered to be so. But I must not waste any more time in gossiping about our neighbours. By the by, Mildred, you must prepare for an inundation of visitors this afternoon.'

Mr. Lambert was right. Mildred, to her great surprise, found herself holding a reception, which lasted late into the afternoon; at one time there was quite a block of waggonettes and pony carriages in the courtyard; and but for her brother's kindness in remaining to steer her through the difficulties of numerous introductions, she might have found her neighbors' goodwill a little perplexing.

She had just decided in her own mind that Mrs. Sadler was disagreeable and the Northcotes slightly presuming and in bad style; and that Mrs. Heath was as rosy and common-place as her husband, when they took their leave, and another set of visitors arrived who were rather more to Mildred's taste.

These were the Delameres of Warcop. The Reverend Stephen

Delamere was a tall, ascetic-looking man, with quiet, well-bred manners, in severe clerical costume. His wife had a simple, beautiful face, and was altogether a pleasant, comely-looking creature, but her speech was somewhat homely; and Mildred thought her a little overdressed, the pink cheeks and smiling eyes hardly required the pink ribbons and feathers to set them off. Their only child, a lad of ten years, was with them, and Mildred, who was fond of boys, could not help admiring the bold gipsy face and dark eyes.

'I am afraid Claude is like me, people say so,' observed Mrs. Delamere, turning her beaming face on Mildred. 'I would much rather he were like his father; the Delameres are all goodlooking; old Mr. Delamere was; Stephen called him after his grandfather; I think Claude such a pretty name; Claude Lorraine Delamere; Lorraine is a family name, too; not mine, you know,' dimpling more than ever at the idea; 'good gracious, the Greysons don't own many pretty names among them.'

'Susie, I have been asking our friend Richard to take an early opportunity of driving his aunt over to Warcop,' interrupted her husband, with an uneasy glance, 'and we must make Miss Lambert promise to bring over her nieces to the Rush-bearing.

Mrs. Delamere clapped her plump hands together joyously, showing a slit in her pink glove as she did so.

'I am so glad you have mentioned that, Stephen, I might have forgotten it. Miss Lambert, you must come to us; you must indeed. The Chestertons of Warcop Hall are sure to ask you; but you must remember you are engaged to us.'

'The Rush-bearing,' repeated Mildred, somewhat perplexed.

'It is an old Westmoreland custom,' explained Mr. Delamere; 'it is kept on S. Peter's Day, and is a special holiday with us. I believe it was revived in the last century at Great Musgrave,' he continued, looking at Mr. Lambert for confirmation of the statement.

'Yes, but it did not long continue; it has been revived again of late; it is a pretty sight, Mildred, and well worth seeing; the children carry garlands instead of rushes to the church, when service is said; and afterwards there is a dance in the park, and sports, such as wrestling, pole-leaping, and trotting matches, are carried on all the afternoon.'

'But what is the origin of such a custom, Arnold?'

'It dates from the time when our forefathers used green rushes instead of carpets, the intention being to bless the rushes on the day of the patron saint.'

'You must permit me to contradict you in one particular, Lambert, as our authorities slightly differ. The real origin of the custom was that, on the day of the patron saint, the church was strewn with fresh rushes, the procession being headed by a girl dressed in white, and wearing a crown; but Miss Lambert looks impressed,' he continued,

with a serious smile; 'you must come and see it for yourself. Chrissy tells me she is too old to wear a crown this year. Some of our ladies show great taste in the formation of their garlands.'

'May Chesterton's is always the prettiest. Do you mean to dance with May on the green this year, Claude?' asked Mrs. Delamere, turning to her boy.

Claude shook his head and coloured disdainfully.

'I am going in for the foot-race; father says I may,' he returned, proudly.

'May is his little sweetheart; he has been faithful to her ever since he was six years old. Uncle Greyson says——'

'Susie, we must be going,' exclaimed her husband, hastily. 'You must not forget the Chestertons and Islip are dining with us to-night. Claude, my boy, bid Miss Lambert good-bye. My wife and I hope to see you very soon at the vicarage.'

'Yes, come soon,' repeated Mrs. Delamere, with a comfortable squeeze of her hand and more smiles. 'Stephen is always in such a hurry; but you must pay us a long visit, and bring that poor girl with you. 'Yes, I am ready, Stephen,' as a frown of impatience came over her husband's face. 'You know of old what a sad gossip I am; but there, what are women's tongues given them for if they are not to be used?' and Susie looked up archly at the smooth, blue-shaven face, that was slow to relax into a smile.

Mildred hoped that these would be her last visitors, but she was mistaken, for a couple of harmless maiden ladies, rejoicing in the cognomen of Ortolan, took their places, and chirruped to Mildred in shrill little bird-like voices. Mildred, who had plenty of quiet humour of her own, thought they were not unlike a pair of love-birds Arnold had once given her, the little sharp faces, and hooked noses, and light prominent eyes were not unlike them; and the brigh green shawls, bordered with yellow palm-leaves, completed the illusion. They were so wonderfully alike, too; the only perceptible difference being that Miss Tabitha had grey curls, and a velvet band, and talked more; and Miss Prissy had a large miniature of an officer, probably an Ortolan too, adorning her small brown wrist.

They talked to Mildred breathlessly about the mothers' meeting, and the clothing-club, and the savings' bank.

'Such a useful institution of dear Mr. Lambert's,' exclaimed Miss Prissy.

'The whole parish is so well conducted,' echoed her sister with a tremulous movement of the head and curls, 'we think ourselves blessed in our pastor, Miss Lambert,' in a perfectly audible whisper; 'such discourses, such clear doctrine and Bible-truth, such resignation manifested under such a trying dispensation. Oh dear, Prissy,' interrupting herself, as a stanhope, with a couple of dark brown horses, was driven into the court with some little commotion, 'here is the

squire, and what will he say at our taking the precedence of him, and making bold to pay our respects to Miss Lambert?'

'He would say you are very kind neighbours, I hope,' returned Mildred, trying not to smile, and wondering when her ordeal would be over. Her brother had not effected his escape yet, and his jaded face was a tacit reproach to her. Richard, who had ushered in their previous visitors, and had remained yawning in the background, brightened up visibly.

'Here are the Trelawneys, sir; it is very good of them to call so soon.'

'It is only what I should have expected, Cardie,' returned his father, with mild indifference. 'Mr. Trelawney is a man of the world, and knows what is right, that is all.'

And Richard for once looked crestfallen.

'Dear now, but doesn't she look a beauty,' whispered Miss Tabitha, ecstatically, as Miss Trelawney swept into the room on her father's arm, and greeted Mildred civilly, but without effusion, and then seated herself at some little distance, where Richard immediately joined her, the squire meanwhile taking up a somewhat lofty attitude on the hearthrug, directly facing Mildred.

Mildred thought she had never seen a finer specimen of an English gentleman; the tall, well-knit figure, the clear-cut face, and olive complexion, relieved by the snow-white hair, made up a very striking exterior; perhaps the eyes were a little cold and glassy-looking, but on the whole it could not be denied that Mr. Trelawney was a very aristocratic looking man.

His manners were easy and polished, and he was evidently well-read on many subjects. Nevertheless a flavour of condescension in his tone gave Mildred an uneasy conviction that she was hardly appearing to her best advantage. She was painfully aware once or twice of a slight hesitation marring a more than usually well-worded sentence, and could see it was at once perceived.

Mildred had never considered herself of great consequence, but she had a certain wholesome self-respect which was grievously wounded by the patronising indulgence that rectified her harmless error.

'I felt all at once as though I were nobody, and might be taken up for false pretensions for trying to be somebody,' as she expressed it to Dr. Heriot afterwards, who laughed and said—

'Very true.'

Mildred would have risen to seat herself by Miss Trelawney, but the squire's elaborate observations allowed her no reprieve. Once or twice she strove to draw her into the conversation; but a turn of the head, and a brief answer, more curt than agreeable, was all that rewarded her efforts. Nevertheless Mildred liked her voice; it had a pleasant crispness in it, and the abruptness was not unmusical.

Mildred only saw her full face when she rose to take leave: her

figure was very graceful, but her features could hardly be termed beautiful; though the dead brown hair, with its waves of ripples, and the large brilliant eyes, made her a decidedly striking-looking girl.

Mildred, who was somewhat Quaker-like in her taste, thought the cream-coloured silk, with its ruby velvet facings, somewhat out of place in their homely vicarage, though the Rubens hat was wonderfully picturesque; it seemed less incongruous when Miss Trelawney remarked casually that they were on their way to a garden-party.

'Do you like archery? Papa is thinking of getting up a club for the neighbourhood,' she said, looking at Mildred as she spoke. In spite of their dark brilliancy there was a wild, hungry look in her eyes that somehow haunted Mildred. They looked like eyes that were demanding sympathy from a world that failed to understand them.

It was not to be expected that Mildred would be prepossessed by Miss Trelawney in a first visit. Not for weeks, nor for long afterwards did she form a true estimate of her visitor, or learn the idiosyncrasies of a character at once peculiar and original.

People never understood Ethel Trelawney. There were subtle difficulties in her nature that baffled and repelled them. 'She was odd,' they said, 'so unusual altogether, and said such queer things;' a few even hinted that it was possible that a part might sometimes be acted.

Miss Trelawney was nineteen now, and had passed through two London seasons with indifferent success, a fact more to be commented upon as her attractions certainly were very great; without being exactly beautiful, she yet gave an impression of beauty, and certain tints of colour and warm lights made her at times almost brilliant. In a crowded ball-room she was always the centre of observation; but one by one her partners dropped off, displeased and perplexed by the scarifying process to which they had been subjected.

'People come to dance and not to think,' observed one young cornet, turning restive under such treatment, and yet obstinate in his admiration of Ethel. He had been severely scorched during a previous dance, but had returned to the charge most gallantly; 'the music is delicious; do take one more turn with me; there is a clear space now.'

'Do people ever think; does that man, for example?' returned Ethel, indicating a tall man before them, who was pulling his blonde moustache with an expression of satisfied vacuity; 'what sort of dwarfed soul lives in that six feet or so of human matter?'

'Miss Trelawney, you are too bad,' burst out her companion with an expression of honest wrath that showed him not far removed from boyhood. 'That fellow is the bravest and the kindest-hearted in our regiment. He nursed me, by Jove, that he did, when I was down with fever in the hunting-box last year. Not think—Robert Drummond not think,' and he doubled his fist with an energy that soon showed a gash in the faultless lavender kid glove.

'I like you all the better for your defence of your friend,' returned Ethel calmly, and she turned on him a smile so frank and sweet that the young man was almost dazzled. 'If one cannot think, one should at least feel. If I give you one turn more, I daresay you will forgive me,' and from that moment she and Charlie Treherne were firm friends.

But others were not so fortunate, and retired crestfallen and humiliated. One of Charlie's brother-officers, whom he introduced to Ethel in a fit of enthusiasm, as 'our major, and a man every inch of him, one of the sort who would do the charge at Balaclava again,' subsided into sulkiness and total inanity, on finding that instead of discussing Patti and the last opera, Ethel was bent on discovering the ten missing tribes of Israel.

'How hot this room is. They don't give us enough ventilation, I think,' gasped the worthy major, at length.

'I was just thinking it was so cool. You are the third partner I have had who has complained of the heat. If you are tired of this waltz, let us sit down in that delightful conservatory;' but as the major, with a good deal of unnecessary energy, declared he could dance till daybreak without fatigue, Ethel quietly continued her discourse.

'I have a theory. I forget from whom I first gathered it, that we shall be discovered to be the direct descendants of the tribe of Gad. Look round this room, Major Hartstone, you will find a faint type of Jewish features on many a face; that girl with the dark *crêpé* hair especially. I consider we shall play a prominent part in the millenium.'

'Millenium—aw; you are too droll, Miss Trelawney. I can see a joke as well as most people, but you go too deep for me. Fancy what Charlie will say when I tell him that he belongs to the tribe of Gad—tribe of Gad—aw—aw—' and as the major, unable to restrain his hilarity any longer, burst into a fit of hearty laughter, Ethel, deeply offended, desired him to lead her to her place.

It was no better in the Row, where Miss Trelawney rode daily with her father, her beautiful figure and superb horsemanship attracting all eyes. At first she had quite a little crowd of loungers round her, but they dispersed by degrees.

'Do you see that girl—Miss Boville?' asked one in a languid drawl, as Ethel reined her horse up under a tree, and sat looking dreamily over the shifting mass of carriages and gaily-dressed pedestrians; 'she is awfully handsome, don't you think so?'

'I don't know. I have not thought about it,' she returned, abstractedly; 'the question is, Captain Ellison, has she a beautiful soul?'

'My dear Miss Trelawney, you positively startle me; you are so unlike other people. I only know she has caught Medwin and his ten thousand a year.'

'Poor thing,' was the answer, leaning over and stroking her horse's

neck thoughtfully. 'Touched—quite touched,' observed the young man, significantly tapping his forehead, as Ethel rode by—'must be a little queer, you know, or she would not say such things—sort of craze or hallucination—do you know if it be in the family?'

'Nonsense, it is only an ill-arranged mind airing its ideas; she is delightfully young and fresh,' returned his companion, a clever barrister, who had the wit to read a girl's vagarisms aright, as the volcanic eruptions of an undisciplined and unsatisfied nature.

But it would not do; people passed over Ethel for other girls, who were comparatively plain and ordinary, but whose thinking powers were more under control. One declaration had indeed been made, but it was received by such sad wonder on Ethel's part, that the young man looked at her in reproachful confusion.

'Surely you cannot have mistaken my attentions, Miss Trelawney? As a man of honour, I thought it right to come to a clear understanding; if I have ventured to hope too much, I trust you will tell me so.'

'Do you mean, you wish to marry me?' asked Ethel, in a tone of regret and dismay.

Arthur Sullivan had been a special favourite with her; he had listened to her rhapsodies good-humouredly, and had forborne to laugh at them; he was good-looking too, and possessed of moderate intelligence, and they had got on very well together during a whole season. It was with a sensation of real pain that she heard him avow his intentions.

'There is some mistake. I have never led you to believe that I would ever be your wife,' she continued, turning pale, and her eyes filling with tears.

'No, Ethel—never,' he answered, hurriedly, 'you are no flirt. If any one be to blame, it is I, for daring to hope I could win you.'

'Indeed it is I that do not deserve you,' she returned, sadly; 'but it is not your fault that you cannot give me what I want. Perhaps I expect too much; perhaps I hardly know what it is I really do want.'

'May I wait till you find out?' he asked, earnestly; 'real love is not to be despised, even though it be accompanied with little wisdom.'

The white lids dropped heavily over the eyes, and for a moment she made no answer; only as he rose from her side, and walked up and down in his agitation, she rose, too, hurriedly.

'It cannot be—I feel it—I know it—you are too good to me, Mr. Sullivan; and I want something more than goodness—but—but—does my father know?'

'Can you doubt it?'

'Then he will never forgive me for refusing you. Oh, what a hard thing it is to be a woman, and to wait for one's fate, instead of going

out to seek it. Now I have lost my friend in finding a lover, and my father's anger will be bitter against me.'

Ethel was right; in refusing Arthur Sullivan, she had refused the presumptive heir to a baronetcy, and Mr. Trelawney's ambitious soul was sorely vexed within him.

'You have never been of any use or comfort to me, Ethel, and you never will,' he said, harshly; 'just as I was looking to you to redeem matters, you are throwing away this chance. What was the fault with the young fellow? you seemed fond enough of him at one time; he is handsome and gentlemanly enough to please any girl; but it is just one of your fads.'

'He is very amiable, but his character wants backbone, papa. When I marry, my husband must be my master; I have no taste for holding the reins myself.'

'When you marry: I wish you would marry, Ethel, for all the comfort you are to me. If my boys had lived—but what is the use of wishing for anything.'

'Papa,' she returned with spirit, 'I cannot help being a girl; it is my misfortune, not my fault. I wish I could satisfy you better,' she continued, softly, 'but it seems as though we grew more apart every day.'

'It is your own fault,' he returned, morosely. 'Marry Arthur Sullivan, and I will promise to think better of your sense.'

'I cannot, papa. I am not going to marry any one,' she answered, in the suppressed voice he knew so well. And then, as though fearful the argument might be continued, she quietly left the room.

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

BY C. R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

'Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his hand waxed strong.'

TWELVE or thirteen years after the taking of Ceuta a little group was assembled in the central court of a handsome house in Lisbon. This open space was indeed the summer sitting-room of the family; the sleeping apartments and the great entrance hall opened into it. Large orange, citron, and pomegranate-trees were ranged round the marble pavement, and filled the air with their fragrance; while in the centre was a little fountain falling into a carved basin. An awning was

pulled across the top to exclude the sun, and a few seats and couches were arranged round the fountain. On one of these sat a tall man in the prime of life, dressed in deep mourning. Several women, one prepared for a journey, were standing near, and also a couple of men-servants. In front of the gentleman, hand-in-hand, stood two little girls of seven or eight years old. They were dressed in black, with little black hoods tied over their light-brown hair, which hung down in long curls beneath; they had fair, rosy faces and large grey eyes, out of which they were staring with an expression of alarmed solemnity. Poor little things, they were as merry-hearted a pair as ever made home cheerful, by chatter and laughter and pattering feet; but life looked very serious to them then, for they were about to be sent away from home, their mother's recent death having left them with no efficient female protector.

The gay young Walter Northberry, who had been attached to Dom Enrique's suite at the time of the taking of Ceuta, had some time after married Mistress Eleanor Norbury, a lady whose father, like his own, had followed Queen Philippa from England; and on her death he had resolved on sending her little twin daughters to be educated by his English relations. His own habits were not such as made it easy for him to bring up his little girls at home, and he was jealous enough of their nationality not to wish to send them to any of the Lisbon convents, where all their training must have been Portuguese. So having received affectionate offers from his brother, who represented the old family in England, the little maidens were to be sent under fitting escort to Northberry Manor House, in Devonshire. Communications were frequent between the two countries, and there was no difficulty in arranging for their journey.

'Well, Kate and Nell,' the father said, 'it's a hard matter to part with you, after all, my pretty blossoms. Be good maids, and obey your aunt, and soon, maybe, I'll come and see you, and my father's country too.'

'We want to stay at home,' said Nell, with a pout, and with a tone of decision.

'Father, keep us!' said Kate more softly, with her big eyes full.

'No, no, my pretty ones,' said Walter Northberry, wiping his own eyes; ''tis a fine place you are going to see; come along.'

He held out his arms, and the two little black-frocked things sprang into them, clinging round his neck and crying.

'Come—come. Is the litter ready, else I shall be too late to get you aboard Dom Manuel's ship? But hark! who comes? 'Tis my lord the Infante himself.'

Sir Walter set down his daughters, who retreated, hand-in-hand, under a great orange-tree; while their father rose, and went to the door, as he heard horses stopping without. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by a tall, slender young man, dressed in black

velvet, with a red cross on his breast. Fernando of Avis, as he was called, since, like his father, he was Grand-Master of the Order of Avis, had led, during the twelve years since the taking of Ceuta, neither an idle nor a useless life, but his boyish ambition was still unsatisfied; he had struck no blow against the Infidel power, led no armies to battle, and won no triumphs. His health had always been so delicate, and he was subject to such long attacks of illness, that it was only at intervals that he could indulge in his taste for military exercises, towards which, however, his natural impulse was so strong that he had no inconsiderable skill in riding, fencing, and tilting. The delicate Fernando was more essentially a soldier than any of his powerful brothers; he longed with a more ardent desire for knightly glory—a longing hitherto perforce suppressed; but it was for glory to be won by that chivalrous self-sacrifice which formed the ideal of the Middle Ages, however seldom it was put in practice. And Fernando's dreams were of personal distinction only in one cause—the cause of the Church; he had therefore gladly accepted the control of one of those military orders which, somewhat similar in character to the Knights Templar, were so common in Spain and Portugal. The vows of these orders pledged their members to the most perfect devotion and purity of life. They did not always preclude marriage; and where celibacy was their rule, dispensations were attainable, as in the case of King Joao himself; and their great revenues formed an ample provision for princes of the blood, and were applied by Dom Enrique—who was head of the Order of Christ; Dom Joao, who was Master of that of S. James; and by Dom Fernando himself—to many useful and charitable ends.

Fernando was thus pledged to the life of a soldier-saint. He could not be a soldier, and with the discontent of his ambitious and ardent nature, he daily felt himself still less of a saint. But those who watched his deep religious fervour, his constant self-denials, and his untiring patience, thought differently; still more those who felt his kindly charity and his unfailing sweetness of temper and warmth of heart. He still possessed the fair colouring and regular features of his English cousins, but his blue Plantagenet eyes had a softened wistfulness as of unsatisfied desires.

He had always shown marked friendship to Sir Walter Northberry, and was fond of the little twin maidens, to whom he would bring toys and comfits.

'You are better, I trust, my lord, as I see you abroad,' said Northberry.

'Thanks, Sir Walter—yes, I am better, and I came to bring a parting gift to the children. Here, Mistress Eleanor and Mistress Kate—are not those the English titles?—come here and choose.'

He held out two little jewelled copies of the cross of his order as he spoke, and the little girls approached him, well pleased; but Eleanor said—

'We are Leonor and Catalina. I will not kiss any one who calls me Eleanor.'

'Fie, little one!' said her father; 'it would become you better to ask my lord for his blessing on your journey.'

'If I could help it I would not go,' said Leonor; while the gentler Catalina was silent, and softly stroked the fur trimming of Fernando's mantle.

'See, now,' he said, coaxingly, 'my brother Dom Pedro has been in this terrible England, and he liked it well. Why, the little King Harry is my cousin, and he has made my brother Knight of the Order of the Garter. We have all cousins in England.'

Leonor appeared somewhat consoled.

'And, besides, do you not know,' said the Prince more gravely, 'that wherever God may send us, He will be with us—aye, in a desert or a dungeon? Then surely in a strange country; where He will send you kind friends.'

Catalina looked at him with eyes of deep earnestness. Nell said frankly, 'My lord Dom Pedro has come safe home again.'

'Yes, little one, and soon we shall see his marriage with Dona Blanca of Urgel. My brother Dom Pedro has been a great traveller. He tells us wonderful things. You, my little maidens, will see some of them.'

By this cheerful view of the subject, Eleanor—or, as her mother had loved to call her by an English name soft enough for Portuguese lips, Nella—and Catalina were lifted into their litter in much better spirits than might have been expected, and, accompanied by their nurse and by two stout soldiers belonging to Northberry's household, were put on board the ship bound for England; while their father, thus set free from fears for their welfare, turned his attention to the military matters in which he excelled.

It was the eve of the Duke of Coimbra's wedding to Dona Blanca of Urgel, and once again the five princes were gathered in the little marble court under the orange-trees, as when, long ago, they had discussed the question of how their knighthood might best be won. Well and fully had they all answered that question; and long as had been the separations which the work of life had made between them, the bond that united the eager lads was no way loosened between the grown men who had held so staunchly to the high aims of their boyhood.

Fernando was resting on some cushions placed on the broad, shallow steps, and close by him sat Enrique. Long ago Fernando had learnt that his life could not be passed side by side with this most dear brother, but the intervals that they passed together were his happiest hours, much as he owed to the more constant and as tender companionship of Duarte, whose duties kept him more continually in Lisbon. But Duarte only tried to make life easy to Fernando, regarding him as one

to be shielded from every vexation. Enrique alone of all the brothers sympathised with his longing for the struggle of active work. Joao had grown into a stern, resolute person, of great courage and decision of character; but Pedro, as he looked at his brothers almost with a stranger's eye, thought that none of them equalled the majestic dignity of Enrique's grave, ardent countenance, and great strength and size. Pedro was himself a very splendid figure, the gay attire proper to a bridegroom elect contrasting with the grave, semi-religious habits of the three grand-masters. Enrique and Joao had come to Lisbon for the wedding, and this was the first meeting of the five.

'And among all these adventures and these foreign scenes, brother,' said Duarte, 'what has struck you most with admiration? What is there to be learnt for the good of our country?'

'Much,' said Dom Pedro, 'that I hope to tell my father at leisure. And Enrique, in the great naval cities of Venice and Genoa, I saw much that I hope may be applied for the good of your sailors. But I saw no one who, to my mind, equalled our cousin King Harry, now alas! taken from his kingdom: God rest his soul! I felt that he was of our kin, for he had our blessed mother's face, whom I think Fernando favours most of us all. And a king more beloved was never lost to his people; nor a more winning friend and kinsman.'

'It is indeed grievous,' said Duarte, 'to think of two great kingdoms—France and England—left thus to a helpless child.'

'If our cousin had lived to fulfil his purpose of proclaiming a general crusade, we might have seen great results,' said Enrique.

'The conquest of France stood in his path,' said Joao.

'Ah,' said Fernando, 'that was a glorious purpose—for all the princes of Europe to lay aside their selfish quarrels, and, purified by one great aim, to unite in winning back the Holy Sepulchre! Where would then be room for ambition and intrigue?'

'In former crusades there was a good share of both. You are a dreamer, Fernando,' said Joao.

'Nay,' said Enrique, 'Fernando is right. There is no purification like a high purpose; but we must pursue it in the teeth of intrigue and ambition; it will not sweep them away.'

'True, for they spring from the selfish desires of the heart,' said Pedro, rather sententiously.

'We are not all free,' said Duarte, thoughtfully, 'to devote our lives to *one* aim, be it ever so high: for our duties are many. And so it was, I suppose, with our cousin King Harry.'

'Nay, the golden lilies had a tempting flash,' said Joao, laughing.

'Well, and I will not say—having seen much of good and ill government, that to pacify the unhappy kingdom of France was not as good an aim as any. But how is it with your purposes, Enrique? I half feared to find you bound for some savage island in the midst of the sea of darkness.'

'No,' said Enrique; 'but there is light in the darkness now. Come with me to Sagres so soon as our fair bride can spare you, and see the observatory I have built—the calculations that I have made. This is a much wider world than our fathers thought, Pedro, and one day there shall be known Christian lands which the Mussulman has never polluted; and where the simple natives will know no faith but that of Christ.'

'There are other dreamers here beside Fernando,' said Pedro, with a smile.'

'No,' cried Enrique, eagerly; 'it is no dream. I will show you grapes grown in our new found island, such as Spain cannot beat, and the inhabitants listen willingly to Christian teaching. If I can but perfect our compasses and other instruments, we can penetrate the seas still further—already have we reached the African coast—and then a Christian kingdom behind Barbary and Morocco, and Christian lands to the far west. Look you, Pedro,' and Enrique sprang up and came over to him, laying both hands on Pedro's shoulders, and looking in his face, 'Your mathematics were used to be more perfect than mine. You must come to Sagres and help me.'

'Willingly,' said Pedro; 'you shall explain your problems to me.'

'I owe much to Duarte,' said Enrique, 'in such matters; and he has studied so thoroughly the courses of the heavens, and can so well judge of fair or foul weather, he should have been a sailor born. Then I purpose to bring some of my natives hither, that they may return to their own country good Christians and civilised men. They trust my sailors as if they were messengers from heaven. See what a power it is for good. Whole islands—nay, Pedro, I sometimes think whole continents, may owe to us their salvation.'

So spoke the great Enrique of Avis, in the young days of the modern world, he who was at once a great soldier and a devoted son of the Church, the priestly knight of the Middle Ages, who helped the new learning many miles on her way, to whom astronomy and physical science began to open their treasures; while in his breast burnt the same fire of adventure, the same longing for discovery, that in our day has penetrated Arctic seas and African deserts, fulfilling the command to replenish the earth and subdue it. But, prince though he was, Enrique met with scant sympathy beyond the limits of his family, in designs which the world had not yet learnt to understand. And little did he dream of how much misery Christian men would bring to those unknown lands, after which his heart hungered; or that his earnest desire to bring his islanders to a sight of the blessings of Christianity should be quoted as a precedent and justification for all the horrors of the slave trade.

Pedro had enough of the same power to understand his efforts, and he was beginning a sympathetic reply, when one of Fernando's attendants came towards them, telling him that Sir Walter Northberry desired to speak with him.

'Ask him to come hither,' said Fernando; and even as he spoke, Northberry, with a pale and disturbed countenance, came hurriedly towards the brothers.

'Alas! my lord!' he said, with a hasty reverence, 'I have the worst of ill news. I am a miserable man. The ship in which my little daughters sailed has been attacked by Moorish pirates. There was a vessel bound from France to Lisbon came to the rescue, and beat them off; but oh, the saints pity us! the cursed villains carried with them my little Kate. Woe's me, that ever I let them go.'

Northberry covered his face with his hands, unable to repress his despairing grief; while the princes pressed round him, full of sympathy and indignation.

Fernando took his hand, and drew him to a seat, saying eagerly—

'Everything is at your command. What can be done? Have you any clue?'

'Surely,' said Duarte, 'a sufficient ransom will open the prison gates.'

'Horrible degradation!' cried Enrique and Fernando in a breath.

'As to that, my good lords,' said Northberry, 'I care not for degradation, if I can but get my poor little maid back. Better tempest and shipwreck. But this French vessel that brought me the news, said that the attack was made at night by a superior force, and that they were gone in the morning beyond pursuit. So Dom Manuel sent the wretched news back, and sailed as fast as might be for England, lest Nella should share her sister's fate. Alas! alas!'

'And *this!*' cried Fernando, with flashing eyes, '*this* is what we suffer on our shores—we! princes, knights, Christians—shame—shame upon us. Better spend the last coin in our treasury—shed the last drop of our blood—better die among nations, lose all—everything—than have it so! What! we hold our kingdom undisturbed by a false peace with friends such as these! Let it go, but let us drive them from Portuguese waters—from Christian soil. I will endure it no longer; I will do it single-handed.

Fernando stood with lifted hand and face on fire, long suppressed passion giving startling effect to his words; but suddenly his face paled and he dropped back on his seat.

'I—I can do nothing,' he said, in a voice of inexpressible melancholy.

Enrique leaned over him, and put his arm round him, as if he had been still the little brother, whose excitement he had soothed so often in early years.

'Everything in our power shall be done, good Sir Walter,' said Duarte, earnestly.

'Indeed, my lord, I doubt it not,' said Northberry. 'I am sorry so to grieve Dom Fernando.'

Fernando looked u .

'Duarte, I meant to reproach no one,' he said, humbly. 'My friend, I can do little for you, or any one, but pray; I will go and do that.'

'My lord,' said Sir Walter, kissing his hand, 'such prayers as yours must be answered.'

Fernando shook his head sadly. He blamed himself for the outburst of feeling which had seemed to reproach his brothers for failing in a duty which he could not even attempt, and for long hours that night he knelt in his private chapel, and prayed that at whatever cost to himself the power of the Moor might be lessened and the little captive restored unharmed to her friends.

Fernando often pursued his devotions at risk to his own health, the care of which did not present itself to him as a duty in the way it would now to an equally conscientious person; and perhaps, had his austerities been fewer, he would have been better able to follow the wish of his heart. But he followed the light given him, and his prayers in due time bore fruit. But not immediately; no tidings of Katharine Northberry came to Lisbon; the sorrow narrowed itself to one sore spot in her father's heart, while a long and dangerous attack of illness for Fernando followed close on Dom Pedro's wedding.

Enrique put aside his pressing schemes to stay with him and to nurse him, and as he grew better to understand the deep desire of Fernando's heart, he resolved that before every other object he would devote himself to carry it out.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO LIVES.

'And like a double cherry—seeming parted.'

THE clear light of an English spring evening was shining down on the grey walls of the convent of S. Mary, streaming through the golden green of the neighbouring wood, showing the towers of Northberry Manor House through the trees, and sparkling on the blue strip of sea behind them. Far on either side stretched wood and forest hitherto untouched by the hand of man, while from the pleasant fields cultivated round the convent and Manor House green glades and glens wound away into the forest, where the hunter might sound his horn, the outlaw take refuge, where wild game of all kinds still dwelt without chance of extinction, and where fairy rings were found on the grass, strange sights seen, and strange sounds heard beyond the chime of the church bells of Northberry. The lords of the manor rode through the rough roads now and again on visits to their neighbours, or for assize meetings at the nearest town; the convent priests, who also served the little village church, went through the wood now and then at the summons of the Bishop; but

the villagers who clustered round the convent and manor walls were afraid of the forest, and Eleanor Northberry had never passed through it since she had been brought there, six years before, a solitary and frightened child, pining for the little twin sister who had been torn from her side. She had been tenderly received and cherished by her cousins, and with their daughter Adela was placed at the convent, where she learnt to read and to sing, to sew and to embroider, going home occasionally to Northberry Manor, and growing so much into a part of the family, that Sir Edward Northberry contemplated finding a husband for her in due time among the gallant squires of Devon, and never sending her back again to the "foreign parts," which, spite of his connection with Lisbon, he regarded as peopled by a mixture of Frenchmen and Moors.

Within the convent precincts was a garden surrounded by high old walls, through one of which a gate led into the little burial ground where the convent chapel stood. There was a sun-dial in the midst of the garden, on the step of which Eleanor—or as she loved better to be called, Nella-Northberry sat making wreaths from a great heap of white hawthorn on the grass beside her. The garden was neatly kept, with a plentiful supply of herbs useful for cooking or for medicine, and a few spring flowers, such as bluebells or lilies of the valley, and in the centre of the turf an apple tree in full blossom; there were cherries and plums in plenty, with the fruit just setting among their green leaves. A large oblong pond full of fish lay across the bottom of the garden. The birds sang sweetly; a family of robin redbreasts were making their first attempts at flying from the low branches of the apple-trees. There was a low sound of chanting from the chapel where the nuns were practising the services for the approaching festival of Whitsuntide. All was full of peace and calm, brightened by the fresh and hopeful springtime.

Nella finished her long white garland, and laid it at her feet. She clasped her hands on her knees, and watched the little snowy clouds as they came floating from behind the cherry-trees across the sky. She was very simply dressed in a grey frock cut square at her neck, and finished with a white frill; but she was a tall and beautiful girl, almost a woman in height, with her long brown hair drawn back from a broad fair brow, a frank and simple countenance, and eyes at once innocent and fearless. She was almost too much for the nuns sometimes, with her wild spirits and dauntless gaiety, delighting in woodland scrambles and hairbreadth escapes. But she was loving and loyal-hearted, and no rebel, though a little difficult of control.

Just now, however, the evening calm had stolen over her spirit, and she sat lost in thought, her memory, seldom active, going back to the day of her early childhood, as she glanced at the gold cross which she wore constantly round her neck.

Nella could not be said to have forgotten Catalina. She prayed

for her morning and evening, and she knew that masses were constantly sung in the convent chapel for her deliverance; but the sorrow of her loss was regarded as too terrible for common speech. A cloud of horror hung over her memory, and Nella, whose simple, healthy nature easily adapted itself to new surroundings, rather shrank from the thought of her. Her father had never fulfilled his promise of coming to England; her nurse had been taken captive with Kate. She could vividly remember the night attack, when she had run out to see what was the matter, and found the others gone on her return, and carrying her thoughts back she could remember different trees and flowers, a house that seemed to her of wonderful splendour, a mother's kiss, her bluff father's voice, and, more clearly than anything else, the tall, pale young prince who had given her the jewel round her neck and bid her trust in God.

It must be remembered that though Nella's memory enabled her to recall orange-trees and pomegranates, strange dresses and customs, and the 'Moors' as familiar objects of dread, she never met with any one who had ever seen an orange-tree, or done more than hear of a Moor as a sort of emissary of evil. She had nothing therefore but her own childish impressions to fall back upon, which were confused and blurred, and she invariably pictured Catalina as her own double, grown to the same height, wearing the same clothes, and thinking the same thoughts. But the image seemed as far removed from her as if she had been taught to regard Catalina as among the saints in Paradise. Nella was not imaginative; she did not realise strange conditions; a sort of reserve had always veiled even from her own thoughts the present condition of her twin sister. But her convent life was almost over, and the change in her own existence made her thoughtful.

'I am thirteen,' she thought; 'I have made my first communion, perhaps before many years I shall be married; but Catalina——'

Suddenly, for the first time, it came clearly before her mind that Catalina, if alive, could not be in the least like herself, could not be a Christian at all. Nella sprang to her feet and almost cried out as the thought stung her, and for the first time in her life she was seized with the intensest desire to know her sister's fate; she felt as if she must discover what had become of her, as if the uncertainty so long acquiesced in had become suddenly intolerable to her.

The chapel bell began to ring for vespers; one of the nuns came into the garden and called Nella. She took up her wreath and followed into the chapel, and as she knelt and prayed, the twin sister whom she could no longer picture to herself seemed to call to her out of terrible and unknown darkness.

In the convent chapel, among the oak-wood and the cherry-blossoms of an English spring, Eleanor Northberry laid her garlands on a holy shrine and listened to the chanting of the vesper service; while the

light faded away over the peaceful garden, and the last reflection of the sunset died out from the long fish-pond, and the nuns were left to the peace and the stillness of night.

The sun also dropped down to rest over another small enclosure, far away in the warm south. Round the royal palace of Muley Hassan, King of Fez, were magnificent gardens, and on the side devoted to the women was one, the very gem of them all. A kind of cloister surrounded it, built with the utmost elaboration of Moorish art, horseshoe arches, fretwork of the most exquisite forms, blazing with gold and silver and glowing with the gorgeousness of Oriental colour. Flowers of almost tropical variety and beauty were growing in profusion, and in the centre was a fountain in which gold and silver fish were swimming. On the brink stood a young girl with a splendid wreath of crimson passion-flowers in her hand. She was dressed in a tunic of blue silk, wonderfully embroidered with coloured flowers, full white silk trousers were fastened round her ancles above her golden slippers; on her head was a rose-coloured turban, coquettishly set on the top of the long straight plait of hair that fell down her back. She seated herself on the rim of the fountain, and laying her flowers at her feet, listened to the distant sound of girlish voices laughing and chattering beyond the cloister, or to the noise of a number of parrots and other birds inclosed in a golden network at one corner of the garden.

The girl's face was fair, with fine outlines, large blue eyes of a peculiar wistful softness, and with an expression gentle, dreamy, and somewhat passive. This was Leila, a Christian slave, the pet and plaything of the ladies of Muley Hassan's harem; this was Katharine, Eleanor Northberry's lost sister.

Strangely enough there had been a sort of outward similarity between the lives that were essentially so different. Each sister had been brought up in seclusion in a household of women. Catalina, like Nella, learnt to embroider and to sing; she too lived among birds and flowers and pleasant places. She too was taught to be obedient, to submit to rules; and the gentle nature obeyed more perfectly, and carried cushions and sang little songs or gathered flowers for the princesses, more aptly than Nella learnt her tasks or steadied her dancing steps in Northberry convent. But the little slave had been treated as a favourite toy, and nothing had occurred to drive her thoughts beyond herself. She had at once been separated from her nurse and taken to the palace, and though she could have told, if asked, her real name, and have understood probably her own language, years of soft living separated her from any reminder of her old life.

'Leila, Leila!' cried a clear voice.

Leila sprang up and ran to the garden-gate to meet a lady, of exquisite dark beauty, who came and sat down on a pile of silken cushions near the fountain. Leila took, at her signal, a golden casket

from another little girl, and, kneeling before her mistress, began to take out its contents and display them.

Mistress and maiden smiled with delight as rubies, diamonds, and emeralds came to view.

'My jewels are the best in the harem,' said the Princess Zarah, proudly.

'Yes, lady,' said Leila, 'neither Zuleika nor Zoraya have half so many.'

'There is a string of pearls for you,' said Zarah. 'Or, no—choose among these for yourself.'

'What is that?' said the little slave suddenly, pointing to a small eight-pointed ornament with a ruby in the centre.

'That?' said the princess. 'Why, child, that is yours already. It was tied round your neck when you were brought to me.'

Leila took the cross in her hand, and gazed at it with a fixed, dreamy look.

'Nella had one too,' she said, suddenly. 'Dom Fernando gave them to us.'

'Who is that?' said Zarah, indolently.

Leila looked perplexed, tears filled her eyes, and, with a half-unconscious movement, she made the sign of the Cross.

Zarah struck her hand sharply.

'Hold, child! that is wicked. Do that again and you shall be beaten.'

'Are all Christians wicked?' said Leila, timidly.

'Of course, child—they are unbelievers.'

'And Nella must be a Christian—I was once.'

'There, do not fret. Here is a spray of emeralds for you to put in your turban. You are happy enough, and spoiled, my little one. Religions do not matter so much for a woman, certainly not for a slave. Some day, when I can spare you, you shall marry a true Mussulman, who shall give you sweetmeats and jewels. You are very pretty—none of the other princesses have such a pretty slave.'

Leila laid the jewels down, and, slipping away from her mistress' side, she leaned over the carved parapet of the ladies' garden, peeping through the trellis-work that divided it from the more public grounds of the palace. Down below, she saw four or five men, haggard, weary, and scantily clothed, dragging heavy loads of earth to form a bank on one side of the garden. Presently a Moor came up and struck one of them a sharp blow. He cowered under it for a moment, and then, as the striker turned away, his victim looked up to Heaven and made the sign of the Cross.

These poor sufferers were Leila's fellow-Christians. Tears filled her eyes; she longed to help them. But she was a slave, petted, soft, and self-indulgent, like a pet animal. She shrank away from the painful thought, and, going back to her mistress, tried to forget it in wreathing the passion-flowers round her hair.

CHAPTER IX.

IN NORTHBERRY FOREST.

'The huge, broad-breasted old oak-tree.'

NORTHBERRY Manor-house was a heavy, grey stone building, with a small court in the centre, and four little round towers at the corners. A moat surrounded it, crossed by a drawbridge, which, however, was rarely raised. England still felt the benefit of the strong government of Henry V., and all was at peace. The gates stood open, save at night; the servants and retainers stood idling about the court, and the great hunting-dogs sat in the sun and enjoyed life, one lovely morning in Whitsun week, as Nella Northberry, in all the delight of a holiday, came running out of the hall-door among them, calling them to her, and stroking and petting them with fearless affection.

'Oh, how much nicer this is than embroidery!' she cried, clapping her hands.

'And oh, how shocked Dame Agnes would be to hear you say so!' said a tall, slim lad, with a ruddy brown skin, bright hazel eyes, and an air of alert and cheerful activity.

'Ah, but, Harry, I have improved so much. 'See this is my new green holiday kirtle, and I worked the border to it, I did indeed. Sister Katharine showed me the stitch.'

'It is a very fine kirtle, truly,' said the boy. 'See, you have let Lion lay his paws all over the front of it.'

'It will brush, it is made of serge,' said Nella, blushing. 'But now, Harry, I have something very serious to speak of. Where will you come and talk to me about it?'

'Let us come on to the tower battlements then,' said Harry, struck with the air of serious purpose that suddenly changed the girl's laughing face.

Harry Hartsed also had relations in Portugal, and his father, a poor squire, lived not many miles from the manor. Sir Walter Northberry, after the fashion of the time, had taken him into his household that he might acquire the education of a gentleman, and he was now about seventeen, a fine, high-spirited boy, earnest and ambitious. He and Nella took their way on to the top of one of the little towers, from which they could see over miles of forest, in every variety of spring colouring.

Nella leaned against the battlement, the wind freshening her rosy cheeks and blowing her long hair about her shoulders. She fixed her eyes on Harry, and said—

'Now I am going to tell you a secret. I want you to help me, but I will never forgive you if you speak to any one else about it.'

'I always keep your secrets, Nella; you need not scold me beforehand,' said Harry.

'Well,' said Nella, too much in earnest to reply to his challenge, 'it is about my—my sister.'

Her eyes fell, and she coloured deeply, with the awe of one approaching a mystery.

'Your sister? But you know nothing about her, Nella,' said Harry, tenderly and rather shyly.

'No; but I mean to find out. I began to think of her on Whitsun Eve, when I was making a garland for Our Lady. I want to know what has become of Catalina. I am sure she is alive.'

'But it is quite impossible that you can find out about her, Nell,' said Harry. 'Either she is dead—God rest her soul!—or lost to you for ever.'

'I am going to ask the witch in the forest,' said Nella, coolly.

Harry started, and said in a tone of strong disapproval—

'I shall not help you to do that.'

'Then I shall go by myself.

Harry was a straightforward youth, who disliked what he could not understand. There was something disgraceful as well as dreadful in a Moorish captivity. If the lost girl was a Mahometan slave, the less they knew of her the better; and as for the witch in the forest, in plain English, he was very much afraid of her.

I will not hear of such a thing, Nella,' he said. 'It is very wicked to consult a witch who has sold her soul to the Evil One. Besides, how do you know what she might do to you? Now, do you think Father Anselm, or the Lady Abbess, or your aunt, or Sir Walter would consent to it?'

'No,' said Nella, 'of course not. But I am sure that it is right to go. And I shall tell my beads all the way and wear my cross round my neck. She cannot harm my soul or my body while I have that. I will let her cut my hair off and give her my string of pearls if she wants them. And if you are afraid, I will go by myself.'

'Afraid! I am not afraid of the forest! But you ought not to deceive Dame Agnes, and go in secret.'

'Very well,' said Nella. 'And ought you to have got out at the little postern, and gone to Dunford Fair, when Sir Walter forbade you? Or away down on the rocks to get the sea gulls' eggs, when he sent you to the Master Armourer at Newton? If you may play truant for pleasure, surely I may for a good purpose.'

Master Harry Hartsed, like many another, found his principles impeded by his practice, and, dropping the question of obedience, observed—

'You are a girl, which alters the question.'

'Ask Father Anselm if a boy has any more right to be disobedient than a girl,' retorted Nella.

'I shall not let you run into danger,' said Harry, firmly.

'Then,' said the girl, bursting into tears, 'I shall be very unhappy,

and I thought you loved me better. I'll never forgive you—never And, oh dear, dear Harry, *do* help me—*do!* I don't want Walter Coplestone and Adela to know about it; but if you are so cruel, I—I think I must ask Walter. He would——'

Perhaps the fact that Nella was a girl *did* alter the question. Harry yielded, as he usually did, to her strong will and ready tongue, and said—

'Well, what do you want me to do?'

'To wait outside the postern to-morrow at the full of the moon. I can get out, but I can't get across the moat; so I want you to have your little boat ready, dear Harry. Then, I am not afraid of the forest; but I don't know the way to the blasted oak, and you do. So you must come, and wait there while I go and see the witch. You will, dear Harry?'

Harry was perfectly aware that Nella was going to do a thing that was both wrong and dangerous; but, alas for his good nature! he hated saying no, and more than one scrape that lay heavy on a tender conscience and truthful spirit had been caused by this weakness. Young as Nella was, she was so much of a woman for her years that he, whose thoughts had hardly yet strayed beyond his boyish round of duties and amusements, could not withstand either her coaxing or her contempt. He admired her more, though he hardly knew if he liked her so well as kind little Adela; but Nella was Queen of Northberry Manor, and turned all the young people there round her finger.

Besides he could not make her give up her plan save by betraying her secret, and he could not let her carry it out alone. In the depths of that untrodden forest, strange things were sometimes seen, and much stranger were imagined. Many a frightened woodman or swineherd had seen a wehrwolf dash aside into the impenetrable undergrowth, or in a sudden clearance had beheld a gnome or a demon grinning at him from between the trees, had heard the rush of the wild huntsman over his head in the autumn storms, and fled in terror from the haunted spot. No doubt it needed little to suggest these and the like phantoms; but it takes a long time for any race of animals to become extinct, and chance specimens of the wolf and the wild boar may have lingered in forest glades long after they were supposed to be exterminated. And wild men of the woods may have had a real existence in a state of society when maniacs were regarded with superstitious horror, and when these vast forests afforded a refuge for criminals and outlaws of every description.

To the boy and girl who by the light of the May moon penetrated the forest glades, they seemed to be peopled with fearful forms and more fearful possibilities. Moonlight and towering tree trunks, thick undergrowths of hazel and elder, made strange combinations, and as at the sound of their footsteps, great owls and woodpeckers started

from their roosting places and screeched and whirred round their heads, hares and foxes rushed through the grass and brambles, and the wind stirred and echoed through the tree tops, they shuddered, and Nella felt that she had hardly counted the cost of the undertaking. The path was tolerably plain to them; it was a horse track, and led through the forest down to the shore, and they pursued it for about a mile, in almost entire silence, and then turned aside to the right into a narrower one which shortly led them to what was always called the blasted oak. This was a great withered tree, which stood alone in the centre of a clearing, without a leaf or a twig to break the forlorn aspect of its wide stretching arms now glimmering white in the moonlight.

'Now,' said Nella, 'we must sound a hunting horn, and some one will show us the way to the witch.'

Harry took hold of the horn that was slung round his neck; to sound it required a considerable effort; but he was ashamed to hesitate in Nella's presence, and putting it to his lips, blew a blast much fainter than that with which he was accustomed to summon the dogs on a hunting morning. It seemed to them as if the whole forest rang with the sound, as if it echoed away through glade and thicket till it must rouse Northberry Manor itself, nay, as if it might call the whole country to arms.

Nella shrank up to Harry and they both stood trembling and terrified. No one answered their summons.

'The witch will not come, Nella,' said Harry in, it must be confessed, a tone of relief.

'Then we must blow again,' said Nella; but, as she spoke, they saw running in the grass in front of them a little white rabbit. Instead of starting from them it ran up to Nella's feet, and then away from her for a short distance, then back again. 'Is that the witch?' she whispered. 'Must I follow that? I will cross myself first.' As the rabbit retained its form and showed no alarm at the holy sign, Nella, summoning all her courage, quitted Harry's hand, as no two people could, it was supposed, approach the witch together, and followed the little creature, which now turned and ran back into the wood. Nella, child as she was, was of the stuff that makes heroes. She conquered her terrors, and clasping her cross tight, she followed the mysterious summons. It did not occur to her that the animal was pulled by a string attached to its neck. It did not lead her very far, for she soon found herself in front of a low hut, under the door of which the rabbit disappeared. Nella tapped timidly, the door was flung back, and she stepped into a tiny room, very full of smoke, since the chimney consisted only of a hole in the roof. Neither in that respect nor in any other did it differ from the huts of the peasantry round, except that a torch was stuck into a wooden stand of peculiar shape in the centre. The roof was so low that the tall Nella could have touched it with her hand, and on the floor under the torch sat a very

little woman, with black eyes, sharp features, and a red cloak over her head. She rose as Nella entered, and stood upright, even then hardly reaching to the girl's shoulder, and said a few words in a language which Nella recognised, though she did not quite understand. 'I cannot speak Cornish,' she said.

Perhaps the witch was not accustomed to visitors with their wits so much about them, though the old Cornish language still crossed the border into Devon, and was not unknown there among the peasantry. Still, it added to the mystery of the witch's proceedings in the eyes of some of her visitors, and increased the confidence of those to whom it was familiar.

'And what do you want of me then, maiden?' she said in English.

'I am Eleanor Northberry; I want to know where my sister is who was stolen away by the Moors, and I will give you these pearls if you will tell me,' said Nella, who had rehearsed her little speech. She looked at the witch as she spoke, in full confidence of receiving an answer, and with less fear than she had expected. Somehow, there was something very commonplace about the witch now that she had found her.

'You have asked a hard question, my lady,' said the witch in a much more respectful tone. She knew her position too well to frighten the young lady of the Manor to death, aware that, though feared and tolerated, a little too much licence would bring the laws against witchcraft in full operation upon her. She turned her back on Nella, and mumbled and muttered a little to herself, and then facing round, said in a wheedling tone, 'Sure, it's the fate of the lovely young lady herself, I read in the stars. Wouldn't you like to hear what suitors you will have, my pretty lady—about the great lord across the sea?'

'No,' said Nella, though a little reluctantly. 'I want to hear about Catalina. For,' she thought, 'I shall not be able to pay her to tell me *too* much, and besides'—Nella's thoughts here became hazy even to herself; but they were to the effect that she would not use this sinful means of information more than she could help.

'I see,' said the witch, after a moment, 'a maiden like this one before me?'

'Yes,' said Nella, 'we were both of an age, and alike exactly.'

'Her eyes are blue, and her face is fair,' looking at her visitor's. 'Those around are—dark—dark.'

'Yes—for the Moors are black,' eagerly said Nella. 'Oh, is she alive and happy?'

'The prisoners of the Moors live far away,' said the witch. 'One day shall there be a great ransom—and a great deliverance. Friends shall meet across the sea—a talisman will save the lost.'

'Why, I come from across the sea,' said Nella. 'A talisman! would it be the cross that Prince Fernando gave us?'

'Ay, the fate of a prince is in the balance,' said the witch, mysteriously.

'But shall I ever see my sister again?' urged Nella.

'Across the sea—across the sea,' repeated the witch. 'I can tell no more, my lady—no more.'

'Then I think I had better go home,' said Nella, hardly knowing whether she were impressed or disappointed, but a good deal less frightened than when she came in.

'Give me the pearls, and keep the secret of your visit, else will the talisman work for ill. But now go home, Mistress Nella, go home with Master Harry, and don't you be coming into the forest at night; 'tisn't fitting for young ladies like you, and will anger his honour, Sir Walter, sure enough.'

The different tone in which these last words were spoken startled Nella, for the witch dropped all her mysterious solemnity, and spoke, with half-coaxing command, in a voice that sounded strangely familiar.

Perhaps she was afraid of losing the doles of bread that Dame Agnes Northberry dispensed in the courtyard of the Manor, and which old Bess, as she was called, came to claim without any one guessing at her indentity with the witch of the forest, who was visited in darkness and mystery. The young lady of Northberry was a client with whom she was afraid to deal.

On the whole, Harry, standing without in the darkness, listening to the strange cries of bird and beast, and watching the awful shadows change and sway in the rising wind, had the hardest time of it. He had followed Nella almost to the door of the hut, and was unspeakably thankful when she ran out alive and unhurt and ready to hurry home as fast as possible.

She hardly spoke, till they were safe out of the forest shades and in the familiar home fields, and then Harry said in a subdued tone, 'Was it very terrrible, Nell?'

'No—no,' said Nella, with hesitation. 'She said Catalina was across the sea, and had a talisman—the cross, you know—and that if I saw her it would be across the sea. But I was not much frightened, —and I don't think there was anything—wicked. There were no—demons.' Nella sunk her voice a little, and spoke in a tone of slight disappointment mingled with relief.

'Well,' said Harry, breaking the spell with a laugh. 'For all she told you, you might as well have stayed at home, Nell."

'No, not when I had said I would go.'

But they both thought it rather remarkable that the next morning Harry Hartsed received a letter from his relations at Lisbon, duly favoured by a ship bearing despatches to the court, inviting him to come to Portugal and try his fortunes 'across the sea.'

CHAPTER X.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

'He greatly longed some land that now did feel
The yoke of misbelieving men once more
To his Redeemer's kingdom to restore.'

HARRY HARTSED arrived in Lisbon while the court was still in mourning for the death of the great and good King Joao I. He bore various despatches to Sir Walter Northberry from his English cousins, and from his daughter; and was kindly received by his own distant cousin, Sir James Hartsed, and by him placed in the household of the Master of Avis, who showed him much kindness, and made many inquiries after his little favourite, Nella Northberry. There were enough English about the Court of Lisbon to prevent Harry from feeling lonely, and the life there was full of interest and energy. Not that Harry's disposition led him to emulate the Portuguese princes in their love of literature and science; but he did ardently desire to make as graceful a figure in the tilt-yard as Dom Fernando, and to be able to pick up a nut with the point of his lance when his horse was at full gallop, as cleverly as King Duarte himself. He succeeded beyond his hopes in these aims, growing from an unformed country lad into an accomplished gentleman; and, moreover, in the atmosphere of earnest piety and strict performance of duty in which he found himself, he could not but perceive that something more than good horsemanship and skill in arms, or even in learning, went to the making of these splendid princes.

The years since the disappearance of Katharine Northberry had been full of changes. The marriage of Dom Pedro had been followed by that of Dom Duarte to Leonora of Aragon. The Princess Isabel had been given by her father to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and Dom Joao had also found a wife for himself. These various royal households added greatly to the gaiety of the court; and when the period of mourning for King Joao was over, it proved that the young Queen Leonora loved state and ceremony, and inaugurated many festivities. She was at this time very popular with the people, and every one rejoiced in the presence of a lady at the head of affairs.

Duarte, meanwhile, with an industry and talent equal to his father's, and with an even greater purity of action and intention, devoted himself to schemes for the good of his subjects, and by so doing made up for the loss of his father's great minister, Alvarez de Pereira, who had died a few months before the king, and who had long ago put into shape the young prince's plans for the taking of Ceuta.

Dom Enrique had been but little at Lisbon, his great undertakings filled up his time, and he had of late joined the King of Aragon in a war with the Duke of Milan, during which he had been taken

prisoner, to the great alarm and distress of his brothers; but he had soon regained his liberty, and now, at the end of 1435, was at the court.

Fernando's health had become somewhat less delicate, though it was still a check on his sharing in his brothers' exploits; but he led a very busy, useful, and devout life, managing the affairs of the Order of Avis, spending nearly all his private fortune in ransoming prisoners from the Moors, and in acts of charity or devotion. To the poor, wherever he went, he was a personal friend, and the young men of his household regarded him with enthusiastic admiration, marvelling at the combination of such saintly qualities with such a genuine love for all connected with military honour and personal prowess.

The people spoke of his almsgiving, his life of prayer and self-denial, his unfailing gentleness of word and deed, of the sufferings borne with such exemplary patience, and thought that he led the life of a saint on earth. And all this while the life that looked so holy and so peaceful, and was so pure from outward stain, was full of inward storm and struggle, of longings and ambitions, but imperfectly laid at the foot of the Cross. There was much yet to come before Fernando's victory was won.

One bright winter's day he was sitting in his private room in the palace. As Master of Avis, he possessed property and residences in more than one part of Portugal; but in Lisbon he still lived under his brother's roof, chiefly that Duarte might bestow on him, in his frequent illnesses, as much as possible of his scanty intervals of leisure. Besides, Fernando's tastes were simple, and he loved the surroundings of his boyhood. He had been occupied all the morning, after attending mass in the king's chapel, with the various affairs of his order, and with a consultation with the Archbishop of Lisbon, over the details of a new mission to be despatched to the coast of Africa, in the wake of some of Dom Enrique's recent discoveries, and now, wearied with so much exertion, was sitting by the hearth on which burned a small wood fire.

It was a pleasant room enough, long and narrow, with a high carved and painted ceiling, and a great chimneypiece of white marble, carved with the dragon's heads that King Joao, in honour of his English Garter, introduced on every occasion, just as he taught his soldiers to shout S. George.

Harry Hartsed and a young nephew and namesake of the great minister, Alvarez de Pereira, were sitting at the farther end of the room, and talking in a subdued voice, as they looked out between the mullions of the window over the palace garden.

After some discussion between themselves, Harry glanced at the prince, and, perceiving that he was doing nothing, crossed the room and ventured to address him.

'My Lord, Dom Alvarez and I were discussing a question. May I crave leave to ask your opinion on it?'

Fernando started from his reverie, and looked up with the expression in his eyes, half-wistful, half-eager, altogether unsatisfied, that contrasted so strangely with the kind bright smile with which he ever greeted a request.

'You are welcome to my opinion,' he said gaily; 'but I know not if it will be of much value to you.'

'My lord, Alvarez here declares that his fate has been foretold by the stars, and that certain days in the year are unfavourable to him. That if he went into battle on those days he would assuredly be slain. That being so, it would be well to cast one's horoscope, and learn how to keep from such dangers.'

'But,' said Fernando, 'if duty called Dom Alvarez to battle on these fateful days, he would but go in with a worse heart for thinking it sure that he would never come out again.'

'I should do my duty, my lord, I trust,' said Dom Diego Alvarez, who had followed Hartsed.

'Assuredly, senor, I did but speak to show you how little, to my thinking, knowledge of the future is a help to the present performance of duty. And you have surely heard, since it is the common story, how a Jewish astrologer would have dissuaded the king, my brother, from receiving the homage of his subjects on the day appointed, declaring it to be an unfortunate one.'

'But his grace was not influenced by a rascally Jew,' said Harry.

'No,' returned the prince; 'against the opinions of his councillors he held to his first intention. The king and the dukes, my brothers, having deeply studied the courses of the stars, have found great wonders among them, for which they glorify God; but they do not read in them their own future.'

'Well,' remarked Harry, 'I must say that little knowledge came by one attempt, I know of, to read the future,' and, in answer to the prince's question, he related his expedition to the forest with Nella.

'Alas, poor child,' said Fernando, much moved, 'it needs no witch to guess at her fate. Young Mistress Nella must have a brave heart.'

'There's nothing, my lord,' said Harry, 'that I should enjoy more than a good blow at the Infidel, and there are many here that think with me. We listen to tales of the siege of Ceuta, and long for our turn.'

'Ay?' said Fernando, thoughtfully. 'It seems as if our prayers must be weak when we withhold ourselves. But who is coming?'

'It is the Duke of Viseo, my lord,' said Alvarez.

'Then you may leave us,' said Fernando, as Dom Enrique entered, and, after an affectionate greeting, sat down beside him.

'I think of soon returning to Sagres,' he said; 'my sailors will be looking for me. Since we have penetrated to the coast of Africa, I have more business than ever.'

'I should like to go with you for a time to Sagres,' said Fernando.

'I could not make observations for you like Duarte, nor work out your mathematics like Pedro, but I long to see more of your doings there.'

'It is so cold at Sagres,' said Enrique; 'the winds there are too bleak and rough for you; and yet it would be well for you to spend a few idle weeks.'

'I am strong now,' said Fernando, hastily; 'nothing will hurt me.'

Enrique smiled and shook his head.

'Nothing ails me *now* but idleness,' repeated Fernando, as he looked up at his brother with a sort of inquiry in his face.

Enrique was standing leaning his back against the high chimney corner, and now he turned his eyes on Fernando and said—

'Is that thought so fresh in your mind still?'

'Is it ever absent!' cried Fernando, rising in his eagerness. 'Can I forget my childish vow, and the longing I have ever had so to devote myself? We have done much with Ceuta for a centre for the spread of the Cross. If Tangier were ours——' he paused, laying his hand on Enrique's shoulder. 'See, my brother, I am strong enough now for a campaign. I should run no more risk than the rest of you. Is it not my turn? I am the only one of us all whose sword has never been drawn. Am *I* fit to be head of the Order of Avis? Does such home-staying become my father's son? Must I be the only one to do nothing for the honour of Portugal or for Holy Church?'

Enrique's enthusiasm was easily fired. All his life he had been ready to turn aside from his own special objects to strike a blow at the Moor.

'If you and I could head an expedition,' he said, thoughtfully; 'much toil need not fall on you.'

'Ah!' cried Fernando. 'At such a time I should feel no hardships. I am not so full of my own conceit as to imagine myself a fit leader. Let me but fight under your banner; profit by your experience. Is not our prosperity a shame, while we suffer that unimaginable evil at our very gates?'

'It would consecrate all other efforts,' said Enrique, with the peculiar earnestness that always made his words weighty; 'and to fight as we have always wished, side by side, in this holy war!'

'Yes. Alone I could do little! This hope has been my one aim, my prayer, through all the poor life that has borne so little fruit. Enrique, *you* have known it?'

'Yes. I know that you have never swerved from it. But you must not call your life fruitless, my Fernando.'

'Fruitful of impatience and discontent! In truth I am not worthy of this task.'

'Nevertheless,' said Enrique, with his grave smile, 'let us together offer our unworthiness to Him Who will purge our sins away. So shall we win honour for ourselves and our brother.'

Self-devotion and personal glory were so united in the mind during the reign of chivalry, that it was not marvellous that these ardent souls did not quite distinguish between them. Enlightened as the princes of Avis were, they were, even Enrique, men of their own day. Their more personal aims of scientific discovery, missionary work, organised charity, and the like, were experimental, and they could not set them quite on a level with the recognised privilege and duty of distinguishing themselves in the battle-field. First, they must be soldiers, afterwards, men of science and philanthropists, and Fernando felt himself to have missed his vocation. The deep sense of religion, felt in especial by these two, offered them another and higher object. Perhaps the strong desire of self-devotion was the talent specially committed to the 'ages of faith.' The evil they wished to remove was great and obvious, and Fernando did not consider that he might be doing the Church's work perhaps as effectually in another way. He was humble enough in his estimate of himself; he had done the work at hand without a complaint; but the long-restrained wish, once entertained, it swept all before it like a flood, could see no obstacles and no objections. His natural tastes, his religious fervour, his wish for self-denial, and that self which he had not yet altogether learned to deny, all worked together, by the force of his strong will, to attain his object. Enrique loved him too well to oppose him, and moreover was to the full as impetuous, and more used to having his own way.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INDIAN FAMINE.*

PART II.—CAMP LIFE IN DROUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE RELIEF CAMP.

THE scene in the early morning, a week afterwards, was a palanquin borne along at a swinging pace by six bearers, all singing a monotonous chant through their noses, improvising words to the effect, that they served a good master and a good 'missus,' who was a light little lady, easy to carry, and that if they worked well a sheep would be their reward.

Mr. Leigh and Kitty were far ahead, cantering on Akbar and Sultan, over ground in ridge after ridge, with a black and red soil, covered with stones which at midday would be burning to the touch.

Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass was to be seen.

Alice was lying in the palanquin deep in her usual morning reading,

* In last month's instalment the following *Errata* should be corrected:—*For* "Ciaseine" *read* "Ciascum"; *for* "Almirale" *read* "Almirah"; *for* "Tabsildar" *read* "Tahsildar."

but ever and anon looking out on the Pandemonium scenery and eying wistfully the serrated outline of the distant blue hills and those nearer ones of brown and red, the foot of which was to be their home for the next week, and gladly enough she hailed at last the sight of their tents pitched in a tope * of mangos near a t nk. The water was nearly dried up, and the leaves of the trees were scorched and withered; but still the spot seemed like Eden in comparison of the desert which they had just crossed.

In a few minutes they were enjoying their early morning tea in the pretty Swiss tent, which was their sitting-room in camp. It was a lively scene. Their encampment consisted of about a hundred people; officials, under-writers, peons, servants and their wives and families, made up the number. The Leighs were fond of pets, and these always accompanied them. The two dogs, Cæsar and Lufra, two green parrots, Tottee and Toozee, a mina, and two little gambolling kids, gave a Robinson Crusoe-like effect to the scene. The horses were soon tethered under the trees and rubbed down by the horse-keepers, whilst the grass-cutters brought the bundles of grass on their heads and salaàmed low as they placed them on the ground for inspection.

In the forenoon there was a case of dacoity † for Mr. Leigh to judge. A rich old native had had his house broken into, all the jewels and buried money stolen; and loud eager voices, *pro* and *con*, came from the office tent the whole day.

Mr. Leigh had patiently to listen to swearing evidence on both sides, and sift it as best he could, giving judgment according to his own experience and knowledge of similar cases, which sometimes lasted for days, and were often sorely puzzling, owing to the entire absence of truth on both sides, even when speaking the truth would have won the cause!

The sisters, no longer in a civilised station, ventured to dress as lightly as possible, and reclined during the extreme heat of the day in easy cane armchairs, reading, writing, gasping, sighing.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a scorching wind sprang up which raised the dust and sand in whirls, and filled the tent, and even their mouths with grit.

'Isn't it enough to make a saint lose patience?' exclaimed Alice.

'Don't talk to me,' said Kitty; 'I'm as cross as two sticks. Do hark to that abominable clatter the natives make, it sets one's nerves on tenterhooks.'

'Never mind,' said Alice, more cheerfully, 'let us have a draught of cooled lime cordial and soda-water, and we shall feel more good-tempered.'

'It will only bring out the prickly heat,' grumbled Kitty, fidgeting and rubbing her shoulders against the cane-backed chair. 'Where is your apparatus of buffalo-horn which the hawker tempted you with under the elegant term of "scratch-back"?'

* Grove. † Robbery.

'Here it is,' said Alice, producing an article like a toasting-folk; and, under the soothing operation, Kitty's vein of fun soon got the better of her cross humour.

One of the saddest effects of extreme heat is irritability of temper in excitable and energetic natures; but in phlegmatic temperaments it produces laziness and indifference, which often pass for good temper.

Before long the unwelcome sight of Mr. Smith forced them to beat a hasty retreat; but Mrs. Leigh donned the pretty chintz muslin which she had brought for Sunday in camp, and assuming a little frigid dignity, returned to the Swiss tent.

'I fear I have disturbed you and your sister,' said Mr. Smith in bland tones.

'Not at all, thank you,' replied Mrs. Leigh. 'Only you are the first European visitor we have ever had in our wandering camp-life. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Leigh?'

'Not more than to you and your sister,' replied Mr. Smith.

'Miss Desmond will come presently,' said Mrs. Leigh. 'She thoroughly enjoys the freedom of this gipsy life.'

'Tired of civilisation?' asked Mr. Smith in drawling tones.

'Somewhat with its accompaniments,' replied Mrs. Leigh.

'What are they?' asked he.

'Oh! you extraordinary scamp!' exclaimed a cracked voice from the inside of the tent.

'You rascal! you're a goose, that you are!' came in quick succession.

Mr. Smith started. Alice laughed merrily, and was joined by Kitty, who shook hands frankly with the self-satisfied young man, who did not look, however, quite so much at ease as usual.

'Forgive my naughty mina,' said Alice.

'His language is not very choice,' he replied.

'At all events his words mean nothing,' said Mrs. Leigh.

Mr. Leigh came in presently, and after greeting him civilly, asked if he were come to see the Relief Camp.

'Oh, no!' said the officer; 'catch me going within a mile of the wretched natives. They've brought it all on themselves by their laziness. I came to try and get some sport. It is so miserably slow at K——.'

Mr. Leigh looked at him from head to foot as if he were a curious specimen of humanity.

'I am happy to say your feeling is not shared by your brother officers. I have received a letter from Captain Selby which has quite cheered me on in my work, and is full of sound sense as to cause, effect, and remedy; and, when the time comes, your regiment will be ready with noble help.'

'Oh! as to subscriptions,' said Mr. Smith, haughtily, 'I am always forward in them. My people at home are well known in that line.'

Mr. Leigh, changing the subject, said kindly—

'We can offer you a knife and fork at dinner this evening if you do not mind roughing it. Where are you putting up for the night? I am sorry we have not a spare tent.

'Thank you, you are very kind, I will accept your hospitality and then return to the C—— Bungalow, a horrible hole, only fit for a nigger; and I will change my mind and go with you to the Relief Camp to-morrow morning, it will be something to tell my people about in the home letters.'

'That is right,' said Mr. Leigh.

'Boy! Butler!'

'Coming, sar,' cried the voice. 'Coming, sar!' was heard in the distance.

'Coming, sar!' mimicked both parrots in cracked tones.

Mr. Smith laughed heartily.

'One would think,' he said, 'that you had a regiment at your call.'

'Yes, it is rather deceptive, and would make people think we had a fine retinue of servants. What would not Caleb Balderston have given for such birds!'

'Boy'—this to the dignified butler who stood before him with bowed head and folded arms awaiting orders—'Mr. Smith will dine with us this evening.

'Very well, sar. Gentleman sleeping here too? Master know very well no tent got.'

'Master told you, butler, Mr. Smith dining here only,' said Mrs. Leigh impressively, to check the butler's officiousness; Mr. Smith sleeping at C—— Bungalow.'

Alice slipped away to go to her store-box, and she laid out a tin of hare-soup, a tin of salmon, and a bottle of tart fruit, gave them to cook, saying—'Juldee, shigram!' which magic sentence, or rather words, signifying, the one in Hindustani, the other in Tamil, 'quick,' had the effect of sending the old cook stumbling over his saucepans and chatties, and making the torniketch * wake up from the ground of the cooking-tent, where she was rolled up in an old sheet and looked just like a mummy.

The dinner in the Swiss tent passed off very amicably. Mr. Smith was bent on making himself agreeable; and he could be sensible when not indulging in his peculiar hobby of trying to make a conquest of young ladies' affections.

Notwithstanding the dainty dishes, little was eaten, for the stifling heat took away all appetite, but claret and soda-water, cooled in the refrigerator, disappeared rapidly and seemed the only nourishment with the exception of a little curry and rice, capable of invigorating them.

* Kitchen woman.

They sat under the trees afterwards watching the brilliant stars, which hung like jewels in the clear, deep blue sky, but no cool night-breeze sprang up, the ground was hot to their feet, it seemed as if there were no air to enable them to breathe; a stifling oppression reigned all around, and they wearily retired to seek in vain for sleep. The chief part of the night was spent in tossing, sighing, drinking whole tumblers of water, and before dawn carrying out the cots under the trees, when a short sleep was at length attained.

The crowing of cocks, and a twittering and chattering amongst the branches, at five o'clock awoke the sleeping camp, and as there was a new road made by the coolies, Kitty went with her sister in the carriage and the two gentlemen rode.

After three miles along the the plain they arrived at the Relief Camp, which was a large, oblong enclosure, surrounded with a hedge of prickly pear to keep the natives from wandering away, which they were fain to do, in search of their favourite betel-nut for chewing.

On one side were two large pandâls, or sheds, made of bamboo poles, and the sides and roofs of matted palm-leaves.

One of these contained the women and children, and the other the men, who were being fed by Government up to working condition. On the opposite side was the hospital, made of the same materials; and further away outside, the hospital for small pox cases.

A number of peons, lascars, and others were going about attending to their several duties. The most perfect order and discipline reigned. As the party advanced the head officials came to meet them, salaàming low, and courteously conducting them into the camp. There the ladies alighted, the gentlemen dismounted, and they went first into the women's pandâl, where they were seated in rows on the floor with numbers of children of all ages.

Oh! what a pitiful sight was there! From the utmost degree of emaciation up to that condition pronounced 'fit for work' by the medical officer, and that was poor enough in all conscience.

The native dresser (or apothecary) was going from one to another, examining the tongue, turning up the eyelids, feeling the pulse, and also the consistency of the flesh. Those who were judged to be in good working condition were set on one side, and marched off under some peons to the Relief Works.

There was one young girl who especially attracted their attention. She was pretty, and seemed glad to be well again. Mrs. Leigh patted her bare shoulder, and Mr. Leigh spoke a few encouraging words to her in the soft Telugu, which is called 'the Italian of the East.' She smiled at them half sadly, displaying even rows of shining white teeth, but seemed on the alert to leave the camp, in which she had been prisoner so long, and where her husband had died. Altogether she was the best specimen of the working lot.

Mr. Leigh had a kind word for all; and they seemed to look upon

him as their deliverer, and their poor sunken eyes followed him as he walked from rank to rank.

The scene in the men's pandâl was much the same. There was a good deal of talk with the officials, who had also reports, and sometimes complaints, to make.

The scene in the hospital baffles description. The unfortunate patients were 'living, pulsing skeletons,' their lips tightly drawn across their white teeth. Some were writhing in the cramps of cholera, others already in the state of coma from which so few awake; some were palpitating between life and death, too far gone in starvation to be restored. They were too weak to retain the restoratives gently given to them. A few might possibly recover, but the greater number would go to swell the already enormous death-rate, which was beginning to make the strongest natures shudder.

Over the loathsome objects in the small-pox hospital I draw a veil. The ladies were not allowed to enter. Mr. Leigh always accompanied the doctor, and soon became quite knowledgeable in the different stages of the disease.

On their return, they met a poor woman, an infant carried across her hip, nine children tottering after her. One little boy was staggering along, with a child of two years old in his arms. They could scarcely walk. Mr. Leigh stopped and asked their history. She said, in Telugu, 'Some of these are my sister's children. Their parents went to the Relief Works at N——; but it was not their home, so they died, and the children were sent back to me. My husband is dead, and I go now to the Relief Camp.'

And the pitiful procession of living skeletons staggered on, more like long-legged birds than human beings, leaving the impression on Mr. Leigh's mind that few, if any, could possibly be saved.

Mr. Smith seemed much subdued, and, as he took leave of them, thanking them for their hospitality, he said,—

'I am glad to have had this opportunity of seeing this distress for myself. I shall write directly to my mother' (it was not 'my people' this time), 'and when the time comes—for it will, surely—for England to help, I can answer for it, my mother's gift will be a noble one.'

And they all took a kind leave of him, and as he rode away Sydney said,—

'There goes a sadder and a wiser man.'

A pile of papers to be read, thought over, digested, and answered, awaited Mr. Leigh in his office-tent; and after the bath and second breakfast the real business of the day began, to continue until five o'clock in the afternoon, when he would come into the Swiss tent, and lie down at full length on the carpet, near the wetted cuscus *tat*.

Then his wife would sit on a low chair near him and read to him till the tired eyelids winked and closed, and Alice would cover him with something light and warm to prevent a chill, and he would wake

up ready for a walk with the dogs to wherever they could find any water sufficient for a swim.

The next morning, early, Mr. Leigh asked Kitty to ride with him to a village which he wished to inspect. Notice had been given of his visit. As soon as they were in sight of the mud inclosure and tiny huts out issued a procession of the natives, preceded by the headman and the reddys, all beating tom-toms, blowing cows'-horns, and tinkling triangles—for the poor creatures knew that these visits from the assistant-collector always brought them material benefit.

When they met the villagers all salàamed low to the ground; the headman took hold of Mr. Leigh's bridle, and escorted him to the village. The whole sorry set showed their teeth whilst grinning with pleasure and wonder at the first sight of an English young lady—riding sideways on horseback, too!

'How wonderful! Why, our women ride on oxen as we do. How can she keep on? These Europeans are very strange. They do everything better than we do, except music. There we beat them!' And a blast from a conch, which pierced every nerve in your body, and a deafening noise of tom-toms, proclaimed this superiority. How they enjoyed the noise and 'Tomasha!'*

In answer to Mr. Leigh's inquiries, the reddys informed him that their village district had lost twenty per cent. in human deaths, and that 3,000 cattle had died. An evil smell pervaded the village. Mr. Leigh gave orders that the bodies should be buried a certain depth, in order to avoid pestilence, which was decimating the population equally with starvation. In one of the little alleys they came upon an old white-haired man lying on the ground. Sydney dismounted, and asked him whether he would like to be carried to the Relief Camp.

'No,' he answered, resignedly; 'it is my fate. I will die in my village.'

This was only one among many similar instances. The strong fatalism of Orientals makes any attempt at alleviating their condition very difficult. They die like sheep, and as patiently and uncomplainingly.

The several reddys in the village came with their accounts and reports. Much is in their power, for they are intrusted with a certain amount of government relief, and seldom are they found peculating.

The tahsildars are sometimes discovered receiving bribes from the ryots, and, like the publicans of old, grow rich from their ill-gotten gains. This is the reason why so much personal inspection into everything is the necessary work of European civilians.

On their return they observed a group of people on the white, dusty road, surrounding some object. They stopped to inquire the cause, and were shocked to find that the young girl whom they had seen

* Festivity.

looking so well and ready for work the day previous was stretched before them on the ground, dying.

'She was sick only once, and now she is dying,' they said. Sydney rode at full speed to his tent for arrack* and congee,† but when he returned she was too far gone to take them. In a few minutes more the last pulse of life died away, and another victim was added.

Mr. Leigh left a peon to see that the poor body was buried deep enough to save it from being the prey of vultures and jackals, and with saddened hearts they returned to their tents.

As they entered they heard the sounds of sobbing, and on going into the bichova, or sleeping tent, they found Alice with her head buried in her hands. Her husband's arms were round her directly.

'My darling, what is it?'

But she could not answer. Kitty went to the medicine-chest, and insisted on her taking some sal-volatile, and bathed her face and hands and sprinkled her with eau-de-cologne. When she had sufficiently recovered, she said,—

'Oh! Sydney, I have seen such a horrible sight. I took a long walk over the fields, some way off, and wandered farther than I intended. You know I am quite accustomed now to the sight of human skulls and bones in one's path, but I was not prepared for the scene which came upon me when I crossed a *nullah*‡; there in the sandy bed were jackals scratching up recently-buried bodies, and the vultures and crows were sitting on them, tearing the flesh, and gorging themselves with the horrid feast. I looked one moment, and then rushed away as fast as I could, and I can't get the sight out of my eyes. What shall I do?'

'Dearest, we must try and see these things in a calm, philosophical, broad sort of way. We all know that the body must decay sooner or later. These poor natives have not the strength to bury their dead; so you must try to look on wild animals and birds of prey as sanitary commissioners; for, depend upon it, they are our friends, in keeping off pestilence. Everything is double, one against the other. But, dear, it is not safe for you to be wandering so far alone from camp; do not go again.'

'Well, Sydney, you do always contrive to put the worst things in a nice sort of way. I never thought there could be a common-sense view of such a horrible thing. But at the same time I hope I shall never come across it again.'

'Indeed I hope not,' said Mr. Leigh. 'What an experience for a tender, delicately-nurtured young woman!'

A sound of tinkling bells cheered them up; for it was the *Tappâl*§; and one of the peons went to meet the bearer of the letters, who was running at a jog-trot pace, holding a staff obliquely, fitted with little bells.

* The spirit made from the cocoanut. † Any kind of gruel.

‡ A torrent—in the monsoon—a dry ditch of sand in the hot season. § Post.

'Hurrah! the Home letters!' cried Sydney; and the precious packet was sorted for the different owners, who were soon deeply immersed in their contents, each calling out from time to time some tit-bit of news or pleasant, racy remark.

Ah! how little do those in the Homeland know of the sweets and the bitters of the 'Home letters'! How the love often contained in them cheers the exiles on in the far-off land of their sojourning, and how, doubly, unkindness galls and brings them down to the dust!

'A letter from my old friend Lambert!' cried Sydney. 'What can *he* have to write about? Lucky fellow! with his broad acres in the right, tight little island, and his determination to do his duty.' And soon he was deep in its contents.

'Well done, John!' at last he exclaimed. 'Why, Alice, here's a fellow worthy of being a member of Parliament! He says he is quite ashamed of the way the House is emptied when India is the subject brought forward; so, as he confesses his own ignorance about it to be quite equal to that of his countrymen, he is actually coming out to make the grand tour, instead of running the risk of breaking his neck on the Alps, or of being starved whilst fishing and shooting in Norway. "I shall be sure and look you up, old fellow," he adds, "in spite of the raging famine. And I hope Mrs. Leigh will treat me to something more than bare bones, that I may not fall a victim to my laudable search after knowledge of the 'gorgeous East.'"'

'Now that is what I call a sensible man,' said Alice. 'Mamma writes:—"I really could shake people for their absurd ignorance about India. One lady asked me the other day, 'Oh! is there really a famine there?'"'

K.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER IX.

HOLY WEEK IN MONTE VIDEO.

Palm Sunday, 1875.

'Our Sabbath closes, and the world's week of toil
Must rise upon us surely with to-morrow's sun;
Earth's cares must sadden us, its strivings grieve and soil,
But for thee, little one, has endless Rest begun!

'*We* keep our Lent in tears and sad repenting,
We mourn the Saviour's Cross and Passion to recall.
And think "our sins gave to that Death consenting!"
Whilst thou before His Throne in joy can'st fall.

'Thine infant hand attains the palm of heaven,
Already thine the long sweet eventide of rest,
Until th' Eternal Easter to the Church be given,
And we behold thy face again among the blest!

'Content ye, sad hearts: Christ His lamb hath taken
Home from the bleakness of this drear earth's wintry wind,
And the still form ye loved so well shall waken
Yet once again, your fond embrace once more to find.

'E'en as we keep the Fast, we know full surely
The Resurrection Feast shall also come at last,
When we shall meet, and know, and love more purely
Dear ones that from our tear-dimm'd sight on earth had past!'

THE sad occurrence which gave rise to the above lines belongs so entirely to my reminiscences of Holy Week in Monte Video that I have ventured to place them as a heading to what I have to say thereupon. The whole scene comes before me vividly at a word: the cheerful Palm Sunday gathering, with the family of the English chaplain, to attend the services of the day at the Anglo-American chapel; the sunshiny walk along the streets of Monte Video to the *Callé Treinta y tres*, wherein it is situate; the few minutes—our arrival being early—spent looking at the blue waters of the La Plata, which wash up to the very walls of the church inclosure, and have not only the appearance of a shoreless sea (instead of a river), but in this direction command a view towards the open horizon, whence the Atlantic waves flow in from no nearer lands than the Antarctic Pole; then the familiar office and hymns proper to the Sunday next before Easter; and the brisk return through lovely autumn sunshine, and streets crowded with the indescribable diversity of costumes and nationalities which always makes *Calle Diez y ocho* so gay on holydays. Up the hill we fared, past the pretentious column to Liberty at its summit, and through a quiet side street, where a hall-door admitted us into a *patio*, or open court, filled with flowers and surrounded by the rooms of the house. Mine was beyond a second patio, and accessible by a winding iron staircase and a sort of balcony. And here, during the ensuing quiet afternoon, was the sad news brought to me of which I have spoken, viz., that the little child of our guests, Mr. and Mrs. J——, had been suddenly brought home, from a day's visiting at the house of friends, to die! The poor little thing had been for some time in a precarious state of health, and had been brought to Monte Video for advice. The parents were 'camp people,' that is to say, the father owned an estançia (or farm) in the open country of Banda Orientale, which is always called 'camp' in the sense of 'campo,' or field. My hosts had received from them hospitality in past days, according to the universal open-handed manner of estançia life, and they were of course invited to make the parsonage their place of sojourn in town. ('Hospitality without grudging' is a virtue really practised in South America.) At first Baby seemed to

improve, and we all took a lively interest in her progress, and on the Saturday she had been taken by her mother to the house of another friend. She must, however, have caught cold, for unfavourable symptoms at once appeared, and by Sunday afternoon the mother felt obliged to convey her hastily into town again for inspection by the doctor. His verdict was but too prompt and sad, for one glance told him that the poor little thing was already dying; and in fact she only breathed for about twenty minutes after the return to our abode, which had been the nearest place to take her after hearing the physician's mournful verdict. I shall never forget being permitted to look at the tiny, still white form, composed into its last long sleep, just before we went to the evening service, with the solemnity added thereto by thinking of our little pet of yesterday, already admitted to the Evensong of Paradise. Next noon (according to the painful necessity of those climes) she was buried in the English cemetery, which is one of the fairest and most tranquil spots ever consecrated to be 'God's acre.' It commands a view of the sea, and is beautifully planted with trees and flowering shrubs, among which the rich yellow bloom of the different sorts of acacia is specially noticeable.

Monte Video possesses a climate very near perfection. The summers are sufficiently hot to bring many tropical plants into flower, while the keen winds, and even frosts, of winter, temper the atmosphere to a moderation that admits of most European fruits and flora doing well there. And for the beauty of the spring and autumn days—clear, genial, bracing, and exquisitely bright and sunny—I have no adequate words wherein to express my praise. The surrounding country is arid and monotonous, but Monte Video itself is a large, well-built city of considerable wealth and pretension; its streets are paved, lighted with gas, and supplied with tramways; its churches are numerous and handsome, its 'plazas' and public buildings real imposing. The universal *newness* of everything about South American cities certainly makes them less interesting to the eye and mind than one of our more venerable capitals at this side of the Atlantic; but the Uruguayan metropolis actually boasts of something dating beyond the year before last! viz., an ancient bit of fortification, constructed by the earliest European settlers in the regions of Rio Plata. It is turned into a sort of bazaar or market, and looks so picturesque that I greatly regret having to add that it is going to be pulled down to make way for a new street.

Those of my readers who possess *South American Mission Almanacks* will doubtless remember when the province of Uruguay established its independence, and will also scarcely need reminding that its inhabitants are of Spanish extraction, and speak that most rich and musical of languages. Nevertheless, I have been surprised, since my return, at the obscurity in the minds of really well-read people as to its utter divergence in every possible respect from the national

characteristics of Brazil. The colder climate induces a more lively and energetic character, and there is such a vast number of both Europeans and Yankees settled in the Banda Orientale that its manners and ways are not a little influenced thereby. Then it is a Republic, and is kept in a state of never-ending commotion by frequent revolutions and incessant political cabals and intrigues. Life and property are insecure, business fluctuates with every change of government, and an occasional epidemic of yellow fever, or outbreak of civil war, adds to the feverish uncertainties of Monte Videan existence. I had the ill-fortune to see it at almost its worst, for I landed there shortly after the revolution of January, 1875, when Varela and the democratic (or 'Colorado') faction had just overturned the Blanco government. From that hour things went amiss. Varela and his associates repudiated the national debt, depreciated the currency, confiscated horses and cattle (belonging to European estanceiros) in their warfare against counter-revolutionists, and, in a word, ruined the country in a few weeks. A commercial panic was the speedy result; one European firm after another stopped payment, and the financial distress and want of confidence became something unparalleled even in Uruguayan annals; and this melancholy state of affairs has not, I am told, even yet much improved, though Varela's successor, President La Torré, is considered a somewhat better ruler.

Of the insecurity of life I despair of giving those of my readers who know no more adventurous existence than that of peaceful England, France, or Germany, any idea. No gentleman thinks of going out after dark without loaded pistols in the suburbs of Monte Video, or even the less immediately public thoroughfares. I have walked home from many an evening's concert or party with my escort carrying a revolver; and have even, before now, been requested to possess myself of the music, so that hands might be freer for defensive operations when we met any strange-looking personage in a more lonely street. And upon one occasion we actually came upon the traces of a sanguinary encounter on the pavement, about two miles from the principal centres of the city. I noticed the dark stain beneath the light of a lamp, with a shuddering conviction of what must have happened, and walked over it without uttering my fears; but the gentleman of our party stopped to ask one of the two *serenos*, or night policemen, who were standing by the door of an adjoining *pulperia*,—'Has a murder been committed here to-night?' (The conversation was carried on in lowered tones, but every word reached me, and I understood Spanish sufficiently well to follow its meaning.) 'Yes, senhor,' the sereno answered; 'we suppose so, for we heard a frightful noise here, and hurried to the spot, where are traces, as you see, of the struggle yet visible; but when we arrived here the doors of this pulperia were already closed, and we are now watching to see who will come out.' A pulperia, the reader should be told, is a

small inn, or 'cabaret,' one of the most likely abodes for quarrels and bloodshed to arise. But to avenge an offence on the spot with the thrust of a knife, or to watch for the opportunity of retaliating some grudge by a stab in the dark, is an ordinary matter, of course, among these people. On the Easter Sunday evening of my first year in Monte Video an Italian was murdered in the street where I was living, in one of these street broils. They are so common that, whenever there is a recurrence during summer of a certain hot wind, peculiarly trying to the nerves, it is the local saying, 'There is a north wind to-day: there will surely be some murders done before night.' Capital punishment is rarely enforced; even when proof is clearest the relatives of the murderer generally manage to bribe the judge; condemnation is delayed until the popular feeling has subsided, and the criminal ultimately escapes, in most cases, all serious punishment whatsoever. The poor police (called serenos on account of their patrol watchword, chanted forth every half hour during the night) fare very badly in their encounters with disorderly characters in the streets during the hours of darkness; for one or two of them to be terribly maltreated or killed in such an affray is quite a common occurrence.

When I was staying with some friends at the upper end of Calle Uruguaya, my room faced the street, and I used often to be terrified by the sounds of actual fighting therein. One learns to welcome the voice of the patrol, calling out, '*Las once!*' (or whatever the hour may be)—'*Es sereno!*' as a token of safety; though at first the preternatural caterwaul in which it is given forth twice every hour murders sleep and makes night hideous.

The Uruguayan soldiery are a well-drilled and martial-looking army enough, but contain representatives of almost every nation in their ranks, black and white, European and American. They are rather fond of military displays, and have remarkably good bands. At the English parsonage we were close to a 'Quartel,' or barracks, and used to have the benefit of a grand performance, each Saturday and Sunday, of really pretty music. Also, at 3 A.M. and 9 P.M., we were favoured with a 'rappel' on the drums, lasting a full quarter of an hour, to the simple distraction of the English ear and brain. The army gets but very irregularly paid by government, and I was told Varela owed his success chiefly to the attention he paid to this matter—the soldiery openly avowing that they aided him to overturn the Blanco government in hopes of being better paid than they had lately been.

Every man born in the Uruguayan dominions is bound to serve for a certain term in the army, no matter what the nationality of his parents. Of course there is some way of 'buying off' in this conscription, but in time of war I believe it is not very secure; for I have heard the sons of English, born in the country, express anxiety as to their liability to be claimed as soldiers, should actual fighting break

out. Of the confiscation of horses I have already spoken. It is habitual in case of warfare; government having the right to possess themselves of any man's cattle at will. Europeans hide their horses when requisitions are being made. I have heard of favourite steeds being concealed in a bedroom for days together; and have myself a vivid recollection of a certain Sunday morning during the counter-revolution against Varela, when news reached us at the breakfast-table that horses were being taken from the neighbouring '*Quintas*,' and that ours would be the next visited in like manner. (*Quinta* is the term used to describe a country house standing in its own grounds, and I was then resident at a very pretty one, about two miles from town.) The gentlemen rose precipitately to the rescue. One of them had in his care a remarkably pretty animal, the property of a friend in England, so that the loss would have been more than commonly vexatious. No breakfast was tasted till every horse had been locked up *in the bath-room*, which happened to be very spacious, and to possess a stone floor, where they remained for a couple of days in hiding!

But this state of things was a good deal later in the year than Holy Week, of which I was originally speaking. At that date the calamities resulting from Varela's bad administration were only at their commencement. The Monte Videans are far from strict Catholics, the men rarely entering a church for purposes of devotion, though they are wont to wander about the galleries and side aisles of the 'Matrisa' (the cathedral) while the ladies are worshipping, to look at them. I went with a friend to the service there on Good Friday afternoon, and beheld this singular fashion in full force: the centre portion of the building filled with ladies at prayers, the sides a shifting promenade of gentlemen, with eye-glasses up to inspect the fair devotees engaged in devotions. And when we came out, the 'Plaza' opposite the great door was a densely-packed crowd of lords of creation, staring with all their might at the outcoming congregation! We attended the Easter Even office there also, but music and ceremonial were poor, and the building itself is not very striking. Far more noteworthy were the bright and careful Easter services at the neat little church of our own communion, to which I have already alluded: it is plain, but commodious; and infinite pains were bestowed upon our service of song each festival by an amateur choir chosen from among the English residents, and trained with untiring care and skill by a quondam member of the Chapels Royal at home. And to this privileged band I had the satisfaction of belonging; and as I shall have occasion to speak further of our musical performances and another use to which we put them, I must conclude this chapter with but a brief allusion to our final practices that Holy Week for the services of the approaching feast. We used to meet for the purpose in a queer sort of office-room, lent by some patriotic Englishmen because of its central position. If I remember aright, he was a Roman Catholic himself; and I am quite certain that

the ordinary business of the apartment in question was of a very different nature from the practising of chants and anthems. The look thereof rises up before my eyes as I write, with the goodly gathering of compatriots met there on that occasion, of whom many are since divided by the width of ocean, and some have passed into the rest of the grave, until the dawn of the Eternal Easter Morning. And by some strange link of associative memory, there seems to sound therewith in my ears the very strain of the offertory sentences we learned first for that Easter's Communion :—'He that soweth little, shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously, shall reap plenteously. . . . Charge them that are rich . . . . that they be ready to give and glad to distribute, "laying up for themselves a good foundation," that they may attain eternal life!'

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

III.

AMONG the many trials that the Wrens had to endure, one was spared them which, at that time, pressed heavily on most of the English gentry, the bitter one of family disunion. 'Politics, the wedge that rent families and friendships asunder, as iron rives oak, did not split them apart.'

The Bishop and his brother were of one mind on the great questions of the day, so too were their children in a greater or less degree. Matthew, the Bishop's eldest son (born at Peterhouse, Cambridge, in 1629), was highly thought of by the Royalists. Evelyn speaks of him as a 'most worthy and learned gentleman.' He was for some time Secretary to Lord Clarendon, and afterwards to the Duke of York. Christopher seems to have shared the opinions of his family as he could hardly have failed to do, though too young and too absorbed in his studies to take any part in politics. The impressions he received at Westminster were also strongly Royalist; the school was thoroughly loyal. On the very day of King Charles's murder, the usual prayer for the reigning sovereign was fearlessly read by South (afterwards the famous dean), who was then captain of the school.

In 1643 and 1644, heavy personal sorrows were added to the Bishop's anxieties and troubles. In the course of those two years his diary records the death of five of his children; his warm heart must have felt these losses acutely, especially in his powerless state, a prisoner, with but one probable issue from his prison. Whether he was allowed to see his wife, or where she was then living, does not appear. It seems likely from the special mention that his daughter

died at Ely, that the other children died in London, and that Mrs. Wren may have been living near the Tower. During that time the royal cause, at first prosperous, grew less and less so, as the king's lack of money became an ever-increasing difficulty. Another grief, keenly felt by all Churchmen, was the order of the Parliament for the abolition of the Prayer-Book and the alteration of the Thirty-Nine Articles in a sense pleasing to the Puritans. Then came the trial of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was treated with a cruel disregard of his high position and of his age, every kind of insult and indignity being offered him. He however rose superior to it all, and defended himself with an eloquence, vigour, and courage which dismayed and enraged his enemies, though it could not change their purpose. The Bishop of Ely's name was frequently mentioned, and his promotion objected to as one of the Archbishop's crimes, but no further steps were taken against him then, as he was safe in custody, and the Commons had enough on their hands.

In that year the 'self-denying ordinance' was passed, by which all the officers of the army who had a seat in either House gave up their commissions. Cromwell alone, by judicious delays and by the interest of Fairfax, contrived to retain both his seat and his commission, and began to discipline the army which he purposed to make his tool.

In 1645 came the long foreseen issue of the Archbishop of Canterbury's trial. The sentence had been determined beforehand, the only object of the protracted proceedings being to give a specious colouring of justice to its execution. For this Prynne 'kept a school of instruction' for the witnesses, and tampered with the Archbishop's papers, of which he had forcibly possessed himself. The spirit that guided the whole trial was shown in his reply to one who said the Archbishop was a good man. 'Yea, but we must make him ill.' The peers raised a feeble opposition. The king, whose consent the Parliament had not attempted to procure, sent, by a sure hand, from Oxford, a full pardon under the Great Seal, but neither received the least attention from the Commons.

On the 10th of January, on Tower Hill, the unjust sentence was fulfilled. Few things are more touching than the account given by Heylin (his chaplain and biographer) of the way in which the Archbishop met that cruel fate. It is some comfort to remember that, though the Church Services were then forbidden, yet his enemies did not interfere, but suffered the Burial Service to be read in All Hallows, Barking, where he was first interred. After the Restoration, the coffin was removed to S. John's College, Oxford, and buried under the altar in the chapel. He left Bishop Wren and Bishop Duppa (the Bishop of Salisbury) executors of his will. It contained a great number of bequests for charitable foundations, especially for his native town of Reading; but as his whole estate had been taken from him, these were unfulfilled. His murder was an immense triumph to all the Sectarians

in England and Scotland, who probably considered it as a deathblow to the Church.

To Bishop Wren, so long his friend and fellow labourer, latterly his fellow prisoner, the tolling of the Tower bell must have brought the deepest grief, as well as horror, that the Primate of England should die on the scaffold. The entry in his diary is brief. *Parce, O Deus, requisitor sanguinis.** He must have expected the same fate for himself, and prepared himself accordingly; but he had eighteen years of close imprisonment to live through, and a different work to do.

Early in 1644, Monk, then a colonel in the King's service, was taken prisoner by Fairfax in his attack upon the army besieging Nantwich, in Cheshire. He was imprisoned first at Hull, and then, as he was thought too important to be exchanged except for some considerable prisoner, he was sent to the Tower, and there remained two years. The Tower charges were high, and a long confinement in its walls was a strain upon the resources of a prisoner, which reduced those, whose fortune, like that of Monk, was scanty, to extreme poverty. The King, who knew Monk's condition, contrived to send him a hundred guineas, and upon this he existed for some time, and resisted the offers of Cromwell.

His fellow captive, the Bishop of Ely, in the course of several interviews, did his utmost to confirm the soldier in his loyalty. He perceived that Monk, whose popularity with the army was very great, and whose military talents were thought to be of a high order, might one day be a valuable ally and a useful counterpoise to the fast-rising power of Cromwell. At length, when the King's cause appeared for the time lost, and Monk himself was reduced to extreme poverty, he yielded to Cromwell's request, and accepted a commission in the Irish army, under his kinsman, Lord Lisle. Before his release, Monk had a final interview with the Bishop of Ely, and, as he knelt to ask the Bishop's blessing, bound himself with a solemn engagement never to be an enemy to his King, and said he was going to do his majesty the best service he could against 'the rebels in Ireland, and hoped he should one day do him further service in England.'

Bishop Wren held firmly to his trust in Monk's loyalty, though many things might well have shaken his confidence. In the curious life of Dr. John Barwick (afterwards Dean of S. Paul's), one of the King's most faithful agents, who, in many respects, seems the original of Dr. Rochecliffe,† it is said that he 'often heard the Right Reverend Bishop of Ely promise himself all he could wish from the general's fidelity,' and as Monk gave no other hint of his intentions, this assurance was precious to the Royalists.

In the meantime young Christopher was making good progress at Westminster, and when only thirteen invented an astronomical instrument, of which no description has come down to us, and dedicated it

* Spare, O God, the avenger of blood. † See *Woodstock*.

to his father in some Latin lines, the smoothness and flow of which are remarkable, especially as the work of such a young boy.

The bent of his mind at this time seems to have been chiefly to all kinds of experimental philosophy; his architectural studies and pursuits belong to a later period of his life.

About 1645, his father, with Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Dr. Wallis, Mr. Theodore Hank, who came from the desolated Palatinate, and Mr. S. Foster, the Gresham Professor of Astronomy, met together weekly, 'to discourse and consider,' writes Dr. Wallis '(precluding theology and state affairs), of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto: as physick, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, staticks, magneticks, chymicks, mechanicks, and natural experiments with the state of those studies as then calculated at home and abroad.' It will be seen that the field of inquiry thus opened was a sufficiently wide one. The exclusion of theology and politics was a wise precaution, for the difference of opinion must have been great. Dr. Goddard, at whose house the meetings were often held for the convenience of his having there a workman skilled in the nice work of grinding glasses for microscopes and telescopes, became body Physician to Cromwell, was by him made Warden of Merton College, Oxford, and subsequently represented the university in Parliament. Dr. Wallis, a famous Oxford mathematician, was employed by the Parliament to decipher the King's cabinet of letters taken at Naseby, and also was proved by Matthew Wren (the Bishop's son) to have deciphered several very important letters sent by Charles II. to England, and intercepted at Dunkirk.

It will easily be seen how little these gentlemen could have had in common as regarded politics with Dean Wren, just returned from Bristol, where he, with his daughter and son-in-law, had shared the anxieties of Prince Rupert's garrison, and probably also the general dismay at the unexpected surrender of the city to Fairfax, an event hardly less hurtful to the King's cause than the 'fatal field of Naseby' itself.

Still the meetings continued; and as the troubles of the times interrupted the regular course of lectures at Gresham College, many of the professors came to these small gatherings, from which sprang, at the Restoration, the present Royal Society. When he was fourteen, Christopher Wren was sent up to Oxford, and entered as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College, where he continued his favourite pursuits, and became known as a youth of unusual genius.

Amongst other inventions at this time, he produced a design for a reflecting dial for the ceiling of a room, ornamented with quaint figures and devices, some Latin lines ending in a chronogram of his age, and the date of the invention, suggested probably by the one in the rectory at East Knoyle, which he had known from a child. Dr. Wilkins, who had been made Warden of Wadham, took a great interest in

Christopher, and used his help in all his experiments and inventions. During the Civil War the King's court and the head-quarters of the Royalists were at Oxford, and the King was there in the spring of 1646, when the approach of Fairfax, with a powerful army to besiege the town, made it but too plain that it would be a safe refuge for the court no longer. King Charles could not brook the idea of being taken to London as Fairfax's captive, and adopted the desperate measure of leaving Oxford in disguise, attended only by Mr. Ashburnham and Dr. Hudson, and throwing himself on the loyalty of the Scots, then encamped at Newark. How unworthy of his confidence they proved to be, and how they finally sold him to the Parliament, are matters of history too notorious to need repetition here. Oxford, delivered from the ruin of a siege, continued for some time to afford a refuge to such of the Royalists as were not obliged to seek a closer hiding-place, or who were not, as too many were, confined under the hatches of a ship of war at Wapping.

At the end of that ill-fated year another sorrow fell upon Bishop Wren; worn out with grief for the loss of her children, and anxiety for her husband, for whom Laud's fate seemed only too probable, the Bishop's diary records: 'Dec. 8, 1646. Ad Christo evolavit pia anima conjugis Elizæ, mediâ post 5$^{\text{vum}}$ matutinam.'* There is no record of any murmur; his brave hopefulness did not desert him, though this loss left him very desolate and full of anxiety for his surviving children, of whom the eldest was but eighteen.

The Dean was more fortunate, as he could still to some extent watch over his son, and knew him to be in friendly hands at Oxford.

Dr. Wilkins commended him to Prince Charles, the Elector Palatine, as 'a prodigy of science,' and to him young Christopher presented several mechanical inventions, in a quaintly formal letter, reminding the prince of 'the days when your highness was pleased to honour my father's house (the Deanery, Windsor) with your presence for some weeks.' Shortly afterwards he contrived a 'diplographic instrument for writing with two pens,' whose uses he thus describes; 'by the help of this instrument, every ordinary penman may at all times be suddenly fitted to write two several copies of any deeds and evidences, from the shortest to the longest length of lines, in the very same compass of time, and with as much ease and beauty, without any dividing or ruling; as, without the help of the instrument, he could have despatched but one.' So successful was this instrument (which many a hard-worked copyist of the present day would be thankful to possess), that he obtained a patent for it for seventeen years. In the same year an exact duplicate of this invention was brought from France, and another patent taken out for the same number of years, by Mr. William Petty, who claimed to be the inventor.

* 'At half-past five in the morning the pious soul of my wife Eliza flew up to Christ.'

Wren was indignant at the notion that he had copied another person's idea, and gives good reasons for his belief that his own instrument was described to Petty by a friend.

Petty's history is a curious one. The son of a clothier of Rumsey; he educated himself; was some years in the navy; became Gresham professor of music; then a physician of some fame; also Henry Cromwell's secretary, and a commissioner for Ireland; lastly, was knighted by Charles II., and became the colleague of Pepys at the admiralty, where he invented a 'double-bottomed ship to sail against wind and tide,' which excited much interest at the time, made one very successful voyage, and was wrecked afterwards in a frightful storm. Its model is still preserved at the Royal Society, of which he became a member.

The meetings at Dr. Goddard's house were, as London grew more and more troubled and insecure, transferred to Oxford, to Dr. Wilkins' lodgings at Wadham, 'then the place of resort for virtuous and learned men.' 'Their first purpose,' says Bishop Sprat, the historian of the Royal Society, 'was no more than only the satisfaction of breathing a freer air, and of conversing in quiet, one with another, without being engaged in the passions and madness of that dismal age. And from the institution of that assembly it had been enough if no other advantage had come but this: that by these means there was a race of young men provided against the next age, whose minds receiving from them their first impressions of sober and generous knowledge, were invincibly armed against all the enchantments of enthusiasm. . . . . It was in good measure by the influence which these gentlemen had over the rest, that the university itself, or at least any part of its discipline and order, was saved from ruin. . . . . Nor indeed could it be otherwise, for such spiritual frenzies, which did then bear rule, can never stand long before a clear and deep skill in nature. It is almost impossible, that they who converse much with the subtilty of things, should be deluded by such thick deceits. There is but one better charm in the world than real philosophy, to allay the impulses of the false spirit, and that is the blessed Presence and assistance of the True.'

CHAMMY AND CHAMMIETTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRIENDS IN FUR AND FEATHER.'

LACERTA was their family name, Chammy and Chammietta their own. They were husband and wife, and the sole survivors of a party of six South African captive chameleons, who 'took ship' for England some time in the month of September, 1874, but all of whom succumbed to the effects of the voyage and the miseries of imprisonment in a small

iron-barred cage, excepting one little pair, the hero and heroine of the tale I am about to tell.

Belonging, as they did, to one of the oldest, although by no means the most dignified family in the world, a very special interest attached to all their ways and doings. Insignificant little saurians as they were, of some eight and-a-half inches long, they belonged to a race which, in long-gone-by ages, had peopled the world with monsters; and even in these degenerate days they had relations in South America who could swallow a sheep, cousins in the Nile who could swallow a man, while the bones of the dead dragons in all the museums of Europe show how great the family once had been.

Fortunately, these most illustrious relatives, who once swarmed alive and dreadful in the mud of warm lagoons, swallowing all that came before them (especially their own relations), are now only to be seen mapped out in mortar, where their ghastly fossil skeletons show us what dragons of fifty or sixty feet long were like, and help us to feel thankful they all died before our day.

But those far-off cousins of the great dragons (Chammy and Chammietta) were saurians of the air, and not of the water—living their lives amongst trees, and flowers, and birds; carnivorous, indeed, as the rest of their race, but swallowing nothing larger than blue-bottles.

They were caught at the Cape of Good Hope about a month before they sailed for England, and seemed to have resented captivity extremely—poor Chammietta arriving with poor little toes crippled for life, injured in clinging to the wires of her cage in her frantic effort for liberty.

Her toes were never well again, and she was never safe upon them; so that her powers of clinging to a perch being much impaired, if she was left upon a bush, she seems to have been as often found under it as upon it; but none of her falls seemed to hurt her, except one memorable tumble with her tongue out, which I shall relate further on, as it nearly ended a remarkable career in a very remarkable way.

Chammy and Chammietta lived together for three years in their English home, anxiously watched and fed, guarded and petted; petted at least as far as was possible, with due regard to the peculiarities of their reserved and undemonstrative natures.

Whether they cared for their kind friends and benefactors no one could tell, for *they* made no sign. They certainly knew them, and were quite fearless when carried about, perched upon delicate fingers, to be presented to visitors, or to be carried about on a cruising expedition after flies upon the windows. When thus held on a finger to a window buzzing all over with flies, they quite understood, and made the most of their opportunities in being helped to catch and kill their own dinner.

But it was all done gravely and quietly; none of the keen instinct of sport showed itself in their hunting; for while one eye was staring

at a fly, the other was generally looking in a disengaged fashion, quite another way. Then, with a glitter of the one golden eye, which alone was on duty, came an instantaneous dart of the long, slender tongue, almost too rapid for sight to follow. There was one pair of wings less upon the window, but the little monster who had caught and swallowed his blue-bottle looked as if nothing had happened, so still and impressive was the expression of the whole creature, from its close-shut mouth, with its cruel curves, to the end of its tightly-twisted tail.

Apparently chameleons never pursue their prey. Their *rôle* is to sit still on leaf or branch, looking as like their perch as live dragons all in gold and green may do, and waiting until beetle crawls, grasshopper hops, or winged insect alights within range, spear their victim upon their long tongues, and relapse into perfect stillness again.

The wonder of this curious tongue is, that whereas in the mouth it appears rounded and thick, and of a pale orange colour, when shot out like an arrow, it is nearly as long as its owner's body, semi-transparent, and no thicker than a thread. To take water, it is put out a little way in its short and thick condition; but to catch a fly, it is shot out to its full extent, and forms, then, a thread-like lance between five and six inches long, upon the point of which the victim disappears down the creature's throat as on a spear. A brush at the point of the tongue is probably covered with a viscous fluid, to which the fly adheres..

These telescopic tongues, as it afterwards appeared, required management; and Chammietta making a blunder about hers, very nearly lost her life from her awkwardness. Having been placed upon a plant one morning, and left to catch flies for herself in a window, it is supposed that she over-shot her tongue, for she was found upon the floor in great agony, with her tongue out; and as she evidently could not draw it back, every one thought she must die. At last some one suggested dipping a silver spoon in water, and holding it so that the poor little thing could press the tip of her tongue against it; this succeeded, and gradually she drew it into its place; and when once she had got it into her mouth, she prudently kept it there for a whole fortnight, and fasted until it was ready for use again. It is just possible that her lame and injured feet betrayed her, and that, losing her grasp, she over-balanced herself in spearing a fly; and, falling before she had put up her tongue, the shock fixed it, so that it remained immovable. Her young lady's prompt surgery probably saved her life.

Nothing can be more deliberate and painstaking than the chameleons' attempts at walking. As they move from one finger to another, or creep across a branch, they feel their way, squinting diabolical looks of suspicion, with one eye upon any one near them, while with the other they keep a look-out for flies, and take a sort of bird's-eye view of things in general. They can, however, scramble along at a good

pace when frightened, and also, it is said, will show their rows of sharp needle-like teeth, and hiss like snakes if very angry; but Chammy and Chammietta were never so minded, and never resented anything, not even having their skins taken off, as now and again they were obliged to be. Like a shell of gold-beater's skin, and as dry and transparent, this worn-out covering had to be taken off bit by bit, the whole coming away sometimes from the feet in the shape of a glove ready to put on again, had the Chammies been so inclined.

Even at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, where the chameleons are kept in the tropical climate of the snake-house, they have not lived longer than a year and six months at farthest, so that Chammy and Chammietta, at the end of their three winters in England, were perhaps two of the greatest curiosities in it. And amongst the most curious creatures in the world, these little creatures have ever been, and ever will be, reckoned. As they bewildered the Greeks and Romans three and four thousand years ago, so they puzzle us now; and all the science of the world has not yet guessed many of the mysteries of their little frames.

One of their secrets is their curious power of appearing one moment fat and round and well-to-do, and the next looking like skin and bone, or rather like skin and no bone, for the comfortably filled-out ribs disappear, and cannot even be felt. Fear seems to be the cause of this curious collapse; for at the touch of an unaccustomed hand, and even sometimes when touched by a hand they know, the whole frame shrinks, the body, which when first handled felt firm and round, becomes perfectly flat, the ribs, which were very perceptibly arched out under the skin, disappear both to sight and, what is quite inexplicable, to touch also, and the creature looks and feels as if it were nothing but empty and flaccid skin. As soon as the alarm is past, the bones re-appear, the body returns to its right shape, the creature is itself again, and nearly twice as large when it is not frightened as when it is.

But the secret which has baffled the wisdom of all the ages is their power of changing colour, and especially their mysterious property of copying shades of colour near them. So sudden and subtle is this change, that a creature with a skin black and spotted like a toad becomes in a few moments semi-transparent, and as if made of bronze and gold studded with jewels. You cannot see how or when the change comes, but there it is: the eft is transformed, and shines in colours like the tints upon the wings of one of Fra Angelico's angels.

But whether jewelled with colour, or spotted like a toad, the creature was still a small and scaly dragon. No beauty of colouring might disguise that ugly likeness. There was the somewhat flattened head, the long body and serpent tail, the claws, and above all that "awesome" fringe of spikes, which the dragons, red and black, wear down their backs to the very tip of their tails; and although there were no

vans of leathern wings, still there on one's finger was the reptile, whose image, in one form or other, has haunted the ages—the serpent, the great worm, the dragon, the central horror in the myths of every nation and people from Japan to Yucatan. And so, if Chammy had only had wings, curved his claws, and had fire coming out of his nose, he would have been exactly like a dragon on a tea-tray. In one of his favourite attitudes, lying at full length along a stick or a finger held upright, with his head projecting forwards over the end of it, looking perfectly stiff as if carved out of black stone, he exactly represented a gargoyle projecting its dragon head downwards from some old church tower. When sitting thus upon a stick or finger, the end of the long snake-like tail was firmly twisted in one or two coils upon another finger, while the hand-like feet clasped closely across the perch, held on like human fingers.

The male chameleon was much larger than the female, more brightly coloured, with a higher crest of dragon spikes; and, horror of horrors, he had on his chin a demoniacal little beard, in a sort of material like fringed black leather.

For eyes, they had large spaces on each side of their flat heads; cavities half an inch across, covered with what looked like a telescope of skin and muscle. At the small end of the telescope, where a glass would be, there was a round, glittering, gold-brown eye. These eyes always reminded me of the eyes in Christabelle—

> 'The lady's eyes shrank in her head,
> Each shrank up to a serpent's eye,
> And with something of malice and more of dread." . . .

And so these strange reptile eyes, which should have been from the size of their orbits so large, and were so small, looked out with fear, and something that, if not malice, was not quite canny, in their weird glances, for these telescopic eyes moved backwards and forwards and side-ways; were at one moment projected from the head, and the next moment quite flat; and what was worse, the two eyes very often looked different ways, so that sometimes when you knew the little wretch was looking steadfastly at the fly straight before him, it was not comfortable to find he had an unoccupied spare eye which he never took off your face. This peculiarity had the same sinister effect a very bad squint gives to a very ugly face.

Somewhere I have read of a chameleon who, when carried about fly-hunting by a boy, in whom he had seen no reason to place confidence, kept one eye for the boy, and one for the game; whilst, if a young lady, of whom he had a better opinion, carried him, he never looked at her at all, but used both bright eyes in catching the blue-bottles on the window.

These curious eyes are not pairs in any way; they neither move together, nor see together; and whether Chammy saw everything double, and so multiplied his sources of pleasure, as well as doubled

his fears and terrors, I do not know, but he certainly never looked more uncanny and unpleasant than when he exercised his strange power of using one eye to look at the fire and the other to stare out of the window.

One of the grim monsters of the older world, the Ichthyosaurus, a kinsman of the Chammies, 60 feet long, may be seen upon museum walls, in mortar, with huge eye-sockets, from which it is supposed such telescopic eyes may have projected; but whether these awful eyes, looking upwards from the steam and mud of the salt-water lagoons, saw double, who can tell?

The double vision of the chameleon is but part of the wonder of the curious anatomical conditions of its existence. It has, in fact, a double existence; for the sides of the animal having an independent volition, it is as if two half-animals lived together in one skin. As their eyes do not necessarily or ordinarily move together, neither do their legs. They have two sets of sensations, can be pleased on one side and displeased on the other; and, according to Cuvier, can go to sleep on the right side, while they are awake on the left.

It is said that one result of this divided consciousness is, that, being unable to move their legs together, they are quite incapable of swimming. But the greatest wonder of their being, and the great beauty, is their marvellous changes of colour. And here again science is at fault, and none of its divinations have told us yet by what subtle process, transparency, light, and colour, come, transfusing through all its tissues, the black and leathern skin of this eft-like creature.

An old writer, Hasselquist, sagely propounds that chameleons, being sensitive creatures, and much in the sun, get the jaundice, and so, being bilious, he supposes the sun turns them yellow. Had he seen Chammy and Chammietta in some phases of their change, in the most perfect of all, a glory of golden green, his unpleasant surmisings would have been withdrawn. That brilliancy and beauty were very unlike being ill.

In winter they usually underwent their transformations in the seclusion of their own flannel-lined cage. Black as toads they went in, and after being shut up in the dark, and warmed in the fender, emerged in about twenty minutes in skins of palest bronze, on which shone exquisite tints of rose and lilac, green and turquoise blue, with here and there a sheen of golden ground, or a glitter of green enamel. In this condition the creature's skin was like shagreen leather, covered with a surface of minute and separate points like studs. Down each side, as if in a chain of graduated beads, ran a delicate stripe of larger studs, in colour and texture exactly like pink coral.

When lying, as they so often did, still and stiff along a branching piece of stick, they might easily have been taken for metal ornaments in enamelled bronze, jewelled and gilt in some rarely beautiful way; and the colour and brilliancy was only to be equalled by jewellery.

This extreme splendour was generally very short-lived. As the effect of warmth and darkness passed off, livid-looking spots appeared here and there upon the skin; the head usually darkened first, and the side turned towards the light gradually grew blacker and blacker, until, glitter of gold and gleam of gem having all passed away, the eft in his toad-dark skin remained, and the beauty was a beast again.

Darkness and warmth seemed to cause the change in winter, but light and warmth seemed to have the same effect in summer, and the little creatures were never so brilliant as when, placed on a rose-bush on a sunny day, they caught the colours of flowers and leaves, and reflected the gold and blue of sun and sky. This reflecting power, or whatever it may be, probably varies very much in different individuals, and under different conditions of light and shadow, and of course, also, in different degrees of cold and warmth.

The viper's yellow spotted skin changes to black when he descends from the hill to bask through a summer upon the bog, and the northern hare and fox get their white jackets when the first snows begin to fall, but all this by slow degrees; only in the chameleon is the process one of instant change, defying science to trace its operation or detect its cause.

It is one of Nature's chiefest secrets of safety, or rather this copying of the ground-work of the picture by the living thing upon it, is the God of Nature's ordinance of safety, for creatures who otherwise would be exposed to constant peril. To the chameleon it is protection from the birds who prey upon, and would soon exterminate them, if leaf and blossom, sun and sky, did not lend some gleam of colour and glitter of light, and so conceal them in borrowed beauty. Some dark memories of their ancient foes, the bright-plumaged birds who used to swoop down upon the fig-trees in their southern land, always lingered about Chammy and his wife when sunning themselves on the rose-trees of an English garden. They cowered as tom-tit or robin redbreast flew by, and evidently thought it quite probable they might find themselves carried off through the air in the beak of an English blackbird.

In their own land they do good service by clearing the fig-trees of insects, and so valuable are their services that the people will not allow them to be caught until their harvest of fruit is safe and the little scavengers are no longer needed.

The chameleons at the Zoological Gardens are kept in a high temperature, and are fed with grasshoppers through the summer, but they are never given water, and perhaps this is the reason they are so short-lived.

Chammy and Chammietta were never without water, which they were seen constantly to take with their fat, orange-tinted tongues; but unless a little pool was constructed upon a rose-leaf, or on some other

device, and put close to their noses, they never saw the water, and never knew it was there.

Their food was no difficulty as long as summer lasted, and flies were to be had for the catching upon every window-pane, but as they grew rare, it was thought well to have a reserve at hand in the days of scarcity; so a game-larder was set up, a fairy-like cage, behind whose bars buzzed the captive blue-bottles, waiting for their turn to come.

A gossamer butterfly-net of two inches across kept the dragons' larder supplied.

One by one the poor blue-bottles disappeared upon the lance-shot tongues, down the cavernous throats, and by the time the last was gone, and not even a gnat was to be found on sunbeam or ceiling, colder days had luckily come and spoilt the Chammies' appetites. In winter they became sleepy and dull, and were evidently in a state of partial hybernation; never, however, sunk deep enough in the mysterious trance which sends the bears to sleep and wraps the dormice in Elysium, to lose complete consciousness, for they were always awake when handled, and although not hungry, evidently expected something to be ready when they chose to wake up for it.

At such times, the flies having failed, all that could be done was to present them with future blue-bottles in the shape of meal worms; but these they never really liked, and as they seldom thought them worth the trouble of spearing with their long tongues, their mouths were sometimes held open, and a fat white grub dropped in, to be swallowed at leisure. Even this source of supply was precarious in the country, and when their commissariat grew low, and the Chammies, after a week or two's sleep, might be expected to awake any day open-mouthed for food, the event was prepared for by the arrival of small chests of grubs, which came down in readiness, supplied by a London dealer.

There came a day in Chammietta's life when her importance to the world at large, and more especially to England, was much enhanced. She presented her adopted country with eleven English-born chameleons —a perfectly unique feat on the part of an exile mother of her race, so far as I can ascertain. Not that very much came of it, for as it turned out, the country was none the better for all her trouble; but that was not Chammietta's fault.

This was how it happened. One morning, when the cage was opened, scattered about it were found eleven pearly discs, round, but rather flattened on two sides, and about the size of a silver threepenny-piece. Through the semi-transparent, soft, white skin, which resembled the skin of a snake's egg, a tiny chameleon could be distinctly seen, with its little limbs folded together, its head bent down, and its long tail in a spiral coil, turned in rings like a watch-spring.

They were perfect in form, quite alive, and ready apparently to

begin full-grown lives as soon as they could emerge from their silver covering. But this they never did, and in all England nobody knew how to help them, or what to do to hatch them.

Sun, and fire, and flannel did nothing for them, or seemed to affect, in any way, those silver-tissued shells; and if, as is just possible, their mother ought to have covered them up with sand, or, as some snakes do, sat upon and hatched them, she sadly neglected her duties, for she never took any notice of the imprisoned embryos, and as they had no power to escape, one by one they shrank away and died.*

Some of them were sent all over England to various naturalists, in so many pill-boxes, but with no better result, for nobody knew what to do with them. Chammietta, however, I am sorry to say, when the next time came, knew what to do with them. For once more, upon opening the cage one day, there were seen some silvery eggs, but only four of them this time, and they were seen once, and seen no more for ever.

Of course the gravest suspicions attached in consequence to Chammietta. She was their mother it was true, but no one but herself *could* have touched them. Chammy was not in the box that day; he had been removed out of the kindest consideration to her feelings, her lady thinking that if eleven children were coming, she would most likely be glad to have her nursery all to herself. Whether there were many more than the four seen, no one knows; probably there were. There can, I fear, be no doubt that Chammietta, making the most of her opportunities in her solitude and silence, amused herself by eating up her children. She *must* have eaten them, and the only thing that could be said for her, was that perhaps she had the same ridiculous prejudice about their being looked at, that mother pigs, and rabbits with large families sometimes have; and, like them, might think she would put it out of any one's power to see her children, by putting them out of sight altogether.

I am sure she would think it was kind to do it, and so, I have no doubt, do the rabbits; I am not so sure, and never have been, as to good intentions in the case of the poor little pigs' greedy and disagreeable lady-mothers. Still, I do not wish to say they mean anything by it, more than others, and I dare say only follow a curious but convenient custom of the animal world in eating their children when the nursery arrangements are not to the mother's mind.

Custom and climate—all were against poor Chammietta's little family, and perhaps in her difficulties she thought there was nothing else to be done. Her last attempts at a nursery took place a year ago, and now she has had troubles of another kind; she lives

* While writing the above I have heard that the chameleon buries its eggs in sand to allow them to hatch in the sun, but whether the sun of England would have been kind to a family for Chammietta, is, I think, more than doubtful.

alone; she has lost her husband, and perhaps she would be glad if she had not been so greedy, and eaten the children 'that might have been!'

Poor Chammy, it is feared, may have suffered from a want of sufficient variety, and even from want of a sufficient quantity of food through the winter. His appetite for meal-worms was quite gone, the blue-bottles were dead, and it is on record that the last winter of his life he lived for a whole fortnight upon two gnats. He had a bad fall about this time, and became a great source of anxiety to his friends, for having a swelling upon his mouth in consequence of his tumble, he would not try to put out his tongue, and especially disliked having his mouth opened and meal-worms dropped in. At last it could no longer be opened at all, and then Chammy ate no more, and died.

His widow seems likely to live and thrive. In her glittering array of gold, and green, and jewels, she has basked through the summer sunshine, and has been as happy, apparently, as if nothing at all had happened. And yet she has eaten her children, and her husband is dead; but little she recks of it all, or thinks of the time when, her blue-bottles all gone and her summers all over, she will rejoin him where he now is, and Chammy and Chammietta will be once more and for ever together——in pickle.

THE AUTOS SACRAMENTALES OF CALDERON.*

As we must confine our attention on the present occasion nearly exclusively to the seventy-two *Autos* of the greatest of Spanish dramatic poets, leaving more than one hundred of his regular plays unnoticed; and constrained as we are by our limits to offer a brief account of only a very few even of his sacred dramas, it would be unwise to attempt first any very elaborate description of his genius. Many of its characteristics will manifest themselves in the quotations which our plan will involve, and the essay named above will supply the Englishman, who cannot make Calderon's acquaintance at first hand, with a favourable, but, in the main, correct, estimate of his powers; while the Spanish student may learn much from its fair statement of the judgments, adverse or flattering, of previous critics, and from the equitable manner in which it adjusts the balance between them. Archbishop Trench's analysis and partial version of *La Vida es Sueño* will give the English reader a good idea of one of Calderon's secular dramas, and that of *El Gran Teatro* in his volume will do the same office with regard to his *Autos Sacrámentales;* also inspiring,

* *Autos Sacrámentales de Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca* (Madrid, 1759), and *Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World.* With an *Essay on Calderon's Life and Genius.* By R. C. Trench. London, 1856.

as we hope, that wish to become acquainted with more of them, the supposed existence of which in our reader's minds is our best encouragement to offer him some account of these little-read and not very easily procured plays. Still, as the charming book we have referred to is not in every one's hands, we ought to state briefly that the most striking points of Calderon's genius are its fertility and its poetic spirit. The very titles of his secular dramas prove the first, comprising as they do subjects from sacred and profane history, beginning with *Semiramis* and ending with the contemporary *Siege of Breda;* subjects from sacred legend and martyrology such as the *Purgatory of S. Patrick*, or the *Two Lovers of Heaven;* classic myths, which begin with themes from Homer to end with the late Greek romance of Heliodorus; subjects from the tales of chivalry such as the *Bridge of Mantible*, or the *Garden of Falerina;* subjects belonging to the realm of pure invention, like the *Count Lucanor*, and *Life's a Dream;* subjects as various in geographical * situation as the four quarters of the world, one at least of Calderon's plays, *Daybreak in Copacabana*, belonging to the then recently discovered America; subjects of comedy, like the *Fairy Lady*, and others past counting; subjects, finally, of deep tragedy, like the *Mayor of Zalamea*, or the *Physician of his own Honour*. The fertility of Calderon's mind is farther evidenced by the rich abundance of his metaphors, and by the eloquent force of the long speeches in which his plays abound; too long often for strict dramatic propriety, but triumphs of eloquence in their way. Its other most essential characteristic, its fervour of imagination, displays itself by suffusing even 'cheap forms and common hues,' and still more great antique figures and noble cavaliers, with a magic glow which transports the beholder into a new world. What he sees there is conventional to a certain extent; but it obeys a convention agreed on by very high contracting powers, the rulers of the highest realms of fancy. The earth beneath his feet grows greener, the sky overhead bluer, the ether purer than in common life. The shapes which people the new country in which he stands are more dignified, more chivalrous, than those by which he is accustomed to be surrounded; they obey a different code on some points, are stirred otherwise and by other passions than common men. Who then can wonder that they speak another language; that words which would be extravagant hyperbole on ordinary lips flow naturally from theirs; and that the most distant departments of the kingdom of nature vie in providing them with similes adequate to show forth their love, their hate, or their heroic courage? When to these characteristics of Calderon's genius we add an ingenuity in the construction of his plots which drew forth the envy of Goethe, and which has produced *dénouements* so marvellous

* In point of geographical exactness Calderon's carelessness equals Shakespeare's; whose *sea-coast* of Bohemia is matched by the Spanish poet's description of the Peloponnesus as a *mountain* in Asia.

for their dramatic skill as those of *Silence is Best* or the *Hair of Absalom;* and, in the last place, a command over the resources of his fine native tongue displayed in a rich, ornate, and decorated diction, and in a versification which exhibits great metrical variety, always employed with judgment and always satisfactory to the ear, we have said enough to arouse the jealousy of some readers on behalf of Shakespeare, with whom, indeed, it has been the practice of certain critics to compare Calderon. The jealousy is, however, without foundation, the comparison devoid of wisdom. Lacking Shakespeare's amazing sense of humour, Calderon diverts us in his comedies by his well-contrived incidents, but he hardly ever makes us laugh when he designs it; he could never have conceived a Falstaff, and he is sometimes so unfortunate as to make us smile in the wrong place when his own intentions are perfectly serious. Wanting, furthermore, Shakespeare's philosophic insight into the depths of human nature and his marvellous creative power, Calderon's characters are apt to be representatives of a class instead of being strongly-individualised men and women; his people interest us chiefly by what they do and suffer, Shakespeare's most of all by what they are; his personages could often be transplanted from one of his plays to another with little injury, the English dramatist's never; Calderon's, even when they are noblest and most individual, stand still in point of moral and spiritual qualities, Shakespeare's grow worse or better before our eyes. Thus Calderon bestows on us no Hamlet to study again and again, to change our minds about and dispute over, to look into as a mirror and there see our own irresoluteness for good reflected; no complex webs of conflicting thoughts and passions to unravel. His wife-slayer is not, like Othello, a man 'perplexed in the extreme' by the opposite claims of love, duty, and just resentment; but a polite gentleman and good Catholic, who strikes for honour with a due regard for his wife's soul, and who obeys the royal command for his second marriage, reluctantly indeed through fear of having to repeat the operation, but undisturbed by haunting thoughts of the pale victim whom he sacrificed on the shrine of his false deity. The very skill shown by Calderon in his plots is often exhibited at the cost of being artificial. Similar combinations recur in them too frequently; as has been well observed, his works form a charming garden, but they have its formality as well as its sweetness, its sense of being bounded within limits, as well as its fine variety of tints. Whereas Shakespeare is always natural; his genius ever exhibits itself (like the powers of nature) in fresh and surprising combinations; it is vast and unbounded (to human sight), like the mountain landscape with the summit lost in clouds.

Nevertheless Calderon is very great in his own line, and of that greatness able judges have sought and found the highest proofs in the department of his genius which we are just about to investigate—his sacred dramas. Descended from the miracle-plays and mysteries of

mediæval Europe, a species of composition so alien to our present state of feeling, and at times, though unintentionally, so shocking to our sense of reverence, as Calderon's *Autos* cannot be appreciated without making a considerable effort to throw ourselves into the modes of thought of men living in other times or other lands than our own. They are themselves, as Trench well explains, rather 'moralities' than mysteries; that is to say, they freely admit impersonated qualities, vices, and virtues among their real characters; nay more, these apparently real characters themselves generally bear a further typical or allegorical sense. The *Pilgrim's Progress* dramatised by a great poet would be the nearest English equivalent to one class of these dramas, which depict man's temptations, his heavenly aids, and his final success in the unequal conflict. Another and very interesting class of *Autos* are attempts to spiritualise various classic legends. In them Psyche is the True Church, faithful to her invisible Lord; Perseus unbinding Andromeda is Christ setting Human Nature free; Theseus slaying the Minotaur represents His victory over Satan; Orpheus descending into the Shades, His conquest over Death. At other times the well-known types of the Old Testament form the groundwork of the play; and Melchizedec or Isaac, the Brazen Serpent or the Paschal Lamb, is employed to shadow forth the Redeemer. A fourth class consists of New Testament subjects, parable or miracle, always representing emblematically, with more or less distinctness, the Passion and the Resurrection, and making of the individual recipients of blessings in the Gospel History types of classes or nations; of individual opponents of the truth, types of Judaism, heathenism, or apostasy. A fifth class is taken from real or legendary history, as the *Leprosy of Constantine* and *S. Ferdinand of Castille*. A sixth are secular dramas of the poet's own, turned into allegories, as *Life's a Dream*, and *The Painter of his own Dishonour*. A seventh class are religious fables in verse, in one of which the principal characters are trees, the idea being borrowed from the oldest fable on record (that of Jotham in the Book of Judges); in another, the soul and body of man with their various attendants. Lastly, we have the class to which *The Great Theatre of the World* belongs, of allegories not founded on Scripture, and in which the ethical element predominates. The religious teaching of these *Autos* is that of their writer's day and country. It is not pleasant to a devout believer in the Creed of Nicæa to find himself frequently stigmatised in them as an apostate because he refuses to accept the late and unauthorised additions made to it at the Council of Trent. It is painful to a Christian heart to see the honour rendered in them to the Virgin Mother approach too frequently to that alone due to her Divine Son. Nevertheless, the great truths on which all Christians are agreed occupy in them a larger space than their unhappy points of difference. The love of the Creator for His works, the disorder wrought among those works by

the Fall, and the marvels of redeeming grace, form the theme expressed by the myriad variations of these *Autos*, through which they deserve the enthusiastic praise of Schlegel, who calls them 'one never-ending hymn of thanksgiving, ascending continually to the throne of God.' It will be our aim to select for notice those which especially justify this lofty panegyric, leaving to our readers to discover for themselves by after study the mournful truth of our own qualifying observation.

It will be obvious, even from the brief foregoing account of the plan and subjects of Calderon's *Autos*, that to enjoy their perusal we must suspend many established canons of dramatic criticism. They are a law to themselves, and that law they obey faithfully: so we ought not to try them by any other. It is indeed difficult for the reader to imagine himself assisting at the representation of one in a spirit of befitting seriousness; as able to refrain from laughing at the witless behaviour of *Innocence*, the perverse and obstinate tricks of *Free-Will*; and to accept *Idolatry* in a hat and feathers, and *Judaism* and *Apostasy* with ornaments equally suited to their characters, as the legitimate exponents of their respective creeds. But it is otherwise when we *read* these dramatised allegories. We may smile here and there at their *naïveté*, but their evident good faith and earnestness carry us for the most part along with them. We marvel at the power with which their author has invested his singular *dramatis personæ* with all the attributes of life, at the magic wand which has transmuted their unsubstantial shapes into real flesh and blood; at the skill with which he so conducts their story as to make us take a real interest in their fortunes, besides inspiring us with a sense of awe from beholding in them our own representatives, just as Bunyan makes us care for his pilgrims as real people, while he leads us to draw spiritual lessons from their history. The tendency of Calderon's mind to present abstract types of classes, rather than individual specimens, which we have noticed as the chief defect of his secular dramas, does no harm to his *Autos*. In his 'comedies of cloak and sword,' as the Spaniards call them, we get tired of the conventional hidalgo, always flirting with another hidalgo's sister, always drawing his sword upon his own if she ventures to follow his example. Don Diego and Don Juan are so very much alike that we can scarcely know them apart. But in the *Autos* the predominance of the abstract is required by the subject, the sinner's misery on the one hand, Divine Love striving to accomplish his deliverance on the other, are of necessity the two principal things to be represented; and the magnificence of Calderon's genius is displayed with the utmost imaginable splendour by the all but infinite variety with which it sets forth its noble theme, and the ever-changing accompaniments by which it surrounds it.

Thus much premised, we proceed to our first example, *The Sacred Year of Rome;* an *Auto* composed doubtless in celebration of the Jubilee of 1650. The Personages of this Spanish *Pilgrim's Progress*

are: Man, the pilgrim, with his attendant Free-Will; his three enemies, The World, The Flesh, and The Devil; and his friends, namely Faith, and ten Christian Graces, her attendants, who are to enable the pilgrim to keep the Ten Commandments, and to walk in the right way.

At the opening of the play, Man is seen setting out on his earthly pilgrimage, much perplexed which to choose of two paths that lie before him (the one flowery and inviting, the other thorny and forbidding), in order to make the most of the brief life which he knows is his :—

> Brief, since man, of earth the guest,
> Full of care, anxious thought and misery,
> Doth one breast at birth-hour fly
> But to hide in other breast;
> With life, whose scanty gloom
> Serves but to light him on from tomb to tomb.

And when a voice from afar bids him spend the days of his pilgrimage piously, the perplexed traveller replies :—

> That life's a pilgrimage,
> And not an easy one,
> My natural reason with that voice agrees;
> That awaits its latest stage
> Inn, or good, or bad, is known
> By reason which light supernatural sees.

And confessing his own inability to escape the bad and attain the good resting-place, he cries out for a guide to direct him. His attendant, Free-Will, rashly advises him not to wait for one, but to choose for himself the path which seems most pleasing; and adds—

> Ever, when I find thy breast
> 'Twixt two paths in doubt debating,
> In thy choice my mind shall rest,
> Take my counsel, stand not waiting;
> But choose that thou likest best.
> Yea, since I one path see spread
> With sweet pleasures, one with pains,
> Brambles there, here pinks' bright red,
> From the thorns my voice restrains,
> Bids thee rather flowers to tread:
> Come this way; by all I see
> This the beaten road must be.

Man takes this bad advice; but is recalled before he has proceeded far on the road to ruin, by the same distant voice as before. He then essays the thorny road, followed reluctantly by Free-Will, who had led the way along the other. He has not gone far before he espies a beautiful youth seated beside a fountain, offering living water to the pilgrims. (Divine Love by the waters of baptism.) The following is the commencement of the dialogue between the traveller and the celestial stranger :—

> *Man.* Man, yet of the seraphim,
> Who dost make the landscape fair,

Seeming to this country dim
To have brought the waters rare
Of the fount of Rephidim,
Beauteous Pilgrim !
Love. What of me
Would'st thou ?
Man. 'Tis my wish to know
Whither goes this road I see ?
Love. It, and all to one end go.
Man. To one end ? How can that be ?
Roads so various, how can they
In one point end ?
Love. Thus believe.
Life's the journey, and the day
Of our birth the home we leave ;
Death the inn where ends our way.
Man. How then is it possible
That these paths asunder fly,
If one end we may foretell
Unto all ?
Love. Thus : all men die,
But not every man dies well.
Man. Which the path the wise approve ?
Love. That which follows where I go.
Man. Tell thy name.
Love. My name is Love.

In reply to Man's further questions, he is informed by his heavenly friend, in a speech of above three hundred lines, of his own high destiny, born to serve God now and enjoy Him hereafter ; invited by him to set out at once on the blissful pilgrimage which is to lead to grace now, and presently to glory in the New Jerusalem, instead of spending his days in vanity and disappointment ; and offered the blissful companionship of Love and his nine attendant Virtues, so that, walking in the way of the Commandments, he may attain the desired end. After a brief consultation with Free-Will, Man accepts the offer. The Virtues hasten to his side ; first Fear (not yet 'made perfect by love,' to judge by this address), crying—

Where is any safety, where ?
Whither shall I me betake ?
Since each forward step I make
Tramples on my sepulchre.
At each movement thought is stirred
To expect earth's deep abyss
To engulph me far from bliss :
And the song of every bird
(Though with dulcet notes rebounding)
Still disturbs my troubled ear,
Makes it deem that Trump to hear
Fearful heard by Jerome sounding.
Death and judgment bare the sword,
Hell and Heaven approach : what mind
Dares then sin ? where can I find
Refuge from Thy Justice, Lord ?

Singing their mystic song, the Virtues equip the pilgrim for his

journey. Fear invests him with sackcloth, Chastity girds him, and Forgiveness hands him the staff. The travellers depart, singing :—

Spirit of Holiness,
Guard, Thou too Son of God ;
Father, we ask of Thee
Bread, travellers' life-support :
Food which Thine Angels eat
To us give this day, Lord,
That which unleavenèd bread
Set in a symbol forth,
Emblem of natural things,
Mystery that white veil folds :
Thou of the Angels Bread,
Let Thy grace save us now !
Us who, poor pilgrims weak,
Through these rough valleys go,
Valleys of grief and tears,
Thy face at last to know :
Thou of the Angels Bread,
Let Thy Grace save us, Lord.

But their progress is not unimpeded. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil lie in ambush by the road-side, presenting themselves in harmless disguises and offering the wearied travellers refreshment. The Virtues detect their foes, and implore Man to decline their invitation. But he is overpowered by the charms of the second of the dangerous Three ; a siren, as she seems, on a gilded tower, offering to him a golden cup of delights. The tower is the World's palace, and the temptress bids him enter it and be happy. One Virtue after another endeavours to hold Man back ; each sets before him the particular commandment which he is in danger of breaking, and implores him to stand firm. But all in vain ; Free-Will is won over to the side of the foe, and Man goes over too at his bidding. He vainly hopes to keep, nevertheless, some of the Virtues with him. But this cannot be. 'He who offends in one point is guilty in all.' The Virtues link hands and depart. Fear and Love, as first to come, are last to go. When Fear has taken his departure, Love says :—

Whoso loseth Fear of God
Loseth Love whatso he thinketh,
Since God never loved can be
By a bold irreverent spirit.
Man. Is it thus, one with the other,
Go ye still your hands entwining ?
Love. Needs must we go all together
With thee, or else none go with thee.
Man. Go ye all then : by the way-side,
At your resting, I am minded
To o'ertake you.
Love. Peradventure
Thou shalt not be able.
Man. If I
Of myself sufficed to lose you
Surely I have power sufficient
Of myself to find you.
Love. Nay,
Power of man to lose sufficeth

God, without God, boldly daring;
But God nevermore he findeth
Of himself without God's aid.*

It is scarcely needful to pause here, in order to point out the correctness of the theological teaching so skilfully conveyed by this passage. Man's fatal strength for evil, his weakness for good, so that his own destruction is always in his power, but not so his own restoration; the unity of principle in all obedience, so that he who breaks the fence of law at any point has virtually overthrown it everywhere, have seldom been set forth more ingeniously, or within a smaller compass.

And now Man, forsaken by the Virtues, proceeds to test the stability of the World's promises. The light of dying day is burning dim on the gilded summit of the tower, and he feels that he must hasten to enter it, and taste its dearly-purchased pleasures.

Free-Will. We two now are left alone.
Man. Ah! what weary company!
Free-Will. Ere in shades the day shall be
Buried, let our march be done.
Man. From the tower, whose beauties shone
Death-defying, lend an ear.
The Flesh. At our threshold who calls here?
Man. 'Tis a Pilgrim. Thou didst say,
'Come:' thy summons I obey,
In thy light so heavenly clear
This World's glories all to find.
The Flesh. This World's glories?
Man. Even so.
The Flesh. These be they then; for thus go
This World's glories past like wind.
[*The tower vanishes in flames.*
Man. Portent, like to which in kind
Comes no second to appal,
Strong my reason to enthral!
Free-Will. Ah! my Lord, what now and where
Is that lofty building fair?
Man. Winds away have carried all.
Free-Will. All was but delusive sight
Which thy longing eyes could fill.
Man. Nor did I content my will
But through one brief instant's flight;
Worldly glories then delight
Not one instant, ceaseless wasting.
Lucifer (*within*). Pilgrim, traveller wrong way hasting,
View my fate, how readily
I lost all eternity,
For one joy brief instant lasting.
Free-Will. In that mount is left us nought
But a cavern's murky shade.
Man. Since, when all the rest did fade,
Day to nothing too was brought,
Let night's lodging there be sought.
[*As* MAN *prepares to enter the cavern,* THE WORLD *steps forth from it.*

(*To be continued.*)

* Rhymed like the original, imperfectly in assonants of *i* and *e*.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1878.

HYMN FOR THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

THE muffled bell is tolling,
Its mournful voice is rolling
  Upon the evening breeze;
Whose funeral is it knelling?
Of Whose Death is it telling?
  Whose obsequies are these?
    'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord.

Who on this bier is sleeping?
For Whom are women weeping?
  For Whom have men such gloom?
Whom, in such haste and hurry,
Are ye about to bury
  Within this new-hewn tomb?
    'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord.

Why steal ye here, dissembling
The grief that keeps you trembling
  While enemies abound?
Why lay ye down in mourning
This Body slain in scorning,
  From Head to Foot, one Wound?
    'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord.

Why creep ye home in sorrow?
Why hopeless for to-morrow?
  His pain and woe are o'er.
The day of expectation
Leads to the revelation
  Of Life for evermore.
    'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord.

Oh! friends of His affliction,
Whose was that Crucifixion?
Whose that triumphant strife
Oh! friends of His affection,
Who is the Resurrection?
Who is the Truth, the Life?
'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord.

F. H.

Good Friday, 1877.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLVI.

LOSS OF CALAIS.

1556—1559.

It is one of the curious facts of history that the brief reconciliation to Rome took place almost in spite of a hostile Pope, who did not see in Mary I. the devoted and dutiful daughter of the Church, trying to tread in the steps of the Countess Matilda, but merely an offshoot of the hated house of Aragon, and the wife of the usurper of his country, Philip of Spain. For Paul IV. was not so much a Pope as an Italian, and not so much an Italian as a Neapolitan, who viewed the Spaniards as the oppressors of his country, and was ready at all costs to do his utmost to expel them. He was seventy-nine years old, and his life had been free from scandal, and often ardently devout. He was very tall and thin, as if his whole frame was sinew, and he was the creature of impulse, sometimes studying all night and sleeping all day, and flying into a passion with those who tried to remind him of the hour. He would sit for hours sipping the fiery black wine of Naples—not intoxicating himself, but inflaming the heat of his temper. At his first appointment he took measures for reforming the monasteries, but he was soon turned aside from this good work by his hatred to the house of Austria, stirred up by his nephew. This nephew, Carlo Caraffa, had been a Knight of S. John, and had fought in the Austrian armies so savagely that his uncle said he was dyed in blood up to the elbows. He had been affronted by the emperor, who, he said, had deprived him of the Priory of his Order that he expected, and of the ransom of a wealthy prisoner, and he therefore abhorred the Austrians. No sooner was his uncle made Pope than he contrived to be found by him kneeling before a crucifix, apparently in agonies of penitence, and so acted his part that the old man grew passionately fond of him, and soon believed that the Church was in bondage to the house of Austria, and that the first step towards her deliverance was the driving them out of Italy.

Three kings of France had begun their reigns with a raid upon Italy—why should not a fourth do so? The truce of Vaucelles was the worst news that Paul could hear of, and no sooner was it concluded than he sent off an Italian cardinal to carry his compliments to Brussels, with orders to travel as slowly as possible, while his nephew Carlo, whom he also created a cardinal, was hurrying as fast as he could to France, to see what could be done with Henri II. Full powers were sent to absolve the king from his oaths to keep the five years' truce, and he was to be lured with the hope of dukedoms in Italy for his sons, whose mother, Catherine, was the only legitimate offspring of the house of Medici. There were to be intermarriages with the children of the other members of the house of Caraffa, and the family were so uplifted with vanity that, when some one admired the little jewelled barrett cap of one of the children, the mother exclaimed, 'This is a time for talking, not of barrett caps, but crowns.'

The French court was divided by the jealousies of the Montmorencys and Guises, of the queen, and the Duchess de Valentinois; but the cardinal of Lorraine, the brother of the Duke of Guise, was a friend of Caraffa, and François of Guise himself had married Anne of Este, the daughter of Renée of France and of the Duke of Ferrara, a warm adherent of the Pope's party. Nor could Guise forget that the claim to Naples had been ceded to the crown of France by King René, when it properly belonged to the house of Lorraine, of which he was a member. His party were therefore all for the war, and won over Madame de Valentinois. The queen did not oppose them, for she hoped to see her sons enriched in her native country, and Montmorency was not sorry to see his rival, Guise, rush upon one of those Italian wars which had uniformly been fatal to the French armies. So Henri II., who was at every one's beck, decided on accepting the Pope's offers. All his scruples were removed by absolution, and war was declared again; but one ally was gained for the Spanish cause, namely, Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma, the great-nephew for whose sake Paul III. had failed Charles V., and who was married to the daughter of that emperor. He held with Spain, and, as a pledge of fidelity, sent his son Alessandro to be educated at the court of Philip II.

In 1556 the war was begun by Guise, in Piedmont. Rome declared war against Spain in January, 1557, and the Duke of Guise soon made his way into the states of the Church. Philip felt the need of bringing all his available forces against them. England was loth to break the truce, although the French had been, as usual, stirring up insurrections in England, and trying to involve Elizabeth in them, though the trust and affection of the sisters were not disturbed. An impostor rose in Devonshire, pretending to be Edward Courtenay, and was proclaimed at Yaxley together with Elizabeth, who was so much harassed by risings in her name and the suspicions of the council that

she sent the Countess of Sussex to the ambassador Noailles, asking him to arrange her escape to France. But Noailles, with a view to the Queen's precarious life, advised her, if she hoped for the crown, to remain in England; and probably she never really meant to leave it, for she refused offers of marriage from the kings of Sweden and Denmark and the Duke of Savoy. Another disturbance was made by Thomas Stafford, second son of Lord Stafford, who left Dieppe with a body of English exiles and some French adventurers, seized Scarborough, and declared that Mary had forfeited the throne by her marriage with a Spaniard. But not a man in England heeded the proclamation, and the English ambassador at Paris, Wotton, had discovered the plan in time to warn the Queen, who sent the Earl of Westmoreland with sufficient troops to force Stafford to surrender.

Yet, in spite of these provocations, Mary was most reluctant to draw the sword and break the alliance with France; but Philip himself came over to persuade her, and she revived into gladness while he was present, giving her consent to raise an army against France, and stipulating that the late rebels might earn their pardon by serving in it.

Cardinal Pole agreed to this war, and thereby filled up the measure of his supposed offences against the Pope. He was well known, since Gardiner's death, to be Mary's chief adviser; and how could this be compatible with his position as legate? Threats that he should lose that office came to him, and he added to the rage of Paul by writing him a letter of expostulation against the war. Paul viewed the letter as such an impertinence that he laughed over it, and then visited the offence by cancelling his credentials as legate, and at the same time reviving the old charge of heresy. All the burnings at Canterbury were not enough to vindicate the Archbishop's orthodoxy; and when Mary and he sent representations that a legate was needed in England, Paul replied by appointing old Friar Peto, Mary's confessor, now eighty years old, a cardinal and legate.

This was going too far. Mary's Tudor blood was up. She sent to intercept the papal messengers on their way, so as to hinder any official notice against Pole, or for Peto, from coming; and she let Peto know that, if he accepted the red hat or the legation, he must do so at his peril, for she should look on him as a traitor. The old man was quite willing to acquiesce, and Pole sent off his chancellor to Rome to plead his cause.

Meantime a banker of Lucca, who had ruined himself by his extravagance, had become a hermit on a hill overlooking the flourishing city of Douay. There he marked the weak points in the defences, and conceived a plan for repairing his fortunes by going to the Admiral de Coligny, then governor of Picardy, and offering to lead his men into the city while the revels of Twelfth Night, 1557, were going on. The peace of Vaucelles had not yet been broken on the Flemish frontier;

but Coligny knew that the war had begun elsewhere, and accepted the offer. However, while his men were stealing into the streets, an old woman awoke, began screaming, and roused the city so effectually that he was forced to draw back, and console his troops with the plunder of Lens.

This began the war; and at the same time Norroy, King-at-arms, was sent in disguise to Henry at Rheims, with Mary's complaints and challenge. Henry declared that he only received him civilly because he was a lady's messenger. Meantime she had sent 7,000 Englishmen, clad in blue, under the Earl of Pembroke, to join the army, which her husband was collecting in Flanders, and placed under the command of Elizabeth's suitor, the Duke of Savoy, who might well be the foe of France, since François had robbed him of his inheritance. The army amounted to 47,000, and it began to threaten the French borders. All the best French troops were in Italy, with the Duke of Guise, but Montmorency collected 20,000 men, and hastened to the frontier.

S. Quentin, which France had gained on the fall of the Count of S. Pol, was situate on the Somme, with large orchards and gardens all round it, and defended by the river and by a lake, in some places very deep, in others mere swamp and bog. It was a wealthy place, full of rich merchants, and the Duke of Savoy marched at once against it, while Coligny threw himself into it in haste with 700 men, and an excellent engineer, named De Renty, who set to work at once on the crumbling fortifications.

The Spaniards invested the place, and Teligny, a brave French captain, making an imprudent sally, was killed. Provisions grew scarce, and messages were with difficulty sent between the besieged Coligny and his uncle, the Constable, who lay at La Fère. Coligny's brother, François, Sieur d'Andelot, was charged by their uncle Montmorency to throw himself into the city with 450 men and some provisions. His guide lost his way in the great marsh in front of the town, and he failed; but Coligny sent a messenger to explain that there was a passage unknown to the Spaniards, by which they might reach the river, where he would have boats ready, and a platform of boards, which he laid down by night and removed by day.

If this project had been carried out by night it might have succeeded, but Montmorency chose that d'Andelot should wait till the morning of the 10th of August, and be covered by a cannonade upon the headquarters of the Duke of Savoy, saying he would teach that young man an old soldier's trick.

Philibert fell back, but presently Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, brother to the king of Navarre, perceived that the Spaniards were really marching round the town and would in two hours' time shut in the French between them and the bog. He hurried to tell the Constable and point out a road and a windmill, which, if occupied, would

disconcert the manœuvre; but Montmorency was affronted. "I was serving under the banner before M. le Prince de Condé was in the world,' he replied, 'and I hope still to teach him a few lessons.'

So he lost the two hours, and in the meantime d'Andelot was crossing in the boats, but could not find his brother's wooden stage for landing on the soft, marshy bank of the river. He himself and the first boat-loads managed to land, but their trampling made the ground impassable for those who followed, and all who attempted it above or below fell into the hands of the enemy.

Montmorency at last sent the Duke of Nevers to guard the windmill, but desired him not to provoke a battle. On the other hand Count Egmont had spied the blunder, and a council of war had been held in his tent. He had talked down with fiery energy the doubts of the Duke of Savoy and prevailed, so that 2,000 men had taken possession of the windmill before the French could reach it. Hampered by Montmorency's order, instead of charging them, Nevers fell back on the Prince of Condé. Montmorency, knowing that his army only amounted to half the number of the Spaniards, would have retreated, but it was too late. He was shut in, and though he fought desperately it was in vain. His leg was broken by a shot and he was forced to surrender. Nevers and Condé made their way to La Fère up a narrow valley with their troops, and François de Montmorency also joined them there. All of the rest were taken prisoners with all their cannon and standards.

Philip is said to have been much terrified by the battle, and to have spent the time in invoking St. Lawrence, whose day it was, and vowing to build him a convent and church shaped like a gridiron. The vow was afterwards fulfilled by the Palace of the Escorial. Montmorency's sword was brought to him by a Spanish man-at-arms, who in simple phrase demanded of him 'something to eat in his house.' The man's captain, however, declared the prisoner belonged to him. 'The Constable is a Christian,' said the Spaniards, 'let us ask him.' 'My sword,' then said Montmorency, 'I gave to the trooper, my word to the captain.' The soldier then received 10,000 ducats from the king on condition of giving 2,000 to the captain. Tidings were sent to the Emperor, who at once exclaimed—'My son must be at Paris by this time.'

It was not the fault of the Duke of Savoy that he was not there. He urged marching straight on Paris, to which the way lay open, but Philip was always cautious, and insisted on taking the cities on the way. Coligny kept him a fortnight before St. Quentin, knowing that each day's delay was so much gain to the kingdom, but his walls were ruinous; and on the 27th of August the city was taken by assault, and he was made prisoner in the streets by a Spaniard, while d'Andelot escaped through the marshes. The slaughter was horrible, all the men were killed, and the women stripped to prevent their carrying off anything, after which they were driven out of the city into France.

The King was then at Compiègne, Queen Catherine was alone at Paris, and for the first time she showed her abilities by hastening to the parliament, and speaking so well and eloquently as to obtain supplies from them, so as to put the city in a state of defence.

The King sent in haste for the Duke of Guise, who had in the meantime entered Rome, where the Pope had caressed him, and sent a few troops to help him in the design of conquering Naples, but the Caraffa nephews, after all their promises, would make no strongholds over to the French, quarrels broke out, and the troops of the Duke of Alva effectually guarded the frontier, and began to drive back the Romans into the States of the Church. At Palliano there was a sharp fight between the Roman troops and the Imperialist Italians, together with Swiss and Germans on either side. The Papal troops were routed, and immediately after came a letter from Henri with the tidings of St. Quentin and a summons to Guise, adding, 'I hope the Pope will do as much for me in my need as I did for him.'

So far from this, the Pope insisted that the French army should stay and protect him; and when Guise declared that chains should not hold him from the defence of his master, the old man passionately exclaimed—

'Go then, having done little for your King, less for the Church, and least of all for your own honour.'

Paul was left to his fate, and Rome was in terror of another sack, but in the Duke of Alva it had a very different enemy from the Constable of Bourbon. Do what Paul would, he was still in Spanish eyes the head of the Church; and Alva kept his army at a safe distance, though the Romans in their terror could make no defence but by putting lights in all their windows. They wished the Pope dead, and clamoured for capitulation.

A conference was held at Pavia, and peace was made between Spain and Rome; Philip sent instructions to do anything rather than go to war with His Holiness; Alva came to Rome and asked pardon on his knees for having made war on the Sacred City, and when he had kissed the Pope's foot he told his friends he had never feared the face of any man so much. All the conquered places were given back, and much more conceded than the wise old emperor approved. He would not hear the paper read through, and the day after it came he was laid up with a fit of the gout.

When Guise reached St. Germain en Laye, where the court was, October had begun, and Philip, after taking Ham and a few other places, had put his army into winter quarters. All Guise's rivals were in captivity, and he felt that while the field was free one grand stroke would secure everything. Some little time before, two Italian engineers, Strozzi and del Bene, had entered Calais in disguise, examined the fortifications, and found that since the time of Henry VIII. they had fallen into great disrepair. Guise then devised a plan for surprising

this place, the last English possession in France and a terrible thorn in the side of the kingdom.

In the middle of the winter the army was collected at Compiègne. Every one supposed it was to attack St. Quentin, except a few in the secret, and Philip himself, who had spies everywhere, and sent a warning to the governor of Calais, Lord Wentworth, offering him a reinforcement; but English pride and jealousy made Wentworth suppose that this was only a trick for introducing Spanish troops and seizing the place, so he refused.

On the night of the 1st of January, 1558, Guise was in the English ground. One part of his army marched along the dunes to Risbank, he himself marched to Newnham bridge. The garrison was so small that both these forts had to be abandoned, and on the third day Guise brought his cannon to fire on the castle, which was in such a state of decay that it crumbled at the first shot, and a great breach was made through which Guise and his men charged. They met no resistance, Wentworth had retired into the town and laid a train to some barrels of gunpowder, hoping to blow up the castle and the French together; but the train was imperfect, the French found it, wetted the powder, and saved themselves.

Wentworth hoped for aid from Dover, but the navy was in a wretched state and no help came; and, after fighting all day and losing eighty men, he asked for a parley. The Duke of Guise insisted on hard conditions. Wentworth and fifty of his captains were to remain captives, the other soldiers might go free, but without their weapons; and every man, woman, and child was to be expelled from the city. They were to go at once to certain places appointed for them, and then, after being compelled to lay down all their plate, jewels, and money on the altars of the churches, departed homeless and beggared, to the number of 4,200, to make their way to England as best they might.

'When shall you come back again?' asked a Frenchman of Lord Grey de Wilton.

'When your crimes exceed ours,' was the answer.

For 213 years had Calais been held by our kings, and was a little English colony, sending two members to parliament. The whole country was full of grief and rage at the loss, and Mary declared that when she died the name of Calais would be found written on her heart.

A few ships had been appointed to relieve the place, but were hindered by storms. Guisnes, which was defended by Lord Grey de Wilton, was forced to yield, and Lord Edward Dudley thought it useless to defend the little castle of Ham, so that the French conquest was entire.

The following distich was found over one of the gates;—

'Vraisemble sera que Calais on assiége
Quand le fer ou le plomb nagera comme liége.'

Henri was in transports of joy and went in haste to visit Calais.

He then went back to Paris to the wedding of his young son François with Mary, Queen of Scots, the niece of the victorious Guise.

The marriage was performed on a platform in front of Notre Dame, with a pavilion over it of blue silk beset with gold *fleurs de lys*, and the officiating priest was François, Cardinal of Lorraine, uncle to the bride, a beautiful girl of sixteen, while her bridegroom was a small and sickly boy, three months younger. After the marriage the whole bridal procession repaired to the high Altar, where the Archbishop of Paris said mass, and there was afterwards magnificent banqueting. The young François was held to be King of Scotland, and was called le Roy Dauphin in France, while Mary's Scottish subjects termed her the Queen Dolphine. Thus for a short time the two parts of Great Britain both had a Queen Mary, and both Maries were married, one to the heir of France and one to the heir of Spain, so that the independence of our island had never seemed in so much danger.

In the distress and indignation at the loss of Calais, Mary summoned her parliament, obtained a grant, and hired ships to attempt the recovery of Calais, in conjunction with the Flemings and Spaniards.

Guise had left the wedding feast to besiege Thionville, where he lost the Italian engineer Strozzi, who was mortally wounded by a shot from the walls while Guise was leaning on his shoulder. The Duke came to see him, and was shocked to find that he accepted no Christian consolations, declaring that he denied all faith in God.

'You will soon be before His Face,' said Guise.

'I shall be where all the dead for 6,000 years have gone,' said Strozzi, and so he died.

Blaise de Monluc, a brave Gascon, took the last tower in Thionville's fortifications, and the place surrendered on the 22nd of June, 1558. Then followed the attack on Arlon; Guise laid all his plans and went to bed, tired out, intending to make the assault the next morning. The first news he heard on waking was that Monluc had surprised the town in the night.

But at Gravelines the French Governor of Calais, Marshal de Termes, who had made an inroad into Flanders and burnt Dunkirk, was intercepted by Count Egmont and had to fight his way home. De Termes was himself very ill, but, on hearing of the approach of the Spanish army, he mounted his horse and led his troops along the sands by the mouth of the river Aar, near Gravelines. The armies were equally matched, and the valour on either side was great, but Egmont and his Flemings fought for their ravaged country. The issue was still doubtful, when the English fleet attracted by the sounds of battle, came into the river Aar and seconded the Flemings by a vigorous cannonade. The French gave way on all sides, de Termes was forced to yield, and almost all his men were cut to pieces. Two hundred were taken on board the English ships, but most were murdered by the

Flemish peasantry in revenge for their cruelties. Calais was left so unprotected that had the English Admiral, Malin, ventured thither he would probably have recovered it; but he had only a few ships for the main expedition, was only plundering the coast of Brittany, and was repulsed at Brest. Philip II. and Henri II. had both themselves taken the field, and lay, the one at Dourlens the other at Amiens, but both were weary of the war, and Montmorency was very anxious to put an end to his captivity, so as to counterbalance Guise's influence; messages were sent between them, and hopes of peace began to arise. Philip insisted, however, that Calais should be restored to the English, and the French were equally determined not to give it up.

Meantime poor Queen Mary pined for her husband's presence with a piteous hysterical longing, born perhaps of disease, and the more distressing because it was tearless. Fits of passion sometimes came on, in one of which, under some jealous access, she cut her husband's portrait to pieces; but in general she tried to solace herself with devotion, and she worked constantly with her needle among her ladies. Whether her heart ached over the horrors perpetrated in so many market-places, we do not know; but no doubt she was grieved that the severity meant for the few seemed but to extend the resistance further and further; and alas! after the first shock, cruelty hardens the feelings. Even Pole, who had no drop of Tudor blood, and had once been humane and gentle, made his edicts against heretics more severe, bade search to be made for them, and commanded that those who concealed them should be punished. The question about the legateship was not settled, but the Pope was less ill-disposed towards England since he had been forced to make peace with Spain, and Pole's secretary, Ormanetto, had been sent to plead his cause.

The country was in a state to grieve both Queen and Archbishop. There had been no real government since King Henry's death. Parliament made small grants in their hatred of Spain, and the royal estates had been devoured by favourites; so there was no means of keeping up roads or bridges, and while the travellers were delayed, robbers plundered them. Even the streets of London were infested with highwaymen, and horrid crimes were rife among all ranks. Cold and wet seasons added to the general misery, and phosphoric lights flitting on the damp soil were thought to be a sort of ghosts of the flames where the reformers suffered.

A deadly fever was bred by all this misery, attacking all classes, and fatally. The clergy caught it while attending on their parishioners, and died in large numbers. Tidings came that there were not labourers to gather in such remnants of the harvest as the storms had spared; priests were dying in every parish; half the Bishops were dying also. Archbishop Dowdall, the Primate of Ireland, who had just come on a visit to England, died on the 15th of August of the prevailing fever.

Most saw in all this the anger of Heaven. The Reformed held that it was for the burnings; the Roman Catholics might hold that it was for the schism and profanation they had tried to check, yet surely their hearts must have had some misgivings as to the means. At any rate, when the two cousins, Queen Mary and the Cardinal Archbishop were both attacked by the prevalent fever, they had only worn out frames and broken spirits to resist it. It was probably of the nature of typhus, for its course was slow, and there was time for Mary to be grieved by tidings of the death of her great kinsman, and father-in-law, Charles V.

The stormy season had extended to Estremadura, and had tried him greatly. Nor would he be prudent as to food or exposure, so that his physicians continually predicted that his constitution would break up suddenly. His health failed more and more in the end of the summer of 1558. He was in the constant habit of attending masses for the repose of the souls of his wife and his other relations, and those for the funerals of knights of the Golden Fleece, who died after his retirement; and in August he asked his confessor whether he might not attend his own funeral mass, holding that while he was there to pray for himself, it would do him the most good.

On the 3rd of August the ceremony took place, a catafalque was set up in the Church, and all the friars of Yuste, and all the emperor's servants, in deep mourning, were present. Charles himself was there, and gave a taper to the officiating priest, as a token that he was willing to render up his soul to his Maker.

He was not well, but he said he was the better for the service. However he sat on his terrace in the evening, and sent for the portrait of his wife, which he gazed at for a long time in silence, and then, as if he had put away his earthly affections, he sent for a picture of the *Agony in the Garden*, and then for another, a sketch by Titian, of the *Last Judgment*. Over this he mused so long that at last his doctor roused him, and he then complained of feeling ill. It was a fever, and was his last sickness, for on the twenty-first day of it, the 20th of September, he was dying.

He was full of devotion, and when the Sacraments were administered to him, responded fervently. Bartolome Miranda de Carranza, who had been in England with Philip, and was now Archbishop of Toledo, was present, and said a few words to him on the hope of sinners, and the forgiveness of the sins of those who trust in the infinite merits. They sounded unorthodox to one of the friars present, and he repeated them to the Inquisition. Charles was sinking all the 20th of September, and with a call on the name of his Saviour, died at 2 A.M. on the morning of the 21st. He was far from being, as his faithful Quixada called him, 'the greatest man that had ever lived, or would live in the world;' but he was one of the ablest, and by far the best, of the sovereigns of his own time.

He was laid for a time before the altar at Yuste, until the great edifice planned by his son should be ready, and solemn requiems and dirges were everywhere performed for him. Mary, of England, whose happiness for life had in truth been wrecked when her father broke the promise that had bound her to him, and whose staunchest friend and best protector he had always been, was greatly depressed by hearing of his death, and reports of her dangerous state were sent to King Philip; but he could not come himself to her, only sent her the Count de Feria with a ring, and a message that it would be well to acknowledge her sister as her successor. For Elizabeth had made no demonstration against the court religion since her pardon, and be she what she might, Philip preferred her as the heiress of England to the Queen of Scots, the wife of the Dauphin. Moreover he might hope that dispensations would allow him to wed her, and thus keep his hold on England, which he did not love, but could not drop.

Mary accordingly named her sister as her heiress, charged her to pay her debts, and bade her keep the Church as she found it. The sisters did not meet. Elizabeth remained at Hatfield House, and all the courtiers came thronging to her, in a way which she recollected afterwards with horror and disgust, and which made her believe that to name a successor would be the signal for desertion.

White, the Bishop of Winchester, who had succeeded Gardiner, was attending the Queen, and he declares that her last hours were free from suffering, peaceful and composed. For indeed she was leaving a world which had been very hard to her, and all that she had attempted in sincerity and dutifulness had turned out one grievous and cruel error, producing evil which she indeed could not understand, but which we still feel. Probably her fires have been the greatest of all hindrances to any reunion of the Churches, for instead of extirpating schism, they filled the English with a great and irreconcilable dread and hatred of Popery; and Popery it really was, not Catholicism, that caused them.

Mary died just as the celebration of the Holy Communion in her chamber was ended, so as to depart with the benediction, on the 17th of November, 1558.

Reginald Pole, who was already in an almost hopeless state, learnt her death from an unguarded Italian, but he must soon have gathered it from the ecstatic shouts of the people, as Queen Elizabeth was proclaimed in the streets.

He was long silent; then he talked over his friendship for her, and the parallel between their two lives. A fresh attack of fever came on, and after going through the final rites with tears of penitence and devotion, he fell into his last sleep twenty-two hours after the Queen.

Mary was buried in Westminster Abbey, Reginald in Canterbury Cathedral, and with them ended the effort to bring back the old order

of things. Had they been wiser they might perhaps have healed the wounds of the Church, and carried out the needful purification; but Pole was even more harmful as an Archbishop than Mary as a Queen, since his persecutions were not so much out of mistaken zeal, as from a cowardly desire of self-justification.

Philip, after duly attending the obsequies of his father and his wife, performed at Brussels, applied himself to the treaty with France, called the Peace of Cateau Cambresis. Henri was very anxious to set his favourite Montmorency at liberty, and the treaty was signed on the 2nd and 3rd of April between France, Spain, and England.

France was to keep Calais for eight years, after which England might ransom it for 500,000 gold crowns. France also kept Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and resumed St. Quentin, le Catelet and Ham, but gave up forty-eight places to Flanders, Piedmont, Tuscany, and Corsica. Guise thought this far too much to give for his rival's freedom, and told the King 'a scratch of your majesty's pen has cost France more than thirty years of war;' while his party more openly declared that Montmorency's had been a more costly ransom than that of François I. This treaty put an end to those Italian wars which had lasted through four French reigns, and had been provoked by Ludovico Sforza playing on the ambition of Charles VIII. The peace was to be confirmed by the restoration of the Duke of Savoy to his dominions, and his marriage with Marguerite, the only surviving daughter of François I., while Elisabeth, the second daughter of Henri II., was, when a little older, to marry either the unpromising Don Carlos, or Philip II. who no doubt meant to take her himself if he could not obtain that greater Elizabeth who had England for her portion.

Among the Spaniards and Flemings sent to conclude the treaty, was the Prince of Orange. Finding himself left alone with him on a hunting party, and knowing him to be a trusty counsellor of the emperor, Henri began to talk to him of a secret article in the treaty by which the Reformed, both in France and Spain, were to be exterminated. The prince, Catholic though he was, was horrified; but he kept his counsel, and showed no token that he was uninitiated, gathered all he could from Henri, and told nothing on his return to Brussels; but from that moment his part was taken, and thus it was that he earned his title of William the Silent.

(To be continued.)

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER I.

May 15*th.*—A specially lovely day. I took my book and sat down at the end of the terrace. The sea in front was a sheet of pale blue and sparkling silver, shimmering through the tender green leaves; the grey jagged line of cliff behind, half covered with dark ivy, was brightened by the red glow of the stocks and the brilliant orange of the wall-flowers which have rooted in the crevices. Gleams of sunshine marked every rise and fall of the wooded broken ground below me, and even the slated roofs of the distant town were endurable, half-hidden as they are at this season by the foliage of the various gardens around it. I meant to read, but reading is not easy when one is tempted every moment to look up and feast one's eyes on such beauty, and I was scarcely sorry to be interrupted by my worthy friend, Mrs. Stanfield, the wife of one of the chief tradesmen in Elton, who had something particular to say to me—so Fanny, my parlour maid told me.

Mrs. Stanfield could be received in the garden as well as in the drawing-room, and Fanny accordingly escorted her along the terrace, and placed a chair for her by my side. Of course, we both said, 'What a lovely day it was!' Did two English women or men ever meet without a remark on the weather? and then Mrs. Stanfield, without even noticing the beauty of the place—a disappointment to me, I confess—began:—

'I thought I might come, Mrs. Blair, to tell you, as you have taken such an interest in my daughter Charlotte, that she has passed the Cambridge examination for elder girls, and got a First-Class Certificate. She came back to us yesterday.'

'Excellent news,' I replied. 'It must repay you for all you have done for her. She must come and see me, and tell me all about it. I suppose she will have a holiday now, Mrs. Stanfield? She has, I know, been rather overworking herself.'

'Charlotte does not care for holidays,' was the answer. 'She is all alive to get as governess into one of the High Schools, as they call them. They give capital salaries, and her father has spent so much upon her that he feels she ought to set herself in a way to repay it by making the most of her teaching.'

'Do you know what the salaries are?' I asked.

'Not for the under teachers; but those for the heads are very large; more than 200*l.* a year. That would be a great thing for Charlotte by and by; though some people say that if she wants such a situation

she must go to a kind of college, and study still more, and pay 100*l.* a year, which, of course, her father couldn't do.'

'There are scholarships, I fancy, which clever girls can work for, and which considerably lessen the college expenses,' I replied, 'but I don't think, Mrs. Stanfield it would quite suit your ideas to send Charlotte to the college. It is a very independent life, I believe; and you would, I know, like her to have Church teaching and companionship. Her religious principles are scarcely, I fancy, sufficiently settled to be safe in a mixed society, where all opinions have free toleration. I don't think I should recommend college for her.'

'Charlotte would like to go, though,' said Mrs. Stanfield, thoughtfully. 'It is only the expense which stands in the way. She is wonderfully clever, and there is no keeping her back. And it does seem hard, too,' she added, 'that a girl with such brains should not be able to get to the top of the tree.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'at first sight it does. But then Mrs. Stanfield, you and I have lived long enough to know that brains are not everything in this world, even for success. Possibly Charlotte needs some other kind of training now; something which will teach her humility and self-discipline, and put a high religious motive into her life.'

'She does not see any such need yet,' was my friend's honest answer. 'She cares for nothing but people's being clever and passing examinations.'

'She will have to care for many things besides, or she will be grievously disappointed,' was my reply. 'The world is just now very much set upon cultivating talent, but it can't do without trustworthiness and religious principle.'

'My Charlotte is quite trustworthy,' exclaimed Mrs. Stanfield.

'I am sure she is. No daughter of yours could be other than trustworthy whilst she retains your example before her. But even the best of training will not make that trustworthiness secure without religious principle; and I do not see myself how lectures, examinations, and scholarships, can possibly be a guarantee for religion—that is for what you and I call religion, the inward devotion to God's service. On the contrary, though no doubt excellent in many ways for quickening the intellect, I suspect they involve a very serious danger to the heart.'

'But you have never said so before,' said Mrs. Stanfield. 'I always fancied you thought it a good plan that Charlotte should go to the High School at Henstone and learn all she could, and try to pass the Local Examination.'

'Certainly I did. I think Charlotte's natural talents are an indication that she is intended to be useful in the way of teaching others, and therefore I would give her all the advantages of instruction which I possibly could. A girl may try to pass the Local Examinations, and may get a good certificate without necessarily being conceited or

irreligious. All I mean to say is that if her heart is set upon this kind of success there is danger lest she should forget the higher aims which a Christian ought first to seek. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding," is a text of which you and I see the full value, but I doubt whether it would be appreciated by young people or old, who prize intellectual gifts above all others.'

'My second girl, Harriet, is more to your taste, Mrs. Blair, I know,' answered Mrs. Stanfield. 'She is as good as gold; but she is very dull.'

I could not help laughing as I replied, 'I don't know that my taste is quite so fixed upon dulness, though I confess, I always think you do Harriet injustice. She has excellent judgment, and I know that she is singularly handy in domestic matters.'

'And she is a capital cook, and a beautiful needlewoman, I must say that,' added the mother, 'but no one ever could get her past the Rule of Three.'

'And so she could not take so high a place as her sister in an examination,' I said. 'But never mind that, Mrs. Stanfield. She won't do badly even in this world. Talent for cooking and needlework, good judgment and powers of general usefulness, are no mean capital for any one to begin life with. If you want to get a situation for Harriet at any time and my recommendation can be of any use, you may depend upon my giving it.'

There our conversation ended, and rather abruptly, for Mrs. Stanfield took her leave as she saw Lucy Vivian coming across the lawn, and I was not sorry, for I knew from Lucy's downcast look that it was not a bright day with her.

Poor Lucy! she has so many burdens to bear, and she is so little fitted, one would say, to support them. She looked more charmingly graceful and pretty than ever, and as she came up to me I could not help contrasting her in my mind's eye with Charlotte Stanfield, who is singularly plain, and whose unrefined accent jars upon and startles me all the more that she has a quotation from Shakespeare ready for every emergency, and can discourse upon Chaucer and the growth of the English language and the derivation from the Anglo-Saxon, till I am ready to sink into the dust in shame at my own ignorance.

The lovely dark grey eyes were, I saw, as Lucy drew near, misty with tears, and there was a flush on the cheek, and a quivering of the mouth and chin which showed me that her heart was very full. She had run across the road without hat or shawl or gloves, and her delicate little hands were clasped together in a peculiar fashion of her own, which I have learnt to recognise as her way of trying to be calm when she is excited.

'I must come and talk to you,' she exclaimed, before I had time to speak. 'I can't bear it any longer. I must do something.'

'What can't you bear? What must you do, dear child?' I said, and I pointed to a seat beside me.

'Charlotte Stanfield has passed her examination and gained honours, and she means to go to a college and be head of a school with 200*l.* a year; and her parents don't want the help, and my mother does—oh, so desperately! And I can't do anything, I am so stupid, so dull—I am only a burden. What shall I do?' and the pent-up feeling burst forth in a torrent of tears.

I could have cried too, I honestly own. Lucy Vivian's troubles have been mine for a long time past; and very real they are. I could do nothing but soothe her for a time, and then, as she became calmer, I said, 'Who told you about Charlotte Stanfield?'

'I heard it at the Rectory; and every one talks of it. And I feel so ashamed and miserable.'

'And why?'

'Do you ask? I ought to do what Charlotte Stanfield does, and I can't.'

'Because you have not had the same advantages.'

'No—indeed, I have not. It has been like Topsy, "'Spects I growed," with my education. You know, dear Mrs. Blair, what a wretched hand I write.'

'It is certainly somewhat like the crawlings of a mad spider,' I said, laughing; 'but handwriting can be improved.'

'And the spelling—the dreadful spelling! It is in our family not to spell.'

'Then the sooner the family tradition is broken the better. Spelling is to some persons a great difficulty; but a very earnest determination will conquer it.'

'And Geography, and History, and Botany, and Chemistry, and Physiology, and Literature, and Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra—you see I have got the names of all the subjects by heart. I made Charlotte Stanfield tell about them. It is very well to talk of trying, but it is despair.'

'Very well, then,' I answered, 'don't try.'

'Don't try!' Lucy's eyes were raised to mine with an expression of incredulity, 'You don't really mean that?'

'I do.'

'Honestly?'

'Quite honestly. Charlotte Stanfield's advantages are not yours, and yours are not hers. Set yourself to make use of the gifts which God has given you. You are not answerable for those which He has seen fit to withhold.'

'You always talk in that way about gifts and duties, and it is very easy for you, there is nothing depending upon your gifts, dear Mrs. Blair. But everything depends upon mine, and I have none.'

'There I differ from you; differ very considerably.'

'What are my gifts? Not brains, I am quite sure.'

'Yes, brains; quite sufficient brains for all the ordinary purposes of life, though not perhaps for a first-class Cambridge certificate. If you had not brains you would not feel your deficiencies as keenly as you do. You would have no aims or longings.'

'I have only one aim, one longing,' said the poor child, and once more her eyes were brimful of tears—'to get money to take my precious mother away for change of air.'

'Please try to trust that,' I said earnestly; 'God will provide something, I feel sure; and even if you were Charlotte Stanfield, you could not get money enough for such a purpose. She is not going to rush into 200*l.* a year at once.'

'But she has a career, an opening; and there is none for me.'

'Now listen, Lucy. God has given you gifts which He has not given to Charlotte Stanfield. Very valuable gifts they are, and they have an actual marketable value, but you put them aside, and ultimately you will render them comparatively useless by neglecting to acquire certain adjuncts which are essential to give them currency, if I may so say.'

'I don't quite understand,' said Lucy.

'God has made you by birth and education—*not instruction*, remember—a lady. By this I mean that you have from childhood mixed in a society which gives you ease of manner, a refined accent in speaking and a knowledge of all the little proprieties and courtesies which are observed in the most cultivated English circles. These are very secondary things—in one sense. They are nothing when put in the balance with religious earnestness and moral principle, but they are advantages which money can never purchase.'

'I don't see any good in them,' said Lucy with as much irritation in her tone as was compatible with her sense of deference and her naturally sweet temper. 'Charlotte Stanfield will get her 200*l.* a year just the same whether she rings her r's and talks in a loud voice, and sits cross-legged, or whether she does not.'

'You don't grudge her the prospective 200*l.* a year?' I said.

'No, surely, not; but I should like to have the same chance.'

'Only you are not so clever.'

'No, indeed, I am not. I am a dunce.'

'Very far from that, but it is the fact of having talent which gives Charlotte her advantages.'

'Yes, of course. Still—I am afraid it is very mean of me—but it does seem hard that a tradesman's daughter should be able to rise to a higher position than she was born to, and get 200*l.* a year, and the daughter of an officer in the army should sink down and have nothing. There must be something faulty in such a state of things.'

'If it exists,' I replied. 'But what I want to show you, my dear Lucy, is that the fact of being the daughter of a gentleman—by which

I mean not merely birth, but the advantages I alluded to before, will always be recognised in the world, if only you will add to them a few other things, quite within your power, but which you seem to take for granted are unattainable.'

'Writing and spelling,' said Lucy, shyly.

'Even so, writing, spelling, grammar, history—the accurate knowledge of elementary subjects——'

'Which I ought to have learnt at ten years old,' said Lucy.

'Yes; but which you did not.'

'And which I can't learn now.'

'I beg your pardon, which you can learn now, if you will only give your mind to it.'

'It is so difficult,' said Lucy; 'and supposing I could learn it at all, I should always hate teaching.'

'Well then, what else will you do?'

'I will be a companion. I would far rather be that.'

'Your taste is different from mine,' I said. 'To wait upon the whims of an invalid, and to trust one's happiness possibly to a capricious temper, would be to me far worse than any teaching. One can control children. Besides, good situations for companions are comparatively rare.'

'But if one has not the spirit to control the children, and if one feels one's own ignorance; oh, Mrs. Blair, I don't see what is to be done, any how.'

I sighed inwardly. This kind of talk—I won't call it conversation—has been held between Lucy and me so often, and always with the same *non-result*. But I returned to the charge. 'Dear child,' I said, 'I might put other things before you; I might advise you to try and be trained as a nurse, but you would tell me that you have not strength for it, and it is quite true; or I might recommend you to learn art-needlework, but you can't go to London alone, and it would be a long time before you could make enough even to keep yourself in ordinary comfort. At the present moment nothing is open to you but going out as governess to young children, and what I want to impress upon you is that the fact of being a refined lady in mind and manner gives you, as a governess, immense advantage if you will only make use of it.'

'It will never put me on a par with Charlotte Stanfield,' was the answer.

'It would put you above her if you were on a par with her as regards talents.'

'But then I am not.'

'Very well; accept that fact. It is the ordering of God. But don't, therefore, throw away your advantage. It is the cipher *0* which gives to the figure *1* before it a tenfold value.'

'I can't go to school,' said Lucy; 'I wish I could.'

'But you can teach yourself, with a very little aid. Charlotte Stanfield, whilst she is at home, could be of great use to you.'

'I could not ask her,' exclaimed Lucy. 'It would be impossible to be indebted to her; and I have no money to pay her. And besides'——, she paused.

'Besides—you are the young lady, and she is socially inferior to you; so you don't like the obligation.'

'Perhaps so. Is it wrong? I do so dislike her manner; and she talks as if the attention of England were concentrated on High Schools and Local Examinations.'

'There is a good deal of attention bestowed on them just now,' I said; 'though perhaps not quite so much as Charlotte Stanfield imagines. But, my dear Lucy—quite sympathising, as I do, in your dislike of Charlotte's manner—I still think that, if you could have a little talk with her about her examination, and see exactly what she has had to do, you might get very valuable information.'

'Which I should not know how to make use of.'

'I don't see that. It seems to me *quite* possible that you might work now at home with a view to going in for the Cambridge examinations next year. You are seventeen: you have just a year before you.'

'Everything to be learnt in one year!' exclaimed Lucy. 'And I am so stupid.'

'Very short time, I grant. But you are not *so* stupid; if you were I should never recommend you to be a governess. You have very good average abilities. It is true that you write a bad hand; but I have known one week's careful effort convert a bad hand into a good one. You spell badly; but more from inattention than ignorance. You have, so you say, no memory; but that is because you have never exercised it. You must give a good deal of attention to arithmetic; but if you will condescend to have lessons from the national schoolmaster, I will take care that he shall be paid. Let Charlotte Stanfield put you in the way of getting a little information as to the historical requirements for the next year; and if you will come to me every morning for two hours we will try if, together, we cannot get them up. And the scripture and literature also. And as for the grammar—which is, I confess, a great difficulty for me, as I learnt English grammar according to Lindley Murray, and he belongs to the dark ages—I should, if I were you, humble my pride, and ask Charlotte Stanfield to give me regular instruction, you may look to me to settle with her for it.'

'You are most kind—wonderfully kind,' exclaimed Lucy; 'but—to go in for the Cambridge examination! It is impossible. I should be sure to fail.'

'And if you did fail—still, what an amount of good work you would have done! how much better fitted you would be to instruct

children, and how the exertion and self-discipline you would have exercised would have strengthened your moral powers. And remember, failure in a Cambridge examination does not mean utter incompetency, but only that you have not come up to the standard in some special subject or subjects.'

'And all for a pitiful 20*l.* or 25*l.* a year,' said Lucy. 'I could never get more if I failed, which I am sure to do.'

'More than that, a good deal. You young people forget that food and lodging cannot be provided for nothing. Reckoning your board and the laundress at 35*l.* a year—and they can scarcely cost less—you will really have gained for yourself a salary of at least 60*l.* a year. I question whether Charlotte Stanfield will have very much more when she first becomes a teacher in a High School. Whatever salary she may receive she will have to pay for board and lodging out of it.'

'But she may work up to 200*l.*,' said Lucy; 'and I ——.'

'Because of her talents,' I replied. 'Remember, as I said before, you must not compare yourself with Charlotte, because you are differently gifted. What you have to do in order to keep up your energy and spirits in these competitive days is to see and be grateful for your own special advantages, and to determine to make the most of them.'

'And you don't say anything about the moral and religious principles which always make such a great show in testimonials,' said Lucy.

'Because,' I said, 'we are comparing the advantages of different classes; and good principles may be found equally in all, and are equally essential for all. I could not at this moment say that I thought you more trustworthy than Charlotte Stanfield, because I have a high opinion of her as well as of you; but I could say that you have a more cultivated tone and accent, and have been more accustomed to the society of well-bred people. And if you and she were offering yourselves for the same situation in a private family, I should say that, looking to this alone, you would be the more likely of the two to obtain it.'

'And the end of it all will be that the unrefined governesses will teach in schools and the others in private families,' said Lucy.

'Possibly; but that lies in the future. High Schools and Local Examinations are as experiments. We can't say yet what will be their effect. All I urge is that we should get all the good out of them that we can.'

'And you don't like them?' asked Lucy.

'Yes—no,' would be my answer. 'I don't see that they are panaceas for all the ills of deficient education, from the very fact that, strictly speaking, they cannot be said to *educate*, but only to *instruct*. But that is a distinction which you won't enter into, though Mr.

Malcolm will,' I said, as I rose from my seat, and went forward to meet the Rector, who, I saw, had just come into the garden. Lucy ran off. She is afraid of Mr. Malcolm, though he is very kind to her. I called after her, 'Dont forget—Local Examination! One year only! no time to be lost!'

(To be continued.)

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XV.

POSSESSION.

BOBUS's opinion that it would be long before anything came of this accession of wealth was for a few days verified in the eyes of the impatient family, for Christmas interfered with some of the necessary formalities; and their mother, still thinking that another will might be discovered, declared that they were not to go within the gates of Belforest till they were summoned.

At last, after Colonel Brownlow had spent a day in London, he made his appearance with a cheque-book in his hand, and the information that he and his fellow-trustee had so arranged that the heiress could open an account, and begin to enter on the fruition of the property. There were other arrangements to be made, those about the out-door servants and keepers could be settled with Richards, but she ought to remove her two sons from the foundation of the two colleges, though of course they would continue there as pupils.

'And Robert,' she said, colouring exceedingly, 'if you will let me, there is a thing I wish very much—to send your John to Eton with mine. He is my godson, you know, and it would be such a pleasure to me.'

'Thank you, Caroline,' said the colonel, after a moment's hesitation, 'Johnny is to stand at the Eton election, and I should prefer his owing his education to his own exertions rather than to any kindness.'

'Yes, yes; I understand that,' said Caroline; 'but I do want you to let me do anything for any of them. I should be so grateful,' she added, imploringly, with a good deal of agitation, 'please—please think of it, as if your brother were still here. You would never mind how much he did for them.'

'Yes, I should,' said the colonel, decidedly, but pausing to collect his next sentence. 'I should not accept from him what might teach my sons dependence; you see that, Caroline.'

'Yes,' she humbly said. 'He would be wise about it! I don't want to be disagreeable and oppressive, Robert; I will never try to

force things on you; but please let me do all that is possible to you to allow.'

There was something touching in her incoherent earnestness, which made the colonel smile, yet wink away some moisture from his eyes, as he again thanked her without either acceptance or refusal. Then he said he was going to Belforest, and asked whether she would not like to come and look over the place. He would go back and call for her with the pony carriage.

'But would not Ellen like to go?' she said. 'I will walk with the boys.'

The colonel demurred a little, but knowing that his wife really longed to go, and could not well be squeezed into the back seat, he gave a sort of half assent; and as he left the house, Mother Carey gave a summoning cry to gather her brood, rushed up stairs, put on what Babie called her 'most every dayest old black hat'; and when Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow, with Jessie behind, drove into the park, it was to see her careering along by the short cut over the hoar-frosty grass, in the midst of seven boys, three girls, and two dogs, all in a most frisky mood of exhilaration.

Distressed at appearing to drive up like the lady of the house, her Serene Highness insisted on stopping at the iron gates of the stately approach. There she alighted, and waited to make the best setting to rights she could of the heiress's wind-tossed hat and cloak, and would have put her into the carriage, but that no power would persuade her to mount that triumphal car, and all that could be obtained was that she should walk in the forefront of the procession with the colonel.

There was nobody to receive them but Richards, for the servants had been paid off, and only a keeper and his wife were living in the kitchen in charge. There was a fire in the library, where the colonel had business to transact with Richards, while the ladies and children proceeded with their explorations. It was rather awful at first in the twilight gloom of the great hall, with a painted mythological ceiling, and cold white pavement, varied by long perspective lines of black lozenges, on which every footfall echoed. The first door that they opened led into a vast and dreary dining-room, with a carpet, forming a crimson roll at one end, and long ranks of faded leathern chairs sitting in each other's laps. At one end hung a Snyders, of a bear hugging one dog in his fore paws and tearing open the ribs of another with his hind ones. Opposite was a wild boar impaling a hound with his tusk, and the other walls were occupied by Herodias smiling at the contents of her charger, Judith dropping the gory head into her bag, a brown St. Sebastian writhing among the arrows; and Juno extracting the painfully flesh and blood eyes of Argus to set them in her peacock's tail.

'I object to eating my dinner in a butcher's shop,' observed Allen.

'Yes, we must get them out of this place,' said his mother.

'They are very valuable paintings,' interposed Ellen. 'I know they are in the county history. They were collected by Sir Francis Bradford, from whom the place was bought, and he was a great connoisseur.'

'Yes, they are just the horrid things great connoisseurs of the last century liked by way of giving them an appetite,' said Caroline.

'Are not fine pictures always horrid?' asked Jessie, in all simplicity.

The drawing-rooms, a whole suite—antechamber, saloon, music-room, and card room, were all swathed up in brown holland, hanging even from the picture rods along the wall. Even in the days of the most liberal housekeeper, Ellen had never done more than peep beneath. So she revelled in investigations of gilding and yellow satin, ormolu and marble, big mirrors and Sèvres clocks, a three-piled carpet, and a dazzling prismatic chandelier, though all was pervaded with such a chill of unused dampness and odour of fustiness, that Caroline's first impression was that it was a perilous place for one so lately recovered. However, Ellen believed in nothing till she came on two monstrous stains of damp on the walls, a whole crop of curious fungi in one corner, and discovered that all the holland was flabby, and all the damask clammy, enforced the instant lighting of fires, and shivered so decidedly, that Caroline and Jessie begged her to return to the fire in the library, while Jessie went in search of Rob to drive her home.

All the rest of the younger population had deserted the state apartments, and were to be heard in the distance, chattering along the passages, banging doors, bawling and shouting to each other, with freaks of such laughter as had never awakened those echoes during the Barnes' tenure, but Jessie returned not; and her aunt, going in quest of her up a broad flight of shallow stairs, found herself in a green gallery, with doors leading to various corridors and stairs. She called, and the tramp of the boots of youth began to descend on her, with shouts of 'All right!' and downstairs flowed the troop, beginning with Jock, and ending with Armine and Babie, each with some breathless exclamation, all jumbled together—

Jock. 'Oh, mother! Stunning! Lots of bats fast asleep.'

Johnny. 'Rats! rats!'

Rob. 'A billiard-table.'

Joe. 'Mother Carey, may Pincher kill your rats?'

Armine. 'One wants a clue of thread to find one's way.'

Janet. 'I've counted five-and-thirty bedrooms already, and that's not all.'

Babie. 'And there's a little copper tea-kettle in each. May my dolls have one?'

Bobus. 'There's nothing else in most of them; and, my eyes! how musty they smell.'

Elvira. 'I will have the room with the big red bed, with a gold crown at the top.'

Allen. 'Mother, it will be a magnificent place, but it must have a vast deal done to it.'

But Mother Carey was only looking for Jessie. No one had seen her. Janet suggested that she had taken a rat for a ghost, and they began to look and call in all quarters, till at last she appeared, looking rather white and scared at having lost herself, being bewildered by the voices and steps echoing here, there, and everywhere. The barrenness and uniformity did make it very easy to get lost, for even while they were talking Joe was heard roaring to know where they were, nor would he stand still till they came up with him, but confused them and himself by running to meet them by some deluding stair.

'We've not got a house, but a Cretan labyrinth,' said Babie.

'Or the bewitched castle mother told us of,' said Allen, 'where everybody was always running round after everybody.'

'You've only to have a grain of sense,' said Bobus, who had at last recovered Joe, and proceeded to give them a lecture on the two main arteries, and the passages communicating with them, so that they might always be able to recover their bearings.

They were more sober after that. Rob drove his mother home, and the colonel made the round to inspect the dilapidations, and estimate what was wanting. The great house had never been thoroughly furnished since the Bradfords had sold it, and it was, besides, in manifest need of repair. Damp corners, and piles of crumbled plaster told their own tale. A builder must be sent to survey it, and on the most sanguine computation, it could hardly be made habitable till the end of the autumn.

Meantime, Caroline must remain a tenant of the Pagoda, though, as she told the eager Janet, this did not prevent a stay in London for the sake of the classes and the society, of whom she was always talking, only there must be time to see their way.

The next proposition gave universal satisfaction. Mother Carey would take her whole brood to London for a day, to make purchases, the three elder children each with 5*l.*, the younger with 2*l.* a-piece. She actually wanted to take two-thirds of those from Kencroft also, with the same bounty in their pockets, but to this their parents absolutely refused consent. To go about London with a train of seven was bad enough; but that was her own affair, and they could not prevent it; and they absolutely would not swell the number to thirteen. It would be ridiculous; she would want an omnibus to go about in.

'I did not mean all to go about together. The elder boys will go their own way.'

But, as the colonel observed, that was all very well for boys, whose home had always been in London, but she would find his country lads much in her way. She then reduced her demand by a third, for she

really wished for Johnny; but the colonel's principles would not allow him to accept so great an indulgence for Rob.

That unlucky fellow had, of course, failed in his examination, and this had renewed the colonel's resentment at his laziness and shuffling. He was, however, improved by contact with strangers, looked and behaved less bearishly, and had acquired a will to do better. Still, it was not possible to regret his absence, except as it involved that of his brother; and, with a great effort, and many assurances of her being really needed, Jessie's company was secured.

Never was the taste of wealth sweeter than in that over-filled railway carriage, before it was light on the winter morning, with a vista of endless possibilities contained in those crackling notes and round gold pieces, Jessie being, of course, as well off as the rest, and feeling the novelty and wonder even more.

Mrs. Acton's house was to be the place of rendezvous, and she would take charge of the girls for part of the day, the boys wished to shift for themselves; and Allen and Bobus had friends of their own with whom they meant to lunch.

Clara met her friend with an agitated manner, half-laughing, half-crying, as she said—

'Well, Mother Carey dear, you haven't quite soared above us yet?'

'Petrels never take high flights,' said Carey; 'I hope and trust that it may prove impossible to make a fine lady of me. I am caught late, you see.'

'Your daughters are not. You won't like to have them making excuses for mamma's friends.'

'Janet's exclusiveness will not be of that sort, and for warm-hearted little Babie, trust her. Do you know where the Ogilvies can be written to, Clara? Are they at Rome, or Florence?'

'They were to be at Florence by the 14th. Mary has learnt to be such a traveller, that she always drags her brother abroad for however short a time St. Kenelm may give her.'

'I hope I shall catch her in time. We want her for our governess.'

'Now, really, Carey, you are a woman for old friends! But do you think you will get on? You know she won't spare you.'

'That's the very reason I want her.'

'It is very generous of you! You always were the best little thing in the world, with a strong turn for being under the lash; so you're going to keep the slave in the back of your triumphal chariot, like the Roman general.'

'I see, you're afraid she will teach me to be too proper behaved for you.'

'Precisely so, after her experience of Russian countesses. I don't know whether she will let you be mistress of your own house.'

'She will make me mistress all the more,' said Caroline; 'for she will make me all the more "queen o'er myself."'

Then began the shopping, such shopping extraordinary as none of the family had ever enjoyed except in dreams; and when it was the object of everybody to conceal their purchases from everybody else. Caroline contrived to make time for a quiet luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Lucas, to which she took her two youngest boys, since Jock was the godson of the house, and had moreover been shaken off by his two elder brothers. Happily he was too good-tempered to grumble at being thrown over, and his mind was in a beatific state of contemplation of his newly-purchased treasures, a small pistol, a fifteen-bladed knife, and a box of miscellaneous sweets, although his mother had so far succumbed to the weakness of her sex as to prevent the weapon from being accompanied by any ammunition.

As to Armine, she wanted to consult Dr. Lucas about the fragile looks and liability to cold that had alarmed her ever since Rob's exploit. Besides, he was so unlike the others! Had she not seen him quietly make his way into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Lucas kept a box for the Children's Hospital, and drop into it two bright florins, one of which she had seen Babie hand over to him?

'I do think it is not canny,' she said, as if it had been one of his symptoms.

'Do you want me to prescribe for it?'

'I did try one prescription for having too big a soul; I turned my poor little boy loose into school, and there they half killed him for me, and made the original complaint worse.'

'Happily no prescription, "neither life nor death, nor any other creature," can cure that complaint,' said the good old doctor, 'though alas! it is only too apt to dry up from within.'

'Still I can't help feeling it rather awful to have to do with a being so spiritual as that, and it seems to me to increase on him, so that he never seems quite to belong to me. And precocity is a dangerous sign, is it not?'

'I see,' said the doctor, smiling; 'you are going to be a treasure to the faculty, and indulge in anxieties and consultations.'

'Now, Dr. Lucas, you know that we were always anxious about Armine. You remember his father said he needed more care than the rest.'

Dr. Lucas allowed that this was true; only recommended flannel, pale ale, moderation in study, and time to recover the effects of the pump.

Both the good old friends were very kind and full of tender congratulation, mingled with a little anxiety, though they were pleased with her good taste and simplicity and absence of all elation. But then she had hardly realised the new position, and seemed to look neither behind nor before. Her only scheme seemed to be to take a

house in London for a few months, and then perhaps to go abroad, but of this she could not talk in those old scenes which vividly brought back that castle-in-the-air, never fulfilled, of a holiday in Switzerland with Joe.

On leaving the Lucases, she sent her boys on before her to the nearest bazaar, and was soon at her old home. Kind Mrs. Drake effaced herself as much as possible, and let her roam about the house alone, but furniture had altered every room, so that no responsive chord was touched till she came to the study, which was little changed. There she shut herself in and strove to recall the touch of the hand that was gone, the sound of the voice that was still. She stood where she had been wont to stand, over her husband when he had been busy at his table and she had run down with some inquiry, and with a yearning ache of heart she clasped her hands, and almost breathed out the words, 'O Joe, Joe, dear father! Oh! for one moment of you to tell me what to do, and how to keep true to the charge you gave me—your Magnum Bonum!'

So entirely had she asked the question, that she waited, almost expecting a reply, but there was no voice and none to answer her; and she was turning away with a sickening sense of mockery at her own folly in seeking the empty shrine whence the oracle of her life had departed, when her eye fell on the engraving over the mantelpiece. It was the one thing for which Mr. Drake had begged as a memorial of Joe Brownlow, and it still hung in its old place. It was of the Great Physician, consoling and healing all around—the sick, the captive, the self-tormenting genius, the fatherless, the widow.

Was this the answer? Something darted through her mind like a pang followed by a strange throb—'Give yourself up to Him. Seek the true good first. The other may lie on its way.'

But it was only a pang. The only too-natural recoil came the next minute. Was not she as religious as there was any need to be, or at least as she could be without alienating her children or affecting more than she felt? Give herself to Him? How? Did that mean a great deal of church-going, sermon-reading, cottage visiting, prayers, meditations, and avoidance of pleasure? That would never do; the boys would not bear it, and Janet would be alienated; besides, it would be all hypocrisy in one who could not sit still and think, or attend to anything lengthy and wearisome.

So, as a kind of compromise, she looked at the photograph which hung below, and to it she almost spoke out her answer. 'Yes, I'll be very good, and give away lots of things. Mary Ogilvie shall come and keep me in order, and she won't let me be naughty, if I ever want to be naughty when I get away from Ellen. Then Magnum Bonum shall have its turn too. Don't be afraid, dearest. If Allen does not take to it now, I am sure Bobus will be a great chemical discoverer, able to give all his time and spare no expense, and then we will fit up this dear

old house for a hospital for quite poor people. That's what you would have done if you had been here! Oh, if this money had only come in time! But here are these horrid tears! If I once begin crying I shall be good for nothing. If I don't go at once, there's no saying what Jock mayn't have bought.'

She was just in time to find Jock asking the price of all the animals in the Pantheon Bazaar, and expecting her to supply the price of a vicious-looking monkey. The whole flock collected in due time at the station, and so did their parcels. Allen brought with him his chief purchase, the most lovely toy-terrier in the world, whom he presented on the spot to Elvira, and who divided the journey between licking himself and devouring the fragments of biscuit with which Jock supplied him. Allen had also bought a beautiful statuette for his mother, and a doll for Babie. Janet had set herself up with a case of mathematical instruments and various books; Bobus, various chemical appliances and a pocket microscope, also what he thrust into Jessie's lap and she presently proclaimed to be a lovely little work-case; Jessie herself was hugging a parcel, which turned out to contain warm pelisses for the two nursery boys just above the baby. For the adaptation of their seniors' last year's garments had not proved so successful as not to have much grieved the good girl and her mother.

Elvira's money had all gone into an accordion, and a necklace of large blue beads.

'Didn't you get anything for your grandfather or your cousins?' said Caroline.

'I wanted it all,' said Elfie; 'and you only gave me two sovereigns, or I would have had the bracelets too.'

'Never mind, Elfie,' cried Babie, 'I've got something for Mr. Gould and for Kate and Mary.'

'Have you, Babie, so have I,' returned Armine; and the two, who had been wedged into one seat, began a whispering conversation, by which the listeners might have learnt that there was a friendly rivalry as to which had made the two pounds provide the largest possible number of presents. Neither had bought anything for self, for the chest of drawers, bath, and broom were for Babie's precious dolls, not for herself. Mother Carey, uncle and aunt, brothers, sisters, cousins, servants, Mr. Gould, the gardener's grandson, the old apple-woman, 'the little thin girls,' had all been provided for at that wonderful German bazaar, and the only regret was that Mr. Ogilvie and Alfred Richards could not be brought within the powers of even two pounds. What had Mother Carey bought? Ah! Nobody was to know till Twelfth-day, and then the first tree cut at Belforest would be a Christmas-tree. Then came a few regrets that everybody had proclaimed their purchases, and therewith people began to grow weary and drop asleep. It was by gaslight that they arrived at home and bundled into the flys that awaited them, and then in the hall at home came Elvira's cry—

'Where's my doggie, my Chico?'

'Here; I took him out,' said Jock.

'That's not Chico; that's a nasty, horrid, yellow cur. Chico was black. You naughty boy, Jock, you've been and changed my dog.'

'Has Midas changed him to gold?' cried Babie.

'Ah!' said Bobus, meaningly.

'You've done it then, Bobus! You've put something to him.'

'*I* haven't,' said Bobus, 'but he's been licking himself all the way home. Well, we all know green is the sacred colour of the Grand Turk.'

'No! You don't mean it!' said Allen, catching up the dog and holding him to the lamp, while Janet observed that he was a sort of chameleon, for his body, which had been black, was now yellow, and his chops which had been tan, had become black.

Elvira began to cry angrily, still uncomprehending, and fancying Bobus and Jock had played her a trick and changed her dog; Allen abused the horrid little brute, and the more horrid man who had deceived him; and Armine began pitying and caressing him, seriously distressed lest the poor little beast should have poisoned himself. Caroline herself expected to have heard that he was dead the next morning, and would have felt more compassion than regret; but, to her surprise and Allen's chagrin, Chico made his appearance, very rhubarb-coloured and perfectly well.

'I think,' said Elvira, 'I will give Chico to grandpapa, for a nice London present.'

Everybody burst out laughing at this piece of generosity, and though the young lady never quite understood what amused them, and Allen heartily wished Chico among the army of dogs at River Hollow, he did somehow or other remain at the Folly, and, after the fashion of dogs, adopted Jock as the special object of his devotion.

Ellen came in, expecting to regale her eyes with the newest fashions. Or were they all coming down from the dressmaker?

'I had no time to be worried with dressmakers,' said Caroline.

'I thought you went there while the girls were going about with Mrs. Acton.'

'Indeed no. I had just got my new bonnet for the winter.'

'But!'

'And *indeed;* I have not inherited any more heads.'

Ellen sighed at the impracticability of her sister-in-law and the blindness of fortune. But nobody could sigh long in the face of that Twelfth-day Christmas-tree. What need be said of it but that each member of the house of Brownlow, and each of its dependents, obtained the very thing that the bright-eyed fairy of the family had guessed would be most acceptable.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

BY C. R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

DIFFERING MINDS.

'How often, O my knights,
Your places being vacant at my side,
This chance of noble deeds will come and go.'

THE Princes Enrique and Fernando, having matured their ideas by much discussion, decided on proposing to the King to make an expedition for the taking of Tangier, similar to the one that their father had sent out against Ceuta. Should he, however, be unwilling to make a great national expedition, they would obtain from him his consent, and as much aid as he thought proper, and would devote to the cause all their own resources, which were considerable. Their eagerness grew as their ideas developed, and some inkling of their wishes getting abroad, all the younger nobility caught fire at the notion, and the princes soon saw that their cause would be a popular one.

It was therefore with some confidence in the result that they sought their brother in his private apartments, to lay their plans before him.

Duarte's life was one of unceasing toil for the good of his subjects. He had already worked out an immense scheme for improving the legal system of Portugal, and his industry was immense. His difficulties were much increased by the over-liberality with which his father had given away the crown-lands to his nobility, and many an anxious hour was spent by Duarte in trying to find means to fill his empty exchequer. He set an example of economy in his household, closer than his young queen altogether approved of; but the remedy for this great evil was still to seek. Busy as he was, however, he retained the scholarly tastes of his youth, and his book, *El Leal Conselheiro; or, The Faithful Counsellor*, a collection of moral and political sayings, was in its day of great value. Nor, however hurried, did he ever fail in kindness and consideration, especially to Fernando, whom he regarded with almost the protecting affection of a father.

He rose now from the table at which he was writing, and greeted his brother warmly.

'Ah! Enrique,' he said, 'have you come to tell me how matters go in your new dominions?'

For Duarte had made Enrique a present of his recent discovery, the island of Madeira.

'Not now, sire, said Enrique, with some formality. 'We have a request to make to you.'

'You can hardly ask me for what I will not grant,' said the King. 'Sit here, Fernando,' pointing to a couch by the fire. 'You look pale —are you well to-day?'

'I am well and strong,' said Fernando. 'You think too much of my weakness.'

And he remained standing, while Enrique, whose words of course carried greater weight, unfolded their cherished scheme. Duarte's face grew very grave as he listened.

'This is your wish, my Fernando?' he said, moving over to him.

'The wish of my heart—of my life!' said Fernando, as he grasped Duarte's hand.

'I fear that I see not the way to grant it,' said Duarte, with a reluctant gentleness difficult to contradict.

'Tangier,' said Enrique, 'would be a splendid jewel to set in the crown of Portugal. We were young and untried when we took Ceuta; it is little likely that we should now fail.'

'I do not fear failure,' said Duarte; 'assuredly not under your leading. Yet my father could not see his way to further conquests in Barbary, nor can I.'

'How so?' said Enrique, bluntly. He was quite as great a man as his brother, and though thoroughly loyal to Duarte, was not much accustomed to opposition from him, but rather to admiring assistance in whatever he proposed.

'I will tell you,' said Duarte, gently. 'You are a greater soldier than I, Enrique, and your eyes see far into the possible future; but it is I who must consider the well-being of Portugal.'

'Pardon,' said Enrique, 'if I spoke in haste. Without your good will we could do nothing.'

Duarte sat down on the couch and drew Fernando to a place beside him, watching his face while he spoke.

'First,' said Duarte, 'I cannot tell where the funds to engage in such a war are to be found. We have no money to spare; it costs me much care to consider how to support the state.'

'We put our resources at your disposal,' said Enrique.

'But yours, my brother, are already hardly pressed for purposes which will, to my thinking, do more in the end for the spread of the Cross than even the taking of Tangier.'

Enrique was silent; he knew well enough the truth of this. Scientific discoveries were not made for nothing in days when only one man saw the necessity of them.

'But,' said Fernando, 'it seems to me that a small force, well armed and full of zeal, would be sufficient.'

'You think so?' said Duarte, as if weighing his words. 'War is very costly, and even if the council consent, that would be no holy war for which unjust taxes were levied.'

Justice was too strongly impressed on the sons of King Joao for

this principle to be resisted, however unfamiliar it was to the fifteenth century. Fernando, however, spoke pleadingly.

'You speak of the well-being of Portugal. Surely it is for the highest well-being of a nation to engage in a noble and self-sacrificing struggle. There are better things than prosperity and ease.'

'Yes,' said Duarte. 'There are good laws and honest living; education and the due support of Holy Church. See you, if my father's reign had been, as we all once wished, one long war against the Infidel, where would have been his translation of the Holy Scriptures into Portuguese—where Batalha and our other great abbeys, to say nothing of the general reform of the kingdom? Do not mistake me, my brothers; my heart glows like yours to fight for the Cross. But, as I read my duty, God has given me this piece of ground to till, and it calls for all my care. You, too, would both be missed much from all the good works you have taken in hand.'

'We can return to them with new ardour,' said Enrique.

'Yes, and Fernando longs rightly to bear arms. I would it could be so.'

'I live but half a life,' said Fernando, low and earnestly.

'But then, bear with me while I tell you another difficulty. What pretext have I for making war on the Moorish king? He has in no way injured me!'

'There is never a prisoner taken but offers no pretext, but a reason,' said Fernando, eagerly. 'Every captive groaning in those dungeons is a good cause.'

'There has been less kidnapping of late,' said Duarte.

'Yes, since Ceuta was ours,' replied Enrique. 'Take Tangier and there will be none.'

Perhaps Duarte was more inclined to the scheme by the ardour of Fernando's wish than by any other cause. He was still hesitating, when there was a summons at the door, and the two other brothers were admitted.

'Consult them on the matter,' said Enrique; and Duarte, after the first greetings, rehearsed Enrique's arguments and his own, demanding the opinion of the new comers.

'I say,' said Pedro, decidedly, 'that the scheme is a foolish one. What is the good of plunging Portugal into a rash war with a prince who is a tolerable neighbour, as times go? I give my voice against it.'

'If it is done,' said Dom Joao, 'it must be by the force of the whole country. No smaller expedition could have a chance. If Fernando had seen anything of warfare, even his hot head could make no such proposal.'

'I do not rest on my own judgment, my brother,' said Fernando, gently. 'Enrique's experience is beyond dispute.'

'Enrique once tried to take Gibraltar,' said Joao, referring to a rash attempt of Enrique's youth, 'and took me with him.'

'When you were glad enough to go,' said Enrique, smiling.

'Ay, but since then I have grown wiser. Look you here. Your ardour runs away with you, and Fernando knows nought of the matter. Tangier would be a hard nut to crack, and he could not bear the campaign needful for taking it.'

'You have no right so to put me aside,' exclaimed Fernando; then checked himself. 'Pardon me, I am hasty. I think indeed little enough of my own powers. I do but wish to devote my uselessness to the service of Holy Church.'

'Holy Church would take the will for the deed!' said Joao, with a contemptuous good nature which was hard to bear. He was very fond of Fernando, but his practical and less tender nature had less sympathy for him than any of the others. Fernando coloured, but said nothing; and Duarte, with an elder's authority, said—

'The wishes of our brothers, Enrique and Fernando, and their opinions, have due weight. I give way to them so far that I shall lay this matter before the Council of Portugal, when all may speak their mind. But, my brothers, let not our difference of opinion bring the first cloud between us.'

'Nay,' said Fernando, with rather a painful smile, 'Joao does but prove the truth of my complaint, that I have hitherto been the idle one among you. But we have taken enough of the king's time. I would but ask him to forgive me for urging my wishes on him.'

'Nay, it is well to be reminded of our higher aims,' said Duarte, who had not quite approved of the way in which Fernando had been put down by the others. 'We will speak of it again in Council.'

In spite of Duarte's warning there was a good deal of hot discussion between Enrique, Pedro, and Joao, which certainly resulted in fixing Enrique's own view of the matter. Duarte declined to speak of it further in private, and Fernando's desire grew so strong that he feared to trust his own temper in the dispute. He spoke, however, in the council well and to the point, urging his view of what number would be sufficient for the attack, and the reasons why he thought that it should be made. Enrique supported him with all the weight of his influence, and the war was exceedingly popular among the younger nobility. Pedro opposed it entirely; Joao declared it to be only possible with a very large force and at great expense; and the king, finding his council divided, at last appealed to the decision of the Pope. If he authorised the war, and would give a Bull of Crusade, well and good; if not, the project must be abandoned.

But meanwhile Enrique and Fernando made their preparations, to be ready to start at once, when the consent, of which they never doubted, arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

SELF-CHOSEN WAYS.

'I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry—
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.'

THE number of voices raised in favour of the Moorish war concealed the fact of how many regarded it with disapproval. Sir Walter Northberry at once offered himself as a volunteer, and Harry Hartsed, in common with all the members in Dom Fernando's suite, was hot in the cause, saw no difficulties, and talked as if Tangier were already won, a mode of proceeding provoking to the opposing princes, and to those who thought with them.

No such light-mindedness could be urged against the prince himself. There was, indeed, a light of hope and happiness in his face rarely seen there before; but he spent long hours in prayer, not so much for the success of his undertaking, as that he might be worthy to engage in it, and constantly urged on his followers the necessity of preparing for a holy war by a holy life. He showed no resentment at his brothers' opposition, merely saying that he did not wonder at their distrust of the views of so inexperienced a person as himself, though he could never be grateful enough to Enrique for his comprehension of them. Enrique had so many other matters in hand, in preparation for his departure, that he had not much time to bestow on the collecting of the forces, and moreover had something of the self-confidence of great conscious power, that anything in which he was engaged could be made to succeed. So that Fernando had it all his own way, and perhaps was hardly the person to realise all the difficulties in his path, since he credited others with his own strong and unwavering zeal.

The war was, on the whole, popular among the clergy, and was approved by the Archbishop of Lisbon, and Father José—who had been Fernando's confessor and chaplain from childhood, and had constantly listened to his longings for such an opportunity—rejoiced that his dear son, as he regarded Fernando, should at last gain the wish of his heart. But he said much less about triumphing over the Moors, than about the necessity of faith, purity, and holiness in those who would attack them, about the sin of rivalry and contention among men engaged in a holy war, pointing out how self-indulgence and disputes had been the ruin of crusades. No one, he said, who entered on a holy war, in such an unholy spirit, would find the sword of the Moor open to him a passage from earth to Heaven. No one who, during this period of preparation, fell into mortal sin, neglected his religious duties, or indulged in uncharitable feelings, would be a true crusader, though he bound the cross on his shoulder, and sailed under the authority of a Bull of Crusade.

These truths, however wholesome they might be, and however entirely accepted and enforced by the prince himself, were not always palatable, and Father José's preaching was often deserted for that of a chaplain belonging to Dom Enrique's household, named Martin. This priest was instrumental in turning the minds of many towards the war. He preached in glowing terms the glory that was to be won both for earth and Heaven, the certainty of success, the sure path to Paradise, painted vividly the triumph over the conquered city, the splendid spoils that would be the rightful property of the conquering soldiers of the cross, the dreadful fate that would rightly befall the 'Pagan hounds,' whom they would destroy; and finally promised absolution and the Church's blessing to all those who heartily engaged in the contest. This preaching worked up the young nobility to a state of wild enthusiasm, and among others Harry Hartsed, who, though greatly admiring his prince, thought his sentiments rather fine-spun, and that to take arms with a view of revenging the wrong of the Northberry family, and of gaining some spiritual advantages for himself, was quite enough.

All his interest in his little playmate's lost sister was revived by the intelligence that Sir Walter had declined all offers of marriage for Nella in England, and that in the event of his returning safely from the present campaign, he meant her to come to Lisbon and rejoin him. She was now more than sixteen, and her reputation as a beauty had preceded her.

Harry thought that when spoils and honours should enable him to think of a wife, he would like to see Nella's brave blue eyes, and hear her frank tongue, before he gave his heart away to any dark glancing, soft-spoken Portuguese.

All through the spring the preparations were pushed forward; and at last, after much delay, came the long-expected answer from the Pope.

He wrote that wars of offence with the Infidel, were allowable in resistance to any actual injury committed by them on any particular kingdom, but during a period of entire peace could only be justified by proving that the existence of the infidel power was injurious to Christendom at large, in which latter case the Pope granted a bull of crusade. He could not now perceive that the King of Portugal had received any injuries from the King of Barbary, or that the latter had latterly in any way made himself obnoxious to the nations of Christendom. He could not therefore grant the bull of crusade, and recommended King Duarte to abstain from the attack.

This was King Duarte's own opinion; but he could not read the Pope's despatch, without thinking of the disappointment it would inflict on his ardent brothers; and alas! of the great unpopularity of disbanding the already impatient army. This difficulty also occurred to Pedro, who blamed Duarte for having allowed the preparations to be begun.

'Look you,' said Duarte, 'I shall leave it in their hands. If they can conscientiously disregard the opinion of his holiness, let them make the attempt. It is indeed true that Fernando has never seen warfare. When this is over he will be content, and if Tangier is taken, maybe the Pope will not think the war unjustifiable.'

The Popes of the fifteenth century had not so lived or ruled that their fiat should be accepted with unquestioning respect. It was a hard matter, however, to display the letter to the eager spirits who were staking their all on the attempt.

Fernando turned pale as death, and uttered not a word.

Enrique read through the parchment, and then started up, exclaiming—

'There are things that man must do at his own risk. Who can authorise the inmost promptings of the soul, that lead to great ends? The holy father may fear to speak; we will give Tangier to the Church, and win his blessing at the sword's point.'

So said Enrique, having indeed much experience of the inward promptings of which he spoke; and Duarte was much swayed by his words.

Fernando was still silent. There was the sharpness of a personal wish, both to sway him and to cause a fear of being swayed.

'Let it be as the king will,' he said, slowly; but Duarte had not the heart to accept his submission.

'Matters have gone too far to recede,' he said. 'Go, my brothers; I confide in your judgment, and may the blessing of God rest on your arms.'

Fernando bent down and kissed the king's hand, while Enrique exclaimed—

'Tangier shall be yours, when we meet again.'

Dom Joao shrugged his shoulders.

'That depends,' he said, 'on the number and condition of your troops.'

All was now hurry and excitement. And between the contending views there was much confusion.

Dom Joao's opinion on military matters had great weight; and when it was known that he disapproved of the expedition, many held back from it.

The young queen, liking the excitement of the start, and the probable glory to Portugal, favoured the enterprise; and strangely enough it fell out, that the war was advocated by all the gayer and wilder spirits, while the more sober doubted and held back.

Queen Leonora laughed at her husband for the strange reluctance that he showed to part with Fernando.

'All the others,' she said, 'were constantly absent from him on long and dangerous errands; surely he could let Fernando go for a few months.'

'That is the very thing,' said Duarte, sadly; 'I have never been parted from him, and this war fills me with anxiety and dread.'

'Why, you grow slow of heart,' said Leonora, laughing. 'You did not think so when Ceuta was before you.'

Spite of this rallying, the parting was a cruel one. Although there was a keener sympathy of character and opinion between Enrique and Fernando, Duarte had been to the latter a constant companion and support; and to act against his judgment, and to cause him pain and anxiety, was the first sacrifice in which his project involved him.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE TANGIER.

'Who is there that wishes for more men from England?'

On the 22nd of August the fleet of the Infantes set sail from Lisbon, fourteen thousand men having been decided on as the number necessary for the expedition, and in due course arrived at Ceuta, where Dom Enrique, who had hitherto exercised but little personal superintendence, proceeded to review them, and to examine into their efficiency, Fernando assisting him. The sight of Ceuta recalled to them both that first campaign—so brilliant, so prosperous, so well-planned and executed. It was something to receive the blessing of the Bishop of the city that their father had made Christian, and to see it happy and prosperous under its new rule.

As the day went on, Fernando grew very weary of riding about in the hot sun, and began sadly to discover how unequal his strength was to the fatigues of a campaign. Enrique, perceiving this, sent him back to his lodging, whither he presently followed him in much perturbation.

'Fernando,' he said, 'things are against us. My mind misgave me when we landed as to our numbers; and now I find that, instead of the fourteen thousand ordered to embark, we have but eight! Many fell back on hearing the Pope's decision; many more from respect to Joao's views. There has been some strange want of common sense in the officers who superintended the embarkation. They say their orders were not precise, and the king's commands uncertain. Anyhow, we are here with but half our troops!'

'Well, dear Enrique, we who are here must fight the harder!' said Fernando, smiling.

'The commanders wish to send back the fleet for more troops,' said Enrique.

'No! How should we keep up the spirits of those waiting here? What would the king think? And the enemy would get wind of our

intentions! We must push on at once, and trust in the force of our onslaught!'

'That is my own view,' said Enrique, 'but my mind misgives me!'

'That is the most fatal thing of all. It is too late for misgivings,' said Fernando, resolutely.

'And you—how can you bear the march over these hot sands? You are over-wearied already.'

Fernando winced somewhat, but answered, 'You might go by land with the main body of the troops, while I with the rest go to Tangier by sea. I could well do that.'

This plan, after a good deal of discussion, was finally adopted; for Fernando was far from well, and could not have attempted the land march. He was the most cheerful and sanguine of the party; but there was so much difference of opinion, and so much depression at the insufficiency of the forces, that the joyful, resolute spirit of crusaders seemed far from the rest of the army, and time and energy were wasted in disputes and lamentations. The men had lost confidence in their leaders, every one was of a different opinion as to waiting for fresh troops or pushing on as they were, and instead of prayer, praise, or hopeful anticipation, there was perpetual wrangling.

It was now found that Father José's teaching had far more effect in softening these differences than Father Martin's; for the former led them to dwell on the blessing of a high and earnest purpose, which would consecrate success, and could not be destroyed by failure; while the latter fell in with the popular feeling, by finding fault with the lukewarmness and want of zeal shown by the other Infantes, who had thus risked the success of the expedition. As he belonged to Dom Enrique's household, he accompanied the land march; while Father José went by sea, in company with all the members of Fernando's suite.

Harry Hartsed was one of the malcontents. There was something provoking to his English common sense in the ill-management of the start; and though he had no expectation of failure, it afforded him great satisfaction to grumble at the princes, and even at the king, by way perhaps of showing that he was not a Portuguese subject. Young Alvarez was more scrupulous and more serious-minded, but he had misgivings as to disregarding the wishes of the Pope; and these two lads represented widespread phases of public opinion.

Fernando heard but little of this. Remembering how easily Ceuta had been won, and feeling the utmost confidence in Enrique's skill, he did not much fear failure, and bore no grudge against his other brothers for thinking differently from himself. He recovered his strength during the sea-voyage, and, as they neared Tangier, and he stood on the deck in full armour, with the cross of his order on his breast, the look of hope and joy on his face communicated itself to his followers; and whatever else they differed about, they were all ready to live or die for him.

Under his orders the landing of the troops and the meeting with Dom Enrique's contingent was safely accomplished, and, in better spirits than they had yet enjoyed, the little army prepared for the attack. They found that their old enemy, Zala-ben-Zala, was in command at Tangier, and soon became aware that the King of Fez was bringing large numbers into the field against them. Before they left Lisbon the king had strenuously advised them not to leave the beach unguarded, so that the enemy could cut off their chance of retreat; and he felt the necessity of this so strongly, that he sent an autograph letter to Enrique at Ceuta, entreating him to observe this precaution. Enrique, however, either disregarded it, or found that with his small number it was impossible to spare any from the attack; for there began such a struggle as tried the courage of veterans, and showed the young recruits the face of war in good earnest.

The Portuguese forces marched to the attack in two divisions, commanded by the two princes. Each division fought under the flag of Portugal, and also under that of the order to which its leader belonged, the red cross of Avis, the green cross of the Order of Christ; and on Enrique's banner was inscribed the motto he had so well earned the right to carry, '*Talent de bien faire;*' on that of Fernando the humbler legend, '*Le bien me plait.*'

They fought on through the hot September day, with fresh battalions constantly coming up to the defence, till they became conscious that they were contending against a superiority of numbers such as they had never contemplated. Troop after troop of turbaned soldiers came pouring down upon them; nevertheless, they fought with such ardour, that Enrique's division pressed right up to the walls of the town and raised their scaling-ladders against them; Fernando's side having meanwhile been so fiercely attacked, that it was all that he could do to hold his ground. Alas! the scaling-ladders which they had brought were too short to reach the top of the ramparts, and after frightful loss of life, and long hours of vain effort, Dom Enrique was forced to sound a retreat, before the darkness overtook them, at the enemy's very gates. He reached the camp just as Fernando came up to join him, and the two brothers embraced eagerly, thankful at least to find each other safe.

'You are unhurt?' said Enrique. 'Then all is not lost.'

'Oh, yes, I am unhurt,' said Fernando, 'and ready for another attempt to-morrow. The odds are great, but our men showed no flinching. I fear me our losses are terrible.'

'So great,' said Enrique with reluctance, 'and the odds are so much against us, that there is but one thing left to do, and that is to retreat. We must go back to Ceuta, and wait there for fresh troops and longer ladders.'

Fernando recoiled almost as from a blow.

'What!—have we failed?' he said.

'Well, say we have not yet succeeded. There is no help for it, Fernando; it must be done.'

Enrique was bitterly mortified and disappointed, and spoke less gently than usual; and perhaps Fernando had never struggled so hard with himself as before he answered—

'You can judge best, my brother; be it so.'

There was no time to be lost in making the arrangements. The army was to re-embark while sheltered by the darkness, and Fernando went to see how best to transport the wounded; while Enrique held council with the officers, who all agreed with him as to the necessity.

There were loud murmurs, however, among the younger noblemen, and there was a good deal of delay after the first decision before the final start was made. At last all was ready, and Enrique prepared to give the order for the march in the silent night, without banner, shout, or trumpet. How different from that morning's approach! What was it moving in front of them, through the purple darkness of the southern night—long, dim, white lines, between them and the sea?

Alas for the disregard of the King's counsel! They were the white cloaks of the Moorish troops, and the little Christian army was surrounded on all sides.

'Betrayed! betrayed! Caught like mice in a trap!' cried Enrique, losing his self-control. 'Where is the false traitor to whom this is owing?'

'Hush!' said Fernando, laying his hand on Enrique's arm, 'Let none see your amazement. The hand of God is against us. We were unworthy of the cause we undertook in self-willed opposition.'

He spoke in a tone of calm, sad conviction, and then, seeing Enrique's distress, added gently—

'The blame lies on me. I know well that you acted for my sake.'

Enrique shook his head; then, after a moment's silence, started into energy again.

'Now we must sell our lives hard. There is no choice remaining. We march on the town with the first dawn of light. And now to prayer. May God have mercy on us; we are in evil case! Where is Father Martin?'

'My lord, my lord!' cried young Alvarez, rushing up, 'here is a sentinel who declares that in the dusk he beheld Father Martin pass him by, and afterwards a figure steal to the enemy's lines.'

'Where is the holy father?' said Enrique, calmly disregarding this assertion.

But Father Martin was nowhere to be found, and instead of the proposed solemn services, the whole camp was engaged in a passionate discussion as to whether he had been the traitor or not. Young Hartsed hotly defended him, and he and Alvarez disputed till words almost came to blows.

With the first ray of light the call to arms was sounded, and several hours were spent in desperate efforts to break through the enemy's ranks. It was all in vain; and as the shadows of evening fell the recall was sounded, and in humiliation and sorrow of heart the defeated princes sent to offer terms of capitulation, and to ask for what ransom they and their troops would be allowed to depart.

(*To be continued.*)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

KIRKLEATHAM.

'And on we went; but ere an hour had passéd
We reached a meadow slanting to the north,
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet-hedge,
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward.'

Tennyson.

THE next few days passed quietly enough. Mildred, who had now assumed the entire management of the household, soon discovered that Olive's four months of misrule and shiftlessness had entailed on her an overplus of work, and, though she was never idle, she soon found that even her willing hands could hardly perform all the tasks laid on them, and that scarcely an interval of leisure was available throughout the day.

'It will not be always so,' she remarked, cheerfully, when Richard took upon himself to remonstrate with her. 'When I have got things a little more into order, I mean to have plenty of time to myself. Polly and I have planned endless excursions to Podgill and the outwood, to stock the new fernery Roy is making for us, and I hope to accompany your father sometimes when he goes to Nateley and Winton.'

'Nevertheless, I mean to drive you over to Brough to-day. You must come, Aunt Milly. You are looking pale, Dr. John says, and the air will do you good. Huddle all those things into the basket,' he continued, in a peremptory voice that amused Mildred, and, acting on his words, he swept the neat pile of dusters and tea-cloths, that lay beside her, into Olive's unlucky mending-basket, and then faced round on her with his most persuasive air. 'It is such a delicious day, and you have been working like a galley-slave ever since you got up this

morning,' he said, apologetically. 'My father would be quite troubled if he knew how hard you work. Do you know Dr. John threatens to tell him?'

'Dr. John had better mind his own business,' returned Mildred, colouring. 'Very well, Richard, you shall have your way as usual; my head aches rather, and a drive will be refreshing. Perhaps you could drop me at Kirkleatham on our way home. I must return Miss Trelawney's visit.'

Richard assented with alacrity, and then bidding Mildred be ready for him in ten minutes, he hastened from the room.

Mildred had noticed a great change in Richard during the last week; he seemed brighter, and was less carping and disagreeable in his manners to Olive; and though he still snubbed her at times, there was an evident desire to preserve harmony in the family circle, which the others were not slow to appreciate.

In many little ways he showed Mildred that he was grateful to her for the added comfort of her presence; any want of regularity and order was peculiarly trying to him; and now that he was no longer aggravated by Olive's carelessness and left-handed ways, he could afford even to be gracious to her, especially as Mildred had succeeded in effecting some sort of reformation in the offending hair and dress.

'There, now you look nice, and Cardie will say so,' she said, as she fastened up the long braids, which now looked bright and glossy, and then settled the collar which was as usual somewhat awry, and tied the black ribbon into a natty bow. 'A little more time and care would not be wasted, Olive. We have no right to tease other people by our untidy ways, or to displease their eyes, it is as much an act of selfishness as of indolence, and may be encouraged until it becomes a positive sin.'

'Do you think so, Aunt Milly?'

'I am sure of it. Chrissy thinks me hard on her, but so much depends on the habits we form when quite young. I believe with many persons tidiness is an acquired virtue; it requires some sort of education, and certainly not a little discipline.'

'But, Aunt Milly, I thought some people were always tidy; from their childhood, I mean. Chriss and I never were,' she continued, sorrowfully.

'Some people are methodical by nature; Cardie, for example. They early see the fitness and beauty of order. But Olive, for your comfort, I am sure it is to be acquired.'

'Not by me, Aunt Milly.'

'My dear—why not? It is only a question of patience and discipline. If you made the rule now of never going to a drawer in a hurry. When Chrissy wants anything, she jerks the contents of the whole drawer on the floor; I have found her doing it more than once.'

'She could not find her gloves, and Cardie was waiting,' returned Olive, always desirous of screening another's fault.

'Yes; but she left it to you to pick up all the things again. If Chriss' gloves were in their right place, no one need have been troubled. I could find my gloves blindfold.'

'I am always tidying my own and Chrissy's drawers, Aunt Milly; but in a few days they are as bad as ever,' returned Olive, helplessly.

'Because you never have time to search quietly for a thing. Did you look in the glass, Olive, while you were doing your hair this morning?'

'I don't know. I think so. I was learning my German verses, I believe.'

'So Cardie had a right to grumble over your crooked parting, and unkempt appearance. You should keep your duties like the contents of your drawers, neatly piled one on the top of each other. No lady can arrange her hair properly and do German at the same time. Tell me, Olive, you have not so many headaches since I got your father to forbid your sitting up so late at night.'

'No, Aunt Milly; but all the same I wish you and he had not made the rule; it used to be such a quiet time.'

'And you learn all the quicker since you have had regular walks with Polly and Chriss.'

'I am less tired after my lessons, certainly. I thought that was because you took away the mending-basket; the stooping made my back ache, and——'

'I see,' returned Mildred, with a satisfied smile.

Olive's muddy complexion was certainly clearer, and there was less heaviness in her gait, since she had judiciously insisted that the hours of rest should be kept intact. It had cost Olive some tears, however, for that quiet time when the household were sleeping round her was very precious to the careworn girl.

Richard gave vent to an audible expression of pleasure when he noticed his sister's altered appearance, and his look of approbation was most pleasant to Mildred.

'If you would only hold yourself up, and smile sometimes, you would really look as well as other people,' was the qualified praise he gave her.

'I am glad you are pleased,' returned Olive, simply. 'I never expect you to admire me, Cardie. I am plainer than any one else, I know.'

'Yes; but you have nice eyes, and what a quantity of hair,' passing his hand over the thick coils in which Mildred had arranged it. 'She looks a different girl, does she not, Aunt Milly?'

'It is very odd, but I believe Cardie does not dislike me so much to-day,' Olive said, when she wished her aunt good-night.

She and Polly took turns every night in coming into Mildred's room

with little offers of service, but in reality to indulge in a cosy chat. It was characteristic of the girls that they never came together. Olive was silent and reserved before Polly, and Polly was at times a little caustic in her wit. 'We mix as badly as oil and water,' she said once. 'I shall always think Olive the most tiresome creature in the world. Chriss is far more amusing.'

'Why do you think so?' asked Mildred, gently. She was always gentle with Olive; these sort of weary natures need much patience and delicacy of handling, she thought.

'He speaks more kindly, and he has looked at me several times, not in his critical way, but as if he were not so much displeased at my appearance; but, Aunt Milly, it is so odd, his caring, I mean.'

'Why so, my dear?'

'If I loved a person very much, I should not care how they looked; they might be ugly or deformed, but it would make no difference. Cardie's love seems to vary somehow.'

'Anything unsightly is very grievous to him, but not in the way you mean, Olive. He is peculiarly tender over any physical infirmity. I liked his manner so to little Cathy Villers to-day.'

'But all the same he attaches too much importance to merely outward things,' returned Olive, who sometimes showed tenacity in her opinions; 'not that I blame him,' she continued, as though she feared she had been uncharitable, 'only that it is so odd.'

Mildred was in a somewhat gladsome mood as she prepared for her drive. Richard's thoughtfulness pleased her; on the whole things were going well with her. Under her judicious management, the household had fallen into more equable and tranquil ways. There were fewer jars, and more opportunity for Roy's lurking spirit of fun to develop itself. She had had two or three stormy scenes with Chriss; but the little girl had already learned to respect the gentle firmness that would not abate one iota of lawful authority.

'We are learning our verbs from morning to night,' grumbled Chriss, in a confidential aside to Roy; 'that horrid one, "to tidy," you know. Aunt Milly is always in the imperative mood. I declare I am getting sick of it. Hannah or Rachel used to mend my gloves and things, and now she insists on my doing it myself. I broke a dozen needles one afternoon to spite her, but she gave me the thirteenth with the same sweet smile. It is so tiresome not to be able to provoke people.'

But even Chrissy was secretly learning to value the kind forbearance that bore with her wayward fancies, and the skilfulness that helped her out of many a scrape. Mildred had made the rule that after six o'clock no lesson-books were to be opened. In the evening they either walked or drove, or sat on the lawn working, while Richard or Roy read aloud, Mildred taking the opportunity to overlook her nieces' work, and to remonstrate over the giant strides that

Chriss' needle was accustomed to take. Even Olive owned these quiet times were very nice, while Mr. Lambert had once or twice been drawn into the charmed circle, and had paced the terrace in lieu of the churchyard, irresistibly attracted by the pleasant spectacle.

Mildred was doing wonders in her quiet way; she had already gained some insight into parish matters; she had accompanied her brother in his house-to-house visitation, and had been much struck by the absence of anything like distress. Poverty was there, but not hard-griping want. As a general rule the people were well-to-do, independent, and fairly respectable. One village, Nateley, had a forlorn and somewhat neglected appearance; but the generality of Mr. Lambert's parishioners struck Mildred as far superior to the London poor whom she had visited.

As yet she had not seen the darker side of the picture; she was shocked to hear Mr. Lambert speak on future occasions, of the tendency to schism, and the very loose notions of morality that prevailed even among the better sort of people. The clergy had up-hill work, he said. The new railway had brought a large influx of navvies, and the public houses were always full.

'The commandments are broken just as easily in sight of God's hills as they are in the crowded and fetid alleys of our metropolis,' he said once. 'Human nature is the same everywhere, even though it be glossed over by outward respectability.'

Mildred had already come in contact with the Ortolans more than once, and had on many occasions seen the green and yellow shawls flitting in and out of the cottages.

'They do a great deal of good, and are really very worthy creatures, in spite of their oddities,' observed Mr. Lambert once. 'They live over at Hartley. There is a third one, an invalid, Miss Bathsheba, who is very different from the others, and is, I think, quite a superior person. When I think of the gallant struggle they have carried on against trouble and poverty, one is inclined to forgive their little whims: it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, Mildred.'

Mildred thoroughly enjoyed her drive. Richard was in one of his brightest moods, and talked with more animation than usual, and seeing that his aunt was really interested in learning all about their surroundings, he insisted on putting up the pony-carriage, and took Mildred to see the church and the castle.

The vicarage and churchyard were so pleasantly situated, and the latter looked so green and shady, that she was disappointed to find the inside of the church very bare and neglected-looking, while the damp earthy atmosphere spoke of infrequent services.

There were urgent need of repairs, and a general shabbiness of detail that was pitiable, the high wooden pews looked comfortless, ordinary candles evidently furnished a dim and insufficient light; Mildred felt quite oppressed as she left the building.

'There can be no true Church-spirit here, Richard. Fancy worshipping in that damp, mouldy place; are there no zealous workers here, who care to beautify their church?'

Richard shook his head. 'We cannot complain of our want of privileges after that. I have been speaking to my father, and I really fancy we shall acquire a regular choir next year, and if so we shall turn out the Morrisons and Gunnings. My father is over-lenient to people's prejudices, it grieves him to disturb long-rooted customs.'

'Where are we going now, Richard?'

'To Brough Castle; the ruin stands in a little hill just by; it is one of the celebrated Countess of Pembroke's castles. You know the legend, Aunt Milly?'

'No, I cannot say that I do.'

'She seems to have been a strong-minded person, and was always building castles. It was prophesied that as long as she went on building she would not die, and in consequence her rage for castle-building increased with her age; but at last there was a severe frost, during which no work could be carried on, and so the poor countess died.'

'What a lovely view there is from here, Richard.

'Yes, that long level of green to our left is where the celebrated Brough fair is held. The country people use it as a date, "last Brough Hill," as they say—the word "Brough" comes from "Brugh," a fortification. My father has written a very clever paper on the origin of the names of places; it is really very interesting.'

'Some of the names are so quaint, "Warcop," for example.'

'Let me see, that has a Danish termination, "hope," or "hop," a place of refuge, a hollow between two hills. "Warcop" seems to be from "Wark-hope," the fortified hope. I recollect my father told us that "Kirkby," on the contrary, is always of Christian origin, as "Kirkby Stephen," and "Kirkby Kendal," but perhaps you are not fond of etymology, Aunt Milly.'

'On the contrary, it is rather a favourite study of mine; go on Richard. I want to know how Kirkby Stephen got its name.'

'I must quote my father again then. He thinks the victorious Danes found a kirk with houses near it, and called the place Kirkby, and they afterwards learnt that the church was dedicated to St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, they added his name to distinguish it from the other Kirkbys.'

'It must have been rather a different church, Richard.'

'I see I must go on quoting. He says, "We can almost picture to ourselves that low, narrow, quaint old church, with its rude walls and thatched roof." But Aunt Milly, we must be thinking of returning, if we are to call on the Trelawneys. By the by, what do you think of them?'

'Of Mr. Trelawney, you mean, for I certainly did not exchange three words with his daughter.'

'I noticed she was very silent; she generally is when he is present. What a pity it is they do not understand each other better.'

He seemed waiting for her to speak, but Mildred, who was taking a last lingering look at the ruin, was slow to respond.

'He seems very masterful,' she said at last when they had entered the pony-carriage, and were driving homewards.

'Yes, and what is worse, so narrow in his views. He is very kind to me, and I get on with him tolerably well,' continued Richard, modestly. 'But I can understand the repressing influence under which she lives.'

'It seems so strange for a father not to understand his daughter.'

'I believe he is fond of her in his own way; he can hardly help being fond of her. You see he lost his two boys when they were lads in a dreadful way; they were both drowned in bathing, and he has never got over their loss; it is really very hard for him, especially as his wife died not very long afterwards. They say the shock killed her.'

'Poor man, he has known no ordinary trouble. I can understand how lonely it must be for her.'

'Yes, it is all the worse that she does not care for the people about here. With the exception of us and the Delawares, she has no friends, no intimate friends, I mean.'

'Her exclusiveness is to blame, then; our neighbours seem really very kind-hearted.'

'Yes, but they are not her sort. I think you like the Delawares yourself, Aunt Milly?'

'Very much. I was just going to ask you more about them. Mrs. Delaware is very nice, but it struck me that she is not equal to her husband.'

'No; he is a fine fellow. You see she was only a small yeoman's daughter, and he educated her to be his wife.'

'That accounts for her homely speech.'

'My father married them. She was a perfect little rustic beauty, he says. She ran away from school twice, and at last told Mr. Delaware that he might marry her or not as he pleased, but she would have no more of the schooling; if she were not nice enough for him, she was for Farmer Morrison of Wharton Hall, and of course that decided the question.'

'I hope she makes him a good wife.'

'Very, and he is exceedingly fond of her, though she makes him uneasy at times. Her connections are not very desirable, and she can never be made to understand that they are to be kept in the background. I have seen him sit on thorns during a whole evening, looking utterly wretched, while she dragged in Uncle Gregson and Brother Ben every other moment.'

'I wish she would dress more quietly; she looks very unlike a clergyman's wife.'

Richard smiled. 'Miss Trelawney is very fond of driving over to Warcop Vicarage. She enjoys talking to Mr. Delaware, but I have noticed his wife looks a little sad at not being able to join in their conversation; possibly she regrets the schooling,' but here Richard's attention was diverted by a drove of oxen, and as soon as the road was clear he had started a new topic, which lasted till they reached their destination.

Kirkleatham was a large red castellated building, built on a slight eminence, and delightfully situated, belted in with green meadows, and commanding lovely views of soft distances; that from the terrace in front of the house was especially beautiful, the church and town of Kirkby Stephen distinctly visible, and the grouping of the dark hills at once varied and full of loveliness.

As they drove through the shrubbery Richard had a glimpse of a white dress and a broad-brimmed hat, and stopping the pony-carriage, he assisted Mildred to alight.

'Here is Miss Trelawney, sitting under her favourite tree; you had better go to her, Aunt Milly, while I find some one to take the mare;' and as Mildred obeyed, Miss Trelawney laid down her book, and greeted her with greater cordiality than she had shown on the previous visit.

'Papa is somewhere about the grounds; you can find him,' she said when Richard came up to them, and as he departed somewhat reluctantly, she led Mildred to a shady corner of the lawn, where some basket-chairs, and a round table strewn with work and books, made up a scene of rustic comfort.

The blue curling smoke rose from the distant town into the clear afternoon air, the sun shone on the old church tower, the hills lay in soft violet shadow.

'I hope you admire our view?' asked Miss Trelawney, with her full, steady glance at Mildred; and again Mildred noticed the peculiar softness, as well as brilliancy, of her eyes. 'I think it is even more beautiful than that which you see from the vicarage windows. Mr. Lambert and I have often had a dispute on that subject.'

'But you have not the river—that gives such a charm to ours. I would not exchange those snatches of silvery brightness for your greater distances. What happiness beautiful scenery affords! hopeless misery seems quite incompatible with those ranges of softly tinted hills.'

A pensive—almost a melancholy look—crossed Miss Trelawney's face.

'The worst of it is, that our moods and Nature's do not always harmonise; sometimes the sunshine has a chilling brightness when we are not exactly attuned to it. One must be really susceptible—in fact, an artist—if one could find happiness in the mere circumstance of living in a beautiful district like ours.'

'I hope you do not under-value your privileges,' returned Mildred, smiling.

'No, I am never weary of expatiating on them; but all the same, one asks a little more of life.'

'In what way?'

'In every possible way,' arching her brows, with a sort of impatience. 'What do rational human beings generally require?—work—fellowship—possibly sympathy.'

'All of which are to be had for the asking. Nay, my dear Miss Trelawney,' as Ethel's slight shrug of the shoulders testified her dissent, 'where human beings are more or less congregated, there can be no lack of these.'

'They may possibly differ in the meaning we attach to our words. I am not speaking of the labour market, which is already glutted.'

'Nor I.'

'The question is,' continued the young philosopher, wearily, 'of what possible use are nine-tenths of the unmarried women? half of them marry to escape from the unbearable routine and vacuum of their lives.'

Ethel spoke with such mournful candour, that Mildred's first feeling of astonishment changed into pity—so young and yet so cynical—and with such marginal wastes of unfulfilled purpose.

'When there is so much trouble and faultiness in the world,' she answered, 'there must be surely work enough to satisfy the most hungry nature. 'Have you not heard it asserted, Miss Trelawney, that nature abhors a vacuum?'

To her surprise, a shade crossed Miss Trelawney's face.

'You talk so like our village Mentor, that I could almost fancy I were listening to him. Are there no duties but the seven corporal works of mercy, Miss Lambert? Is the intellect to play no part in the bitter comedy of women's lives?'

'You would prefer tragedy?' questioned Mildred, with a slight twitching of the corner of her mouth. It was too absurdly incongruous to hear this girl, radiant with health, and glorying in her youth, speaking of the bitter comedy of life. Mildred began to accuse her in her own mind of unreal sentiment, and the vaporous utterings of girlish spleen; but Ethel's intense earnestness disarmed her of this suspicion.

'I have no respect for the people; they are utterly brutish, and incapable of elevation. I am horrifying you, Miss Lambert, but indeed I am not speaking without proof. At one time I took great interest in the parish, and used to hold mothers' meetings—pleasant evenings for the women. I used to give them tea, and let them bring their needlework, on condition they listened to my reading. Mr. Lambert approved of my plan; he only stipulated that as I was so very young—in age, I suppose, he meant—that Miss Prissy Ortolan should assist me.'

'And it was an excellent idea,' returned Mildred, warmly.

'Yes, but it proved an utter failure,' sighed Ethel. 'The women liked the tea, and I believed they got through a great deal of needlework, only Miss Prissy saw after that; but they cared no more for the reading than Minto would,' stooping down to pat the head of a large black retriever that lay at her feet. 'I had planned a course of progressive instruction, that should combine information with amusement; but I found they preferred their own gossip. I asked one woman, who looked more intelligent than the others, how she had liked Jean Ingelow's beautiful poem, *Two Brothers and a Sermon*, which I had thought simple enough to suit even their comprehensions; and she replied, "Eh, it was fine drowsy stuff, and would rock off half-a-dozen crying babies."'

Mildred smiled.

'I gave it up after that. I believe Miss Tabitha and Miss Prissy manage it. They read little tracts to them, and the women do not talk half so much; but it's very disheartening to think one's theory had failed.'

'You soared a little beyond them, you see.'

'I suppose so; but I thought their life was prosaic enough; but here comes my father and Richard. I see they have Dr. Heriot with them.'

Ethel spoke quietly, but Mildred thought there was a slight change in her manner, which became less animated.

Dr. Heriot looked both surprised and pleased when he saw Mildred; he placed himself beside her, and listened with great interest to the account of their afternoon's drive. On this occasion, Mildred's quiet fluency did not desert her.

Mr. Trelawney was less stiff and ceremonious in his own house; he insisted, with old-fashioned politeness, that they should remain for some refreshment, and he himself conducted Mildred to the top of the tower, from which there was an extensive view.

On their return, they found a charming little tea-table set out under the trees; and Ethel, in her white gown, with pink May blossoms in her hair, was crossing the lawn with Richard. Dr. Heriot was still lounging complacently in his basket chair.

Ethel made a charming hostess; but she spoke very little to anyone but Richard, who hovered near her, with a happy boyish-looking face. Mildred had never seen him to such advantage; he looked years younger, when the grave restraint of his manners relaxed a little; and she was struck by the unusual softness of his dark eyes. In his best moods, Richard was undoubtedly attractive in the presence of elder men. He showed a modest deference to their opinions, and at the same time displayed such intelligence, that Mildred felt secretly proud of him. He was evidently a great favourite with Mr. Trelawney and his daughter. Ethel constantly appealed to him, and the squire scolded him for coming so seldom.

The hour was a pleasant one; and Mildred thoroughly enjoyed it: just as they were dispersing, and the pony-carriage was coming round, Dr. Heriot approached Ethel.

'Well, have you been to see poor Jessie?' he asked, a little anxiously.

Miss Trelawney shook her head.

'You know I never promised,' she returned, as though trying to defend herself.

'I never think it fair to extort promises—people's better moods so rapidly pass away. If you remember, I only advised you to do so. I thought it would do you both good.'

'You need not rank us in the same category,' she returned, proudly; 'you are such a leveller of classes, Dr. Heriot.'

'Forgive me, but when you reach Jessie's standard of excellence, I would willingly do so. Jessie is a living proof of my theory—that we are all equal—and the education and refinement on which you lay such stress are only adventitious adjuncts to our circumstances. In one sense—we are old friends, Miss Trelawney; and I may speak plainly, I know—I consider Jessie greatly your superior.'

A quick sensitive colour rose to Ethel's face. They were walking through the shrubbery; and for a moment she turned her long neck aside, as though to hide her pained look; but she answered, calmly—.

'We differ so completely in our estimates of things; I am quite aware how high I stand in Dr. Heriot's opinion.'

'Are you sure of that?' answering her with the sort of amused gentleness, with which one would censure a child. 'I am apt to keep my thoughts to myself, and am not quite so easy to read as you are, Miss Trelawney. So you will not go and see my favourite Jessie,' with a persuasive smile.

'No,' she said, colouring high; 'I am not in the mood for it.'

'Then we will say no more about it; and my remedy has failed.' But though he talked pleasantly to her for the remainder of the way, Mildred noticed he had his grave look, and that Ethel failed to rally her spirits.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

PART II.—CAMP LIFE IN DROUGHT.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

It was the month of August, and Sunday in camp. The tents were now pitched in another 'Taluq,' * on the line of rail to K——. The early rays of the sun were flecking through a spreading banian, under which the tents gleamed white, the shadows of the large sparse leaves

* District.

crossing them, and passing along the parched-up grass. Our travellers had passed some weeks in K——, and were now again on a country tour.

'Do let us go up that pretty hill,' said Kitty, 'and look at the ruined temple; we shall have time before the sun mounts too high.'

And off they went, winding amongst red boulders, and blocks of granite, until they reached the little shrine. It was built on a platform of stone, and consisted of four pillars surmounted by a pagoda-shaped roof; rudely sculptured idols were strewn around, judging from its ruined state, it must have been long deserted. Here the trio rested, and looked round on the scene.

Ranges of rocky hills were grouped picturesquely far and near; a vast plain stretched to the east and south; waves of heat drawn upwards from the parched ground were already palpitating, and producing an ocean-like effect. Beneath these was the grove of banian trees, at that season covered with red berries, which tempted a tribe of monkeys, as well as the poor natives, who used them freely to eke out their slender portion of curry and rice. White clouds of vapour were rolling off the sides of the hills, and revealing their forms one by one. Here and there in the landscape were seen patches of brilliant green, to which Alice drew her husband's attention.

'Ah,' he said, sadly; 'I fear they mean but little. The south-west monsoon was a failure, you know, and so the rice and grain crops have come to nought, and what you see glowing like emeralds in the sandy waste only mean a little more food for the cattle.'

'That is better than nothing,' said Alice, "for it is dreadful to see the poor beasts. I have often thought the prophet Joel must have seen much what we have done to have made him exclaim, "How do the beasts groan!" But come, don't let us be doleful with this bright scene before us, Kitty. I've thought of something most appropriate, sing with me dear old Handel's "He shall feed His flock."'

And then from that old heathen shrine the sisters' voices alternately pealed out the noble, trustful song. Sydney went to another point and drank in the sweet tones, and felt comforted by the words of promise. Alice said—

'Oh! Kitty, don't you feel as if you were singing at an oratorio? I do; and what a grand audience we have in these hills!'

'Yes,' said Sydney, joining them; 'it makes me think of the metaphor of the "little hills clapping their hands."'

'I wish,' said Kitty, 'we might also add that "the valleys shall rejoice and sing." Before we go, do let us sing together Ken's morning hymn.' Mr. Leigh had a fine baritone, and was a cultivated singer.

The old hymn sounded wonderfully sweet in the solitude; it was broken once or twice by 'the wheeling kite's wild solitary cry' above their heads, and then all was silent.

It was time to return, so they scrambled zigzag down the rocks,

finding Chota-Haziri laid under the trees, near a large tank, the sides of which were formed of granite steps, and in the centre stood a little open temple of stone, for purposes of sacred ablution.

Several natives were grouped on these steps. Some were poising brazen chatties on their heads, while others were washing, not only their clothes, but themselves, in the muddy, shallow water. The various coloured garments, mingled with white, glowed in the sun; and were it not for the emaciated forms and sunken faces of the wearers, the scene would have suggested busy cheerfulness.

One large tree,* overhanging the tank, showed its sacred character in having a small stone platform on one side of it, on which was placed the elephant god, Ganeesha, a rude idol of black stone, smeared with ghee,† and garlanded with a string of yellow flowers. Half human, half elephant, it was in a sitting posture, and before it were placed little offerings of fruit and flowers, and blotches of red paint. Part of the back of the tree was scorched by the fire which had blazed on the stone in honour of this popular idol. A woman was paid to look after it, and give it daily ablution and smearing.

Part of the forenoon was spent in joining in a portion of the Liturgy, for they did not forget the promise of the Presence granted to the two or three gathered together in the Holy Name. Besides, Alice felt very deeply this strongest of all ties, uniting east and west, north and south, the spirit of common prayer and praise. There, in the far east, they knew that about five hours afterwards their own dear ones in the north-west would be using the same words, and thinking the same thoughts. A favourite part of the little service was hymn-singing, the harmony of which was made very perfect by Kitty playing the tenor part on the flute harmonicon. Then Alice would read aloud the Christian Year, and generally supplemented it with the poem so suited to the English in India, that for 'S. Philip and S. James:'

'Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry.'

'How literally true that is here,' she said. 'And then those beautiful lines about our Lord sitting on Jacob's well, "the weary hour of noon;" one could almost think the author must have felt the utter listlessness produced by tropical heat.'

Afterwards Alice went to the book-box and laid out a choice store of Sunday reading, not heavy and dull, but well varied with biography, travel, and religious tales. The home letters were generally written on this day, for they truly said that writing was next to speaking to their dear absent ones, and they all seemed nearer to each other on that day.

In the afternoon, so glaringly hot and dry, lassitude obliged them to lie down, sometimes refreshed by a siesta, and then after five o'clock tea they were ready for a pleasant little walk with the dogs; and,

* A peepul. † Clarified butter.

after having seen the horses and poultry fed, dinner was served, followed by a shortened evensong, sacred music, and a talk in the brilliant starlight of 'many things in heaven and earth.' Alice remarked—

'How wisely was a banian-tree chosen as an emblem of the Colonial Church. Do look at this noble tree, it is quite a little forest in itself, and there seems no end to its spreading by throwing down its beautiful rootlets to spring up again.'

'Yes,' said Sydney, thoughtfully; 'I love to think of little beginnings having great endings, and these all supported by the one centre. But, dear, I feel tired,—and oh! so chilly; we must not stay out any longer.'

That night the angel of death hovered very near to the encampment. Will he prevail?

* * * *

At midnight, Alice was roused by murmuringly faint words. She heard them as in a dream.

'I am very ill; do not be frightened, but telegraph for the doctor.'

She rose, took the light, laid her hand on his head, throbbing and burning with fever, gathered up all her faculties, all her courage, wrote the telegraphic message in a large, clear hand, and, having thrown a cloak round her, hastened to awaken a peon, and sent him to the telegraph-office, happily only half a mile distant.

She gently roused the butler and the chief servants, giving orders that the camp was to be removed to higher ground at dawn of day. Then she quickly returned to her tent, and consulting her medicine book, gave him powerful remedies, for she knew only too well how in that climate disease made rapid strides, and that but a few hours often elapsed between the first symptoms and the last.

Not till the necessity for immediate action was over did she dare to think. She could not kneel, the action would have made her sob, and she must not break down—not yet. She stood outside, looking up far, far away into the deep sky. No words came to her lips; but oh, if ever prayer ascended like incense to the throne, surely that unuttered heart-felt prayer was hers at that moment.

The greatness and infinite holiness of God seemed borne into her, in her great anguish, and she felt a wondrous calm and strength in this hour of her greatest weakness.

Then she returned and watched him through the long hours, still and calm as a stone statue by the fever-tossed patient, who at length yielded to the influence of the remedies given, and slept profoundly.

After Kitty had retired that night to her cot under a distant offshoot of the banian-tree, she could not sleep for some time, as her fancy was stirred by watching the stars, and the curious figures formed against the sky by the branches and leaves of the trees. The constellations all occupied different places and positions from what they did in

England. The Great Bear rose up straight out of the north, like an eternal question, instead of a homely plough, and Cassiopeia, the familiar W, seemed turned upside down. Then the want of silence troubled her, for Indian nights are seldom quite still. Grasshoppers and cicalas make an endless stir and hissing noise, and tom-toms far and near are beaten almost through the night on occasions of joy or sorrow, only varied by the cries of jackals, which sound like those of a child in pain.

At length she slept, but only to dream uneasily. Surely something must be happening. What was it? The breeze just lifted her hair, which was hanging over the pillow, and swayed the branches gently; but there were figures moving slowly about, torches were gleaming among the trees,—and was there not a pale white figure standing near? What does it all mean? Her senses were dazed; she was only half-awake, and looked spell-bound as at a phantasmagoria. What was it smoothing her hair? It made her shiver; how cold it was!

'Kitty, darling, don't be frightened; get up now; we are moving the camp to a higher spot. See, the day is just dawning.'

Kitty was now thoroughly roused; she sat up and looked at her sister. That look was enough.

'Alice; oh! Alice, he is ill. I know he is,' and she burst into tears.

'Hush! darling. He is sleeping; but the palanquin is ready for him, and the carriage for us. Be quick and dress. We must change the air. Don't kiss me yet; I mustn't break down. There—there—that's a brave girl,' as Kitty sprang from her cot, and ran to her tent to dress. On awaking, Sydney said, feebly—

'I am better,' and expressed his willingness to be carried into the palanquin.

The sisters were quite silent during the drive. Several times Alice alighted, and, walking by her husband, found that the early morning air was reviving him, especially as their way led them to higher ground, where they found their tents already pitched, and 'early tea' prepared; letters, newspapers, and even their favourite books at hand.

Sydney was tenderly laid on a couch, and when he smiled lovingly on his wife, and said—

'This change of air has saved me: I shall do now,'

Her joy was too great for words. She could only hold his hand first, and he felt in that clasp all she had gone through. Softly, after they had taken refreshment, she read to him the morning psalms, and her heart was full, and her utterance very trembling, when she lighted on the verse, 'Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy; Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.'

After a long silence she went quietly about her household avocations, Kitty keeping watch during her absence.

About noon, the carriage, which she had sent to the station to meet

the doctor, returned with him, to her great comfort, for the responsibility of having had to act entirely out of her own resources weighed heavily on her mind. However, that was speedily removed by Dr. Menteith declaring that had he been present, nothing more could have been done.

'Your prompt decision in removing up here was very wise, Mrs. Leigh,' said he. 'The stagnant water of the tank must have been malarious, and the prettiest spots are those which are lowest and most unhealthy. But now, Mr. Leigh, I must interdict all work for some days to come. Yes; I know that means that the work will accumulate; but as you pick up you must do it by degrees as your strength will allow. Mrs. Leigh, I trust to you to carry out my instructions.'

'Well,' said Sydney, with a weary sigh, 'then my reports must be delayed.'

'They must indeed,' replied the doctor, gravely; 'if you are to write them at all. Many young fellows are knocking up from the strain of work and anxiety, and it depends much on your own care of yourself whether you will not be obliged to ask for sick leave.'

'Anything but that,' replied Sydney. 'I do want to stick on to the last.'

'Bravely said!' answered the doctor. 'Now I shall stay with you until the evening train, and not leave you then unless I can feel that you are on the fair road to recovery.'

No relapse ensuing, and full instructions having been given, the kind doctor left them, first making Alice promise that she would rest a part of the night whilst Kitty and the ayah kept watch.

A week afterwards Mr. Leigh had sufficiently recovered to go with his wife in the carriage to visit the relief camp, where they saw 600 people fed. But they observed many an open bier waiting at the hospitals, and many more being carried away with their dead freights swathed only in the cloth which they had worn when living. They also noticed, with sad hearts, on their way back, several children going about full of small-pox, and staggering natives, who looked more like adjutants * than human beings, with bodies bloated with dropsy, or else in a collapsed condition. Sydney sighed, and said—

'All this work seems in vain; the death-rate becomes more and more formidable, and the famine is assuming such gigantic proportions, that it is more than we can deal with.'

'We won't say fail *yet*,' said Alice, brightly. 'You will soon recover your strength, and then feel able to grapple with your work. In the meantime, your sheristadar † has been going on steadily under your eye, so I do hope you will overtake the accumulation business by degrees.'

'Look there,' cried Sydney, quite animated; 'what is that? Why

* A large kind of stork. † Chief clerk, a Brahmin.

there are actually two tents near the banian-trees, only higher up than our former encampment.'

'It is strange and unusual,' said Alice. 'It must be some sportsmen.'

And impelled by curiosity, they ordered the coachman to drive round in that direction.

(*To be continued.*)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XXXI.—TRAINING OF NOVICES.

1. THERE is no part of Sisterhood work in its internal aspect which is so vitally important to the welfare of a community as the education of those who are to constitute one day its rulers, as the elder generation gradually disappears. And there is none so difficult; for a brief consideration of its distinguishing marks will show that more is required from the teacher than in any secular educational institution. There are no less than four main subjects of instruction, each with many subdivisions, in which the novice needs, and should obtain, guidance. First of all comes the strictly *spiritual* training, in the idea of the Religious Life itself—that 'plain living and high thinking' spoken of before. Next, there is advanced theological and *intellectual* teaching, which, even if not exactly scientific, should at any rate be of a much more solid and thoughtful type than that which ordinary parochial congregations receive from their pastors, because the circumstances of the Religious Life make theology and culture enter much more habitually into daily life and thought than is the case in secular households; and therefore, if they be not of the best quality, there will be the alternative risk of hysterical superstition, or of that familiarity which breeds contempt and cynical shallowness. Thirdly, there is *social* education as members of a community, often involving much of the same kind of lessons in secular knowledge and personal refinement of habits as is to be found in the best class of modern boarding-schools for girls. And fourthly, there is training in *practical* helpfulness, as well in the ordinary routine of household cares, as in the specific work to which each Society may devote itself. There is no calling amongst men which makes such multiplied demands on teachers, though it might be the better for the Church, the army, and the navy, if their training-schools had such a compulsory *quadrivium* or fourfold course; and even this mere outline sketch will show those who are versed in educational questions how great are the difficulties which beset the subject.

2. This fourfold training has a twofold object. On the part of the community, its use is to test effectively the powers and suitability of postulants, in order to minimise the risk of admitting unfit persons

to membership, since even the preliminary safeguards named in the preceding paper will not always secure their exclusion. On the part of the applicant, the noviciate is intended to give full opportunity for learning the nature, extent, and pressure of the obligations involved by the Rules of the Society, so as to allow of arriving at a clear judgment as to her ability and willingness to submit to them permanently. The training must, therefore, not merely be of the varied nature described above, but must be carefully directed to the double goal of bringing the real character and disposition of the novice to light, and of insuring that the novice herself shall be under no mistake whatever as to the practical working of the Society and the duties it exacts from its full members.

3. It may seem mere surplusage to dwell so explicitly on what are such obvious considerations, but in practice this common-sense view has been repeatedly lost sight of in the history of the Religious Life, for over-haste in the admission to full membership on the one hand, and over-reticence towards novices as to the requirements of the Community on the other, have wrought untold mischief to Societies and to individuals. A peril which outsiders would hardly suspect lies in the applicants themselves. It may most naturally be supposed that women who voluntarily present themselves, with no pressure nor solicitation to influence them, to enter on the austerities and hardships which for the most part attend the Common Life, and who persevere through a long probation till they receive the approval of Superiors and the suffrages of the electoral body, so as to be admitted to profession, must almost of necessity be fitted for that career, since, were it otherwise, they would either withdraw of their own accord, or be refused by the community. But as a fact it is not always so. Just as in secular life, a woman may successfully hide all through a long engagement, and until after marriage, faults of temper or character which, had they been known, and not anxiously concealed by herself and all her relations—eager to be rid of her—would have effectually destroyed her prospects of establishing herself; so, in the Religious Life, it is far from infrequent to find the newly-professed Sister develop in the most unexpected fashion, throw off the obligingness, the diligence, the patience, and the self-restraint which had marked the novice, and exhibit thenceforward a number of uncomfortable angles which were carefully hidden before under the uniform smoothness of a docile and calm demeanour. One cause which contributes to bring about this undesirable result is the too sedulous care with which the separation of the novices from the professed is carried out in some communities. Some such partition is of course made desirable, if not actually necessary, by the circumstances of the case, and a free habitual admixture of the two classes would be attended by many inconveniences. But to carry out such a rigid line of demarcation between them as is prescribed, for instance, by Pope Clement VIII., who appears to have

thought that any intercourse whatever must lead to the spiritual ruin of one or both, simply results in this: that the electors are voting in the dark, with nothing to guide them but the certificate of the Mistress of Novices, who, if seeing her charges mainly as pupils in class, may herself know very little of their dispositions as people to be lived with, which is to a great extent the question to be decided at the election. On the contrary, a tendency to make things easy for novices, to excuse them from the general incidence of the Rule, to allow them privileges and relaxations not accorded to full members, is apt to produce a false impression on their minds, and to sow the seeds of future revolt, if they find too late that they have pledged themselves to obligations whose true force they had not previously realised.

4. It follows from these considerations that the *place* and *time* of the noviciate are matters requiring much attention. Just as a large school is found, on the whole, to exercise a better educational influence on the majority of boys than a small one, or than a private tutor, can do, so a large novice-class, when attainable, affords superior advantages over a small one for the study of character, for the stimulus of emulation, and for testing social qualifications.

And, accordingly, the method preferred by such modern Orders and congregations as possess the necessary machinery is to have one central House of Noviciate, in which all postulants receive their training, and whence they are distributed to the various local communities. And although the circumstances of the revived Common Life in the Church of England scarcely admit of implicit adherence to this usage, yet it is already clear that the numerous Societies which are springing up tend to class themselves more or less definitely into a very few groups, each of which approximates to the Rule of one or other of the larger and older Societies, if it be not actually affiliated to it, either as a daughter House, whether dependent or autonomous, or else as guided by it as a model, and looking to it for occasional help and counsel. Where any of these kinds of relation exist, it may be often expedient to arrange with the chief House to undertake the training of the novices, for at least a part of their term, in case, as most often occurs, the smaller community has not the necessary appliances for effectual instruction. But such training, to be practically useful, must be carried on in a House either following the very same Rule as that of the community which sends the novice, or one so closely allied to it in letter and spirit as to present no serious points of difference. Otherwise, neither of the two main ends of the noviciate will be attained, since it will not follow that a novice trained under one system will suit a community ruled by another, nor that she in her turn will have learnt anything of the specific customs and ideas of the Society she desires to enter. And therefore, even when the noviciate is mainly passed at a central House, some of its latter part should always be spent in the particular community which the novice is to

join. Hence, it is laid down, well-nigh unanimously, by writers on the Common Life, that noviciate in one Order or congregation must not be allowed to count towards fulfilling the term in another of a different Rule. In truth, the longer the period so passed by the postulant who seeks to transfer herself to a fresh community, and therefore the nearer she has drawn to the usual time for profession, the stronger is the presumption that there must be a serious reason for her withdrawal; so that if the fault be hers, she is probably an unfit person to admit; and if the fault be in the Society she has quitted, the training it has provided is likely to have been of very little value, and ought therefore to count for nothing.

5. As regards the time of noviciate, the minimum usually fixed is one calendar year, the more customary term being two years, which is, if anything, too brief; it being always understood that the mere expiry of this period does not give the candidate a positive right to be put up for election, in case the Superior, the Director, and the Mistress of Novices are of opinion that for special reasons she requires a further course of training. Moreover, whatever the appointed term of the noviciate may be, it should be virtually continuous and unbroken, and be passed, so far as is practicable, altogether in one accustomed place. The reason for enforcing these rules is the greater facility they afford for ascertaining the real qualities of the postulant, and for testing her capacity for enduring permanently the restraints of the Religious Life, two inquiries which would be impeded by the interruption of occasional intervals of liberty and change. Save the one case of disabling illness, there is scarcely any contingency which can arise, interrupting the course of the noviciate, which must not be treated as deducting its whole duration from the time which may be counted towards profession. And even the time of illness, if it have necessitated the novice's removal from her Society and the suspension of her rule of life, must needs be reckoned against her also, albeit not inevitably to its full extent. Another kind of interruption which may occur is the sudden withdrawal of the novice from the community, with intent not to return, followed up by an equally sudden change of purpose and renewed application for admission. In absolute strictness, such an act should forfeit the whole period already passed in training, so that the noviciate would have to begin afresh; but in practice, such cases are remitted to the judgment of Superiors, who are empowered to relax this penalty, though they may not pass over the act without some recognition of its insubordination. It is a grave mistake to send novices away from their place of training for any work of the Society until the expiry of their term, with this one exception, that they may sometimes be detached, towards the close of their time, to some branch House where the same discipline prevails as in the Mother House, and where they may not improbably have better opportunities for acquiring insight into certain kinds of work. But to send out an untrained novice is a serious

error, for two sufficient reasons: first, that she suffers from being deprived of part of her term of instruction, and from being intrusted with responsibilities for which she is still unprepared; and next, that she has the character of her community very much at her mercy, since she may compromise it by her acts in various ways, while it will always prove quite impracticable to make outsiders in general understand her true position as being merely a candidate on approval, and not an integral member of the Society to which she appears to belong, and which is held responsible for all her sayings and doings. Lastly in this connection, one stringently invariable rule should be laid down —never to shorten the term of noviciate, however slightly, by favour or dispensation to any novice for any reason whatever; not even that of apparently speedy death, and a strong desire on the part of the invalid to make full profession in her last moments. There are various reasons for enforcing this regulation, amongst them, that the lax practice in question involves injustice to those who may be senior on the roll of novices to her who is thus preferred, and that the preference is nearly sure to be hurtful to the spiritual progress of the favoured person herself.

6. A maxim, already repeated more than once in these papers, must be constantly present to the minds of those who superintend the training of novices. It is that the conditions of an active or a mixed Order differ from those of a contemplative one in this most weighty particular, that every member of the former will probably, nay, almost certainly, have at one time or another, not merely to do herself some work assigned to her, but to set others at work and superintend them also. Sisterhoods can never be more than a very small element, numerically, in the army of workers, and therefore each community should be, so to speak, a *staff-college*, every member of which ought to be trained to a higher than ordinary degree of intelligence and efficiency, so as to be capable of taking the oversight of difficult tasks, and of directing the less skilled labour of others placed at their disposal or under their control. It will therefore be the truest wisdom to make a large part of the novice's training such as will expand her mind, open her eyes and ears, strengthen her reflective faculty and her memory, enlarge and quicken her sympathies, and in general, make her alert instead of sluggish, thoughtful instead of dull or scatterbrained, provident rather than happy-go-lucky; and, above all, never to accept from her, nor even permit her to make to herself, the excuse—'I didn't think.' In short, she should be unremittingly taught that where there is no positive mental deficiency, whether congenital or occasioned by subsequent disease, *stupidity is a sin*. There is of course as great inequality in the stature of minds as there is of persons—there are maimed, deformed, and feeble understandings as well as bodies, and it would be cruel to treat the one as a fault any more than the other. Nor would it be just to exact like progress from all in the same pursuits. There are

people without a musical ear, and colour-blind people, and those who cannot acquire foreign languages, and so forth, who atone for such deficiencies by quickness of apprehension in other directions, and whom no one would think of calling dull. But most of the stupidity which meets us in this world is voluntary, dishonest and nothing but morally culpable self-absorption and indifference to the welfare of others; whereas it will be found that persons who are very far from being clever in any respect will, if amiable and kindly, often display a quickness of thought for others and a delicacy of tact which may be looked for vainly in selfish people with ten times their intellect. But people of this kindly stamp *do* think. Their range is not a wide one, but within it they are deft and ready, making up for the restriction of their powers by the insight which hearty goodwill confers; and all really devout and honest novices will be led on so far to helpfulness.

Where this set-off is not visible, and the authorities of a Religious House find a postulant not merely unendowed with any obviously valuable quality, and unable to do more than plod on in a fixed routine, but exhibiting none of those little marks of interest in and care for others which will spontaneously show themselves in a really sweet and helpful character, they may rest assured that, however blameless and punctual may be the discharge of routine duties, the canker of moral stupidity is there, and the candidate is to be civilly dismissed as ineligible. For such women, when once enrolled in a community, soon become the despair of Superiors, and the one well-nigh insoluble problem is how to shelve them quietly by putting them where they will at least seem to have something to do, but where, if they neglect it or mismanage it, no great harm will follow. If they be kept at the Mother House, doing nothing, their visible indolence is hurtful as an example, and their mental vacuity insures their dragging down the tone of the common-room in recreation time; if they be given something to do, it will be the whole work of a more competent Sister to be for ever at their heels, urging them on to get through their appointed duties without neglect or dawdling, and setting their mistakes right, thus taking double time and labour over each task; and if they be sent to a branch House or work, either as heads or assistants, they will make trouble sooner or later by their incompetence, for they will break down the more completely, as there are fewer to do their work for them. Nothing is proof against stupidity of this sort, no remedies avail to so much as alleviate it, it is one of the sorest of evils which can make its way into a Religious House, and yet, because those who are infected with it are often quiet and inoffensive, they frequently obtain admission denied to far more curable persons, whose defects are, no doubt, aggressively visible, but who might, under judicious training, become valuable recruits.

The Mistress of Novices must therefore give her chief attention to sifting her pupils, in order to protect the community from the admission

of members more likely to be a burden to it than an advantage, since they will do less work than they occasion. No society can readily support the presence of any large element such as that just described, nor is it practically expedient to admit more than a very small proportion of that somewhat brighter class which can just do work specially assigned and carefully explained to it, but is altogether unable to dispense with such guidance, much more to supply it in turn to others. No doubt such restrictions on the admission of candidates would very seriously thin the ranks of Sisterhoods, but entirely to their advantage, for an ineffective Sister, or one who, even if otherwise capable, cannot live or work harmoniously with others, is a far greater evil than short-handedness in any active community. Accordingly, where no, or very few, signs of capacity and aptness—not necessarily in matters of book-learning—are discernible, it will always prove the wiser part to decline the postulant's application. She may be able to do excellent service in some other state of life, but unless she be competent to become a staff-officer of workers, or at any rate be capable of earning her bread if thrown on her own resources, an active Sisterhood is not her place, nor will either docility in class or regularity in chapel make amends for this primary defect.

7. Hence, teachers must be on their guard against a fundamental error of a most serious kind which they will find repeated with emphasis in well-nigh all modern Roman books on the Religious Life. In them it is laid down as an axiom that the spiritual and intellectual training of novices must not be carried on simultaneously; that if the attempt be made, the two will clash, and be mutually destructive; and that spiritual training must not only have the priority — which so far is true enough—but that intellectual training must be entirely omitted during the noviciate, and be either left to the voluntary and unassisted efforts of the Sister after profession, or, at best, be given only during the 'second noviciate,' which in some communities is wisely interposed between profession and acquisition of the full franchise and share in the government of the House.

Now, this method is wrong and mischievous from every conceivable point of view. It gives point to the charge frequently brought against the Latin clergy, that they do not regard ignorance, formalism, superstition, or even hysteria, as evils in the laity and in conventual societies, but condone some and canonize others of them, for it insures that one or more of these evils will colour the whole religious teaching which has been artificially deprived of its intellectual element, and made either mechanical or emotional only. From the common-sense side it is a mistake, since it defeats that special aim, already mentioned, of making every Sister a potential guide and teacher of others, instead of a mere wheel in a machine. From the physiological side, it loses sight of the noteworthy fact, that while new *moral* and religious truths can, happily, be learned late in life, so that instances of a sincerely

devout old age following a careless and even vicious youth are not rare, on the other hand, new *intellectual* truths of whatever kind can rarely be assimilated after full maturity of age has been reached. The young possess a faculty for acquiring fresh knowledge, which diminishes in power as that for profitably using the knowledge so acquired increases; and when once the culminating point has been reached, every year of life makes the pursuit of any new study more difficult and uncertain. Hence the error of those parents who, in dread of forcing, allow their children to run wild till an age when those first rudiments of learning which would have been almost unconsciously mastered at five or six, if not yet earlier, become painful and laborious tasks, throwing back the natural development of the mind, and that to the real detriment of the body, for some years. The probability is, that such a postponement of intellectual training in religious communities as that just mentioned will lead to its entire neglect, and in no case can it be other than far more difficult and imperfect than if it had been given in time. Morally, the result of the system is to produce lopsided characters, unequally developed, and so far, in truth, deformed; while theologically, the gravest error of all remains, since its virtual meaning is to teach that the mind is not, like the soul, God's creation, but that of an evil and hostile Power, and can be made harmless only by being crushed or suppressed —which is rank Manichæan heresy.

8. Accordingly, the tone of the community itself, the frequently recurring services, and it may be sermons, in the chapel, the usages to which postulants and novices, albeit not yet formally bound to obedience, must needs conform during their abode, may safely be trusted to do much of the work of spiritual instruction, which will be carried on further by the Mistress of Novices through regular classes and conferences on the Religious Life and the specific Rule of the particular Society, and by the novices themselves in short appointed times of privacy and meditation, technically known as Retreats, one of which, lasting at least three days, ought to precede the formal entry on the noviciate, while others, not less frequent nor briefer than one day in each month, should diversify the course of exterior instruction. But in order that these 'times of refreshing' may be useful, and not be wasted in mere formalism or mooning, the novice must be carefully taught the art of mental prayer and meditation, which is largely an intellectual process, and is almost never really carried on by men or women with untrained and uncultivated minds. The classes held by the Mistress of Novices should never be too long at a time nor exclusively taken up with one subject, but be brief, varied and interesting. Great clearness of expression and simplicity of language should be studiously employed, and vagueness, discursiveness, and prolixity be as carefully avoided. A very good method is to take some well-known and trustworthy book of devotional thought, such as the *Imitation*, the *Introduction to the Devout Life*, *Holy Living*, and so forth, read a

chapter of it aloud, and then offer terse explanatory comments on it where it seems to need expansion or application; while, to test the pupil's progress, a weekly written exercise of the same kind may be advantageously exacted from each member of the class.

9. The directly theological training need not be extensive, but ought to be clear, accurate, healthy, and vivid within its range. Such a knowledge of the Bible, of the Creeds, the Sacraments, the history and office of the Church, and of Christian Evidences, as will enable each Sister to prepare very ignorant people for Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Communion, and also to combat successfully the mass of floating infidelity with which, if engaged in exterior works, she is certain to be brought into frequent contact, is necessary for all of them, and may be communicated without hurry or forcing, if only orderly method and adequate text-books be employed. Here too, written answers to questions given out to the class may profitably be required. And the secular education which should accompany this theological instruction should aim at strengthening and refining the mind. It need not take the form of what are called 'accomplishments,' for which indeed the time is generally past at the age when postulants enter communities, but intelligent reading of literary masterpieces, and such a knowledge of the real nature of common things as will convey a new and quickened interest in objects formerly passed over with vacuous inattention, will be found not only of practical benefit to the novices themselves, but very helpful in their after doings with persons who may prove at first quite inaccessible from the side of religion, but will yield to the influence of a cultivated woman, when they find her to have abundance of knowledge and ideas besides those contained in her Prayer-Book.

10. This last sentence leads naturally on to the question of *social* training. Not only do the internal harmony and welfare of a community depend very largely on the good manners, personal refinement, and culture of its members, but its influence, corporate or individual, with outsiders, is as largely conditioned by the same qualities. Women of brusque, uncivil demeanour, of unrefined, not to say sluttish, ways, and ignorant of the tone and habits of cultivated people, are a continual raw in a community, and prevent its dwelling from ever being a real home or haven of rest to the higher stamp of inmates; besides repelling the advent of eligible candidates, who are not prepared to accept lifelong companionship on equal terms with underbred persons as a necessary part of the Religious Life. Nor is the effect on outsiders less unfortunate. Commander Cameron has told us that even the savage negroes of Central Africa discover at once when a missionary is a gentleman, nor will they pay the smallest attention to one whom they perceive to be otherwise, and people of the English race are certainly not less keensighted. An unladylike Sister, when not definitely known to belong to a permanently inferior grade in her Society, entirely fails to exercise influence over seculars, even if they be actually residing

as pupils or workers on the premises of the community, and much more if they be absolute outsiders, such as the inhabitants of a parochial district visited by Sisters. And therefore the faults of early habits must be steadily combated, and every effort made to implant or foster courtesy, tact, refinement, all of them notes of that self-respect and respect for the rights and comfort of others which should mark a true Christian, and especially a true Sister, a member of a household where Christ is honoured as the ever-present Master. The comparatively early age at which the habits of women become fixed, and the consequently great difficulty of bringing them up to the level constantly attained by men who have made their way onwards from humble beginnings, is one very weighty reason for refusing unrefined candidates after the period of youth.

11. It remains to say a few words as to *practical* training. Each community, whatever be its specific work, should teach its members certain general subjects, foremost amongst which stands Hygiene, or the laws of health and disease. Domestic economy in all its branches should follow; and, as already mentioned, the art of Teaching should itself be scientifically taught. Every novice should pass a part of her time of probation, if possible, in each department of the community, to acquire a competent knowledge of its work, and it may not be inexpedient here to emphasize the counsel that while under the Sacristan's tuition she should be taught how to recite the Office, in case it should happen that she might have to lead the chapel services; for it is a noteworthy illustration of the mechanical and unintelligent way in which too many Religious fulfil their routine, that after, it may be, several years' daily attendance in chapel, they prove quite incapable of conducting the customary family worship, albeit unattended with any music or singing, subjects which all who possess the needful capacity should practise. It should always be remembered that each Novice is possibly the future head of a department, if not the coming Superior of the whole community, brought to the front often in the most unexpected fashion; and the utmost precaution should therefore be taken to prevent any such contingency from becoming disastrous through the incompetence or ignorance of the person so chosen; a risk which can be minimized in one way only, that of training every Sister up to the full range of her capacity, and dismissing all candidates who prove unable to profit by the instruction offered them. This mere outline must for the present suffice as treatment of a wide and difficult topic, on which the accredited text-books are for the most part lamentably vague where they are not actually misleading.

R. F. L.

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONTE VIDEAN CHURCH SCHOOL FUND.

THE giving of winter evening entertainments, on the principle of 'penny readings' at home, has for some years past found favour in the Uruguayan capital, and during the two winters which I spent there their profits were devoted to the support of the schools established in connection with the English Church, for the poorer class of our countrypeople. These schools had suffered severely by the commercial panic subsequent to the revolution, of which I have already spoken, their income having been invested in the National Bonds; so that, when Varela and his colleagues issued their famous (or *in*famous) decree, repudiating all responsibility for the principal, and reducing to a minimum the interest, of these bonds, the school income went the way of so many other similar hapless investments—to something very like ruin. The universal distress, as the year 1875 advanced, was pitiful to behold. Monte Videan Stock had been considered among the ultra-prudent concerns to engage in; so that it was not the reckless and speculative only, but the most cautious also, who had in this matter severely burned their fingers. Heads of houses had embarked the savings of years in what appeared, even to careful scrutiny, a safe venture; parents had therein laid by the wise reserve of means which should serve as a nest-egg for the children's education, and in case of illness or disaster; young men, denying themselves free expenditure of the liberal salaries of past prosperous years, had there put by the intended nucleus of a future fortune; while experienced senior partners of firms had placed there nearly their entire private capital, and, transferring the executive management of the business to some younger man, had retired to the Old Country, to live in affluence and security upon their dividends. All went down alike in one common crash, and that in a few weeks. I could multiply sorrowful examples which came under my own knowledge, but shall instance but one, which struck me as among the saddest, though perhaps involving less actual ruin and penury than came upon other families. It was the case of a father and mother, all of whose children had died but one. They had married rather late in life, and this one surviving and delicate child was the cherished care of their advancing years. The doctors pronounced against the Monte Videan climate on account of health, and Mr. —— wound up his affairs in South America, and went home to live on his dividends at ease, and there give his child the benefit of English education. Suddenly telegrams from Uruguay announced the

revolution and its consequent commercial crisis, soon followed by news of Varela's financial edicts. Mr. ——'s seemingly secure fortune melted therewith into almost nothing. He and his wife were obliged to return in haste to Monte Video, there to—as it were—begin life over again in middle age, and—sorest trial of all!—to leave their only child behind them in Europe for, certainly, some years to come. I dare say some with whom I shared even sadder discipline of life during that sad time might wonder at my mentioning this, an instance in which there was no actual privation of things necessary; for Mr. and Mrs. —— were not, indeed, left destitute of absolutely needful means. But the utter disappointment of such a case; the downfall of hopes so innocent, and so apparently well-grounded; to pass the evening of life in peaceful competence and the care and companionship of their child; with the hard necessity of recommencing the struggle and turmoil of commercial life all over again, always touched me with a keen sense of compassion for both father and mother. Besides, those nearer examples of patient submission to 'God's will, which must be done,' watched day by day with ruthful but reverent eyes, were just the ones of which one even yet hesitates to speak, though one may silently treasure not a few memories of cheerful fortitude and steadfast, unselfish perseverance, amid bitter reverses and continued ill-fortune. Those 'hard times' in Monte Video were a 'school of adversity' in which, looking back, one would much regret to have missed 'graduating.'

Meantime, everyday life must needs go on; and Should the children of the poorer class of Englishmen be deprived of Christian education? pleaded their and our clergyman. So our weekly 'winter evenings' were to be organised with even greater zeal than in happier years past, and the fund resulting therefrom appropriated to the support of the schools. The attendance at them was pretty good, and included a Sunday afternoon class, in the church. The exact numbers I don't remember to have heard, but should say from thirty to fifty scholars were at a treat given the first Easter I was in Monte Video, and at which I was present. The chaplain and his family took us all out to a pretty plantation or park, about half-an hour by railway from the town, one fine autumn Saturday, where we enjoyed the usual programme of outdoor games and substantial provision of good food, with great zest; the only drawback of any kind being an astonishing muddle upon the part of the railway company as to our return train, which delayed the whole party until a later hour than we had desired to keep the children out. However, the weather was lovely, and the evenings not yet so cold as to make the retardment seriously inconvenient, and all in time got home safely. And here, having alluded several times to the weather and the seasons, and having mentioned the seeming incongruity of an 'autumn Easter holiday,' let me pause to explain what the reader may not already know about the Uruguayan

variations of climate. To go over a twelvemonth thereof in detail, I should mention that I arrived there in the height of summer—*i.e.* landed upon the 22nd of January; and the noons then seemed to me nearly as hot as the weather we had been having in Rio before I left it, but it cooled down rapidly after three o'clock, P.M., and by sun-down the breezes were so keen that I was perpetually taking cold at first, from the novelty of requiring a warm wrap even after sunset, and the consequent habitual omission to provide myself therewith in our evening walks. These unexpected chills after a hot day are quite dangerous to a new-comer from Brazil; and I suffered accordingly, being laid up with a smart feverish attack during the first three weeks of my stay. February resembled January, but by the middle of March the mornings and evenings began to feel very cold indeed, and we had frequent high winds, thunderstorms, and violent rain. Still, the moment the latter ceased, out came the brilliant sunshine again, and nothing could be more exhilarating than the brilliancy and clearness of these fine days—the sun so warm, the skies so blue, the breeze so bracing. In May we began fires in the evening, and from June to the end of August was genuine winter, with frosts at night and even a thin coating of ice on the puddles, but accompanied also by terrific thunderstorms, and 'pampeiro' winds so strong that one could hardly walk in them, and with a piercing keenness in their breath that was eloquently suggestive of eternal snow upon the Andes, icebergs in the Antarctic ocean and the wonderful 'pampas' plains of which one has heard so much. I used rather to enjoy battling along in the teeth of such a wind on those few days when I felt well enough to attempt the struggle. But that winter has for me recollections of almost unmixed discomfort and disgust. I was far from strong, and ill-supplied with English warm clothing, having brought out a tropical outfit only, and a (for me) heavy pecuniary loss had been immediately followed by the 'hard times' in my new place of sojourn already described. The sufferings of that first return to a cold season I can never forget. My lot was cast among some exceedingly disagreeable people—(not, I rejoice to mention, English)—and the sight of a soft-hearted Briton, habitually blue with cold, tortured with neuralgia, and decorated over both hands and feet with severe chilblains, seemed to strike them in the light of something amusing. I could laugh at myself, *now*, to recall the miseries of that acclimatisation, but they were none the less real at the time, and I could find it in my heart yet to be eloquent about the horrors of cold or wet weather in a La Platan dwelling: the barbaric custom of lighting no fires until evening, and keeping all doors and windows open in passages; the horrible draughts in every direction; the positively dangerous necessity for going out of some heated sitting-room into a roofless 'patio' at night, and in wet weather having perhaps to splash through an embryo pond there to reach your bed-room door. But of these delights (!) I

have spoken elsewhere, and would only suggest here, to any readers who may ever chance to visit the River Plate, by no means to do so under the delusion that the climate is so warm that they will need no thick clothing. Plenty of warm hosiery and flannels, one or two stout linsey or serge dresses and winter mantles; and, above all, a good supply of strong boots, are an absolute necessity during three months of every year. A sealskin jacket and a muff are often as desirable in Monte Videan July as in English November or February; and woe betide the hapless Englishwoman who comes out with only summer 'shoon.' Not only is the mud something indescribable in all the suburbs of Monte Video after any duration of rainy days, but the double-soled boots sold in the shops are of inferior quality and extremely dear. Very nice French boots, much affected by the native and Portana ladies, can be bought for half-a-guinea, and worn when the streets are dry (as they speedily become, when once the rain ceases, owing to the high winds); but these are, of course, useless except on fine days; and the senhoras save expense and solve the difficulty by never venturing out when it is not fine and dry, constitutional walks in waterproof not being at all their idea of the salubrious.

The thunderstorms were frequent and very violent; sometimes they were accompanied by great showers of hail, and the incessant lightning was always a magnificent spectacle, while the thunder seemed to explode under one's very feet, as it were, shaking the ground with a vibration and noise even more startling than the reverberations among the Brazilian mountain ranges. We used to go up on to the 'asseteya' when I was staying in town, to watch a storm coming gradually up over the sea—a grand sight. I should mention that every Monte Videan house has its 'asseteya,' or flat roof—the favourite family promenade and lounge on warm evenings. The house where I spent the early autumn, in Callé S——, had an asseteya commanding a magnificent view of the water facing due south, and therefore looking towards the open ocean; and to watch this, a glistening semicircle of changeful white and blue fire, for hours together, was a scene simply fascinating in its solemn splendour. Later, I went to pass the winter at a 'quinta,' the native expression for a suburban residence standing within its own grounds, and occasionally applied to the actual grounds and orchard themselves. And in spite of my foregoing lamentation as to the amenities and enjoyments of the said inclement season, I must have the candour to add a word as to the advantages of the Monte Videan winter, even over our own months of fog and gloom and snow. The moment rain ceases away roll the clouds, and out streams a sunshine not only bright, but *hot*, no matter how cold and strong the wind may be. And though very many of the trees are deciduous, there are also a great variety of evergreens adorned with crimson and scarlet berries, of aloes and

eucalyptus, and, above all, of flowering acacias, whose lovely orange, golden, and pale yellow blooms come out just when the autumn flowers are nearly over, while there were few, if any, weeks, even in July, during which some sprays of heliotrope, laurestinus, lavender, and the orange-coloured bell-flower (Abutilon) could not be found flowering in the garden. At the end of August spring began. First the almond blossoms in the orchard and the beds of white lilies in the garden; next the delicate green of the willow-trees surrounding the pond, in all its graceful festooning; and, finally, a great flood of floral snow upon the crowd of pear and plum trees, filling up the 'quinta.' Then, in October, the four great orange-trees decorating the patio, each as big as a fair-sized horse-chestnut, came out into their overpowering mass of blossom and perfume; and by this time the garden was full of geraniums, a sort of small white hawthorn, lilac, and many another home favourite. Nature's vernal transformation-scene had been unwitnessed by my home-sick eyes for two years, and its loveliness seemed to me quadrupled when I thus beheld it again: the impression was simply indelible. I go back in thought, even now, to a certain nook in the sala of that quinta, where I used to spend a few minutes' waiting-time every morning, perched cosily upon the broad window-ledge, the sash flung open to its widest extent. Once more I feel the warm spring sunbeams and the soft breeze, laden with the scent of orange-trees in blossom, breathing in upon my face and hands; see the wonderful blue of the sky above, and the tree-tops swaying against it, with their red berries or golden flowers, and dream the old fancies over again and the old faith in human nature. . . . What cynicism have I written down by implication? One born of two years' residence in contact with Americo-Spanish characteristics, methinks, and which should have no utterance from a right-minded English pen in dear old Albion! But—to speak seriously—near association with these Transatlantic races is apt to leave a cynical impress on the memory. The national idiosyncrasies are not fascinating, as manifested in daily life, and recall one's early imaginings of the court of Philip II. and the reign of the Inquisition. Intense suspicion, jealousy, and vindictiveness—the latter fault above all—seem to overrule the nobler qualities; and the fierce passion of revenge rises to a height, and endures with a force, a power of long dissimulation, and a cruel ferocity in finally striking its blow, that the English imagination may scarcely picture to itself, without having had the opportunity to realise what it can be. Innumerable stories, resting on only too probable authority, were told me of the manifestations of this dreadful vice during my residence in the River Plate—stories of husbands murdered in the presence of their wives in revenge for some old grudge; of girls stabbed, or their lovers killed before their eyes, by some unsuccessful suitor, &c.; and I am compelled to believe they were true and unexaggerated. Such exhibitions have I myself seen,

of utter self-abandonment to the desire of retaliating some trivial—and, perhaps, even imaginary—affront. Oh, countrywomen mine! if you *had* but beheld the expression which can settle down over a human face—nay, a *woman's* face—under the dominion of these terrible twin fiends of envy and resentment, I think you would understand more clearly that awful verse which declares, 'Do ye think the Scripture saith in vain,

'The spirit which dwelleth in us lusteth to envy'?

and would watch more earnestly, warn the little ones more fervently, against the very first germs of their deadly growth.

Once more I must recall myself from a wide digression, and return to the recollections of our winter evening entertainments at Monte Video. They lasted from June to September, and included readings from popular authors, a few lectures, ballad and glee singing, a good deal of really excellent instrumental music, private theatricals, conjuring *séances*, and even a spelling bee. This last made a very amusing variety, about twenty ladies and gentlemen accepting the general invitation on the platform to make trial in turn, and a handsome prize being given to the successful competitor. We sat round in a semi-circle, and a word was given to each in succession to spell aloud. My turn came round about third or fourth; I and a friend had joined in it, on account of a wish we heard previously expressed, that some effort should be made to render the affair a success, the interest of one or two previous 'evenings' having a little flagged, and ladies being shy about joining in such a novelty, unless set the example of a beginning. I confess that the ordeal was something unexpectedly dreadful; every lady who ventured upon the platform being not only rapturously and somewhat uproariously applauded; but one 'funny man,' who had made an early appearance there, considering it his duty to call out witty invitations to the audience to follow the good example we had set them. Very amusing they were, and had the effect of rapidly filling up the 'bee,' but also more than a little boisterous; and one began heartily to wish oneself well out of such 'over-good company' again. And, when my word came round to me, I—oh, horrible!—deliberately misspelt it. That was bad enough, to be the first among failures; but can you imagine my feelings, reader, when the manager of the bee, with impressive politeness, rose from his seat, and presented me with an English dictionary as a 'consolation prize,' adding, that it was his painful duty to say that, upon his, or her first mistake, each candidate was requested to retire from the platform, and therewith offered his arm to conduct me away! . . . . Talk of 'walking up to the mouth of a cannon,' or 'running the gauntlet!' Can you fancy what it was to be ceremoniously escorted off the platform, in a perfect storm of laughter and applause, and then to have to walk down the room through its very midst to one's seat? However, my friend

distinguished herself in exactly the opposite manner, and I had the gratification of seeing her out-spell every other competitor, and win the very pretty prize of books reserved for the successful candidate. And a few kind words, taking all sting out of the ludicrous defeat sustained, and then many merry ones over the more amusing aspect of the evening, upon our homeward walk, have associated my dictionary with a variety of pleasant memories, rather than that humiliating one. And it is now one of my cherished relics of happy days, joyous evenings, and brisk walks home after them, through the clear Monte Videan nights, in connection with these entertainments.

Space fails me to give a detailed chronicle of their almost unvarying success, both pecuniary and social. The readings had to be *very* 'popular,' it was found, to suit the taste of the audience; Shelley being voted a bore, for instance, and great discussion following an announcement of a lecture 'On the Lake Poets,' as to who the said 'Lake Poets' could possibly be? The musical taste was more advanced, however; and we had one or two pianists, who did honour to the instrumental calibre of the European and Portana community. Moreover, the dramatic art was above par; and one young U. S. naval officer acted so superlatively well in all comic parts, that the only difficulty was to find others who could preserve their gravity when performing with him, and his 'waiter,' in 'Whitebait at Greenwich,' was one of the successes of the season. He also gave us most clever conjuring exhibitions, and his powers as a ventriloquist were something extraordinary. But the performance dearest of all to the hearts of the whole community was, I think, a representation of 'Trial by Jury,' given by a small band of the oldest among the English residents; and the rehearsing for which, inventing dresses for 'judge' and 'jury,' and 'bridesmaids,' and general preparations, afforded inexpressible amusement for weeks beforehand. How well I remember hunting in shops for lawn to make the judge's bands withal, and watching the manufacture of the judicial robes, with pretty well every child in the house singing his or her small version of

'His Elderly Ugly Daughter!

morning, noon, and night, about the corridors! But the ultimate representations were a great success; it was given twice, drew crowded houses, and paid so well, that a third performance was talked of, until an announcement went forth that the 'bride' was really and truly about to be married to the—usher! There are some pretty bits in the music, and one seems to hear the gennine echo of wedding-bells in that charmingly ingenious last chorus—

'Oh, joy unbounded!'

But of course, though new to us, Transatlantic exiles in 1876, it was then already well-known at home, and its airs are, ere this, the prey

of every quadrille band and barrel-organ, to a degree that renders comment thereon very superfluous. Still, one's 'first hearing' of several bits of European music at these 'evenings,' was far from unfavourable to an appreciation of them; and some of the English ballads especially were really admirably rendered, with true pathos and feeling. Even as I write, the memory of one of Barnby's comes back to mind with my subject—that inexpressibly touching little song of the mother, whose sailor-lad promised a speedy return 'when the flowing tide comes in,' but who watches heavy-hearted, while the clouds, 'like flocks of evil birds,' crowd the sky, and the 'fierce wild waters' sweep up inland in a terrible overflow of the promised tide, till they lay at her feet—

'A burden sweet,
With smile as if he slept!
I could not weep,
So soft his sleep,
For fear 'twould waken him;
Peace! let him rest—
God knoweth best—
And the flowing tide comes in.'

Done justice to, that small song contains a whole world of pathetic music of both verse and melody: a brief history of the reckless daring that can disregard the warnings of even mother's care and love, but can never estrange it, in life or death—together with the triumphant keynote of a faith inseparable from such love—the faith in Him, Who loves our dearest better than *we can*, and which trusts them unreservedly into His hands after all. It is worthy to be set beside Mrs. Barrett Browning's valedictory words, which shall conclude this already over-long number of these papers—

'Can I love thee, my Beloved, can I love thee?

* * * *

And is this like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
While strong as death I fain would watch above thee?

* * * *

My oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee,
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And *I*, I can but die!

* * * *

May God love thee, my Beloved, may God love thee!

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

IV.

CHRISTOPHER WREN became well known to the learned men who came in increasing numbers to Oxford, the one spot where 'divine philosophy' was still allowed to breathe in comparative peace. Many of these were old friends of Dean Wren's, who probably wondered that his ailing, delicate child had become a youth endowed with singular talents, and a thirst for knowledge which time served only to increase. Sir Charles Scarborough, a famous physician and mathematician, became acquainted with Christopher when he was fifteen, and employed the boy as his demonstrating assistant in his lectures on anatomy. The study of medicine, then frequently the companion of the study of divinity, had always an attraction for the Wrens; Thomas Wren, one of the Bishop's sons, adopted it as his profession. Christopher's sister, Mrs. Holder, was famous for her knowledge of medicine and surgery, and many people were healed by her skill, among whom in later years were Charles II., whom she cured of a hurt in his hand, and Queen Catherine.

Besides this distinction, Christopher was asked to translate into Latin a treatise on geometrical dialling by Mr. Oughtred, another of the great mathematicians of the time. Too old to trouble himself with the labour of translation, he was well content to put his book into the hands of Dr. Busby's favourite pupil. This employment did not divert Wren from his inventions, and besides writing a treatise on spherical trigonometry, he produced an instrument for writing in the dark, and a weather clock, *i.e.*, a clock affixed to a weather-cock that moved a rundle covered with paper, upon which the clock moved a black-lead pencil, so that the observer, by the traces of the pencil on the paper, might certainly conclude what winds had blown in his absence for twelve hours' space.'

Dean Wren had left Oxford at this time, and was either at Blechington in Oxfordshire, Mr. William Holder's living, or at his own house at Knoyle Hill, and to him Christopher addressed a Latin letter, explaining his employments. Throughout this time the efforts of the Royalists for the King's deliverance were incessant, marvellous expedients for conveying letters and messages were resorted to, but all in vain, one by one the plans were discovered and their authors imprisoned or killed. At length came the fatal 30th of January (1649), and King Charles, attended by Bishop Juxon, walked to the scaffold and said, 'I

have a good cause and a gracious God on my side; I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.' There was one of the king's loyal subjects who, we may well believe, envied Bishop Juxon his privilege of attendance on his master to the last—Bishop Wren, who had been with him in bright early days when, as Prince of Wales, he had accompanied him on his romantic journey to Spain, who, when the weight of the corruptible crown first came upon the prince's head, had accompanied him on the journey to Scotland for his coronation at Scone, and who since then had been so trusted by him.

No word of his own grief, of his unavailing longing to see his King once more, and once more kiss his hand, is expressed in the brief record in his diary. It is simply '*A sanguinibus, O Deus!*' * He loved his country too well not to tremble at the thought of the stain of blood which now defiled her. His own life was, to a certain degree, more secure than it had been when at the time of the treaty of Uxbridge (1644) he was named among those who were to expect no pardon. In the spring of 1648 it had been decided that the Marquis of Winchester and the Bishop of Ely should not be tried for their lives, but imprisoned until further notice. Not all the private and public sorrows which had fallen of ate so heavily upon him could break his spirit. He resigned himself to his imprisonment, and having obtained by the connivance of his gaoler the opportunity of walking upon the leads of one of the towers, he daily went there for his exercise, and, says the writer of the *Parentalia*,† 'by a just computation, he walked round the world. The earth being affirmed to be 216,000 miles in compass (at a calculation of sixty miles to a degree); if it were possible to make a path round the earth, an able footman going constantly twenty-four miles a day, would compass it in 900 days, and so in proportion of time and miles.' When the eighteen long years of his captivity are remembered it is melancholy to think of the weary monotony of that walk in the narrow limits allowed to him. But, as before, he was determined to lose his life by no fault of his own, but to preserve his strength for the better days which he felt assured would come, though nothing could be more unpromising than the condition of the Royalists, except for one circumstance—

> 'Though outnumbered, overthrown,
> And by the fate of war borne down,
> Their duty never was defeated,
> Nor from their faith and vows retreated.'‡

Disregarding the executions which had followed upon that of the King, the stringent laws against any man calling himself a king or acknowledging any man to be so, the Royalists continued with undaunted courage their efforts on behalf of Charles II. Nor did the

* From bloodguiltiness, O God!

† It is really 24,899 miles.

‡ *Hudibras*, Pt. III. c. 2.

crushing blow of the battle of Worcester (1651), Cromwell's 'crowning mercy,' abate their zeal, though it rendered them for the time powerless. The keenest interest was felt in the advance of the King's army by all who had any connection with the Cavaliers, and Aubrey, the Wiltshire Antiquary, gives the account of a vivid dream which Christopher Wren had, when staying, in the autumn of 1651, with Dean Wren at Knoyle Hill. He 'dreamed he saw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not, where some were flying and others pursuing; and among those who fled, he saw a kinsman of his, who went into Scotland with the King's army. They heard in the country that the King was come into England, but whereabouts he was they could not tell.' The next night his kinsman came to Knoyle Hill, and brought with him the disastrous news of the defeat at Worcester. It seems likely that this kinsman was Matthew Wren, who afterwards went to the Hague, where King Charles also betook himself, as his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, was his steady friend. The King must have passed very near Knoyle Hill on his journey from Lyme Regis across Salisbury Plain. Great severity was shown at this time to all who had helped the King, and even to those who merely boasted of their good-will towards him. Inigo Jones, who had been architect to James I. and to Charles I., had been steadily loyal to the Stuarts, and was accordingly an object of suspicion. He died, in London, the year after Worcester, poor and lonely, in a lodging near S. Paul's Cathedral, on which he had spent in former days much labour and skill, though it now was hated and desecrated by the dominant party.

Christopher Wren must have been acquainted with Inigo Jones, and had a sincere admiration for his work, especially the Roman portico of S. Paul's, which he called 'an absolute piece in itself.'

In the autumn of 1653, Wren, then but just twenty-one, was elected to a fellowship at All Souls, and, happy in the tranquillity of Oxford, pursued the various studies which he loved. All this time he was 'making himself' (as was said of another great man), though of the special manner in which he was to distinguish himself there were no marked indications. In the following summer he made acquaintance with John Evelyn, who had come up to Oxford to hear the 'Philosophy Act.' Evelyn mentions that after a dinner at All Souls he 'visited that miracle of a youth Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew of the Bishop of Ely.' A day or two later he describes his going to dine 'at that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins' at Wadham College, who showed him his 'transparent apiaries, built like castles, and so ordered one upon another as one might take the honey without hurting the bees,' his 'hollow statue, which gave a voice and uttered words, by a long, concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance,' and his gallery filled with mathematical and other curiosities, a 'thermometer,' still a curiosity, though fifty-two years had elapsed

since Galileo invented the first, a 'way-wiser,' which, when placed in a coach exactly measured the miles it travelled, and showed them by an index, 'a monstrous magnet, and many other inventions, most of them of his owne and that prodigious young scholar, Mr. Christopher Wren, who presented me with a piece of white marble which he had stained with a lively red very deepe, as beautiful as if it had been natural.' The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a friendship lasting till Evelyn's death in 1706. Christopher attended the philosophical meetings which have been mentioned before, and in the following year greatly helped to perfect the barometer. Torricelli, the pupil of Galileo, first invented an instrument for ascertaining the pressure of the air on fluids, a pressure, the supposed cause of which was the passing by of the body of the moon. Experiments with Torricelli's tube (as it was called) were made by M. Petit and by the famous Pascal, at Rouen, in 1646, resulting in the discovery that the rising and falling of the mercury was due, not to the moon, but to the difference in the specific gravity of the air; Wren and Robert Boyle came also to the same conclusion after some experiments of their own, which seem to have been made independently of Pascal's. He made no further use of his discovery, satisfied with having proved his point, but Wren and his friends continued their experiments, and produced the barometer which is now employed.

Wren had attained sufficient distinction to be appointed Astronomy Professor at Gresham College on the retirement of Mr. Lawrence Rooke, in 1657. He delivered his opening address in Latin, beginning with an apology for his youth (he was then but twenty-five). Passing into a sketch of the history of astronomy, he dwelt on the great riches of the science, how it is the handmaid of theology, the queen of sciences; spoke of the vast discoveries made by its means, touched upon Copernicus, into whose mind had first of all come the idea that the earth moved round the sun, then upon Kepler and upon Galileo, and the storms that had arisen, when in 1630 he had demonstrated the truth at which Copernicus had guessed; he praised highly Galileo's invention of the telescope, paid a tribute to the great men who had lectured at Gresham on these subjects, and especially to his own predecessor, Rooke, and wound up with an eloquent description of London as a Pandora of cities to whom each of the choir of planets gave a peculiar blessing, on whom the sun shone benignly, who possessed more inhabitants than any city in the world, a healthy air, a fertile soil around its walls, beautiful buildings springing from the earth, and, lastly, was blessed by the moon, 'the governess of floods,' who allured the seas far inland by means of the loved Thames, and made London the city which nourished the best sailors of the world.

This professorship obliged him to come up to London and give a course of lectures every Wednesday in term time at Gresham College. While in town he made the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Claypole, who

had married Elizabeth, Cromwell's favourite daughter. Both she and her sister, Lady Falconbridge, were faithful members of the Church of England, and when her services were forbidden still resorted to S. Gregory's, close to S. Paul's, where Dr. Hewet ministered, and where he secretly married Mary Cromwell to Lord Falconbridge, as they could not be satisfied with the ceremony performed by the Independent preacher. Both daughters employed all their influence with Cromwell on the side of mercy, often with success, though for Dr. Hewet they pleaded in vain. Mr. Claypole cared greatly for mathematics, had a sincere admiration for Christopher Wren's talents, and pressed the young professor to come constantly to his house and to dine with him. On one occasion when Wren was dining there Cromwell himself entered, and, as was his custom in his own family, sat down without speech or ceremony. After a little while he fixed his eyes on Wren and said:—'Your uncle has been long confined in the Tower.' 'He has so, sir,' answered Wren; 'but he bears his afflictions with great patience and resignation.' 'He may come out if he will,' was the unexpected reply of Cromwell. Wren, hardly able to trust his ears, asked—'Will your Highness permit me to tell him this from your own mouth?' 'Yes,' answered Cromwell, 'you may.' As soon as he possibly could Wren hurried to the Tower, saw his uncle, and informed him of what had passed with Cromwell; to which the Bishop replied warmly that it was not the first time he had received the like intimation from that miscreant, but he disdained the terms proposed for his enlargement, which were a mean acknowledgment of his favour and an abject submission to his detestable tyranny, that he was determined to tarry the Lord's leisure, and owe his deliverance, which was not far off, to Him only.

Such an answer as this must have startled Christopher, and probably opened his eyes to the reason of Cromwell's unexpected leniency; he spoke safely, knowing that his seeming clemency would cost him nothing. Whether this discovery lessened, as the Bishop must have wished, his nephew's intimacy with the family of the usurper he so much detested, yet the death of Mrs. Claypole in the following summer must have broken it off. She died of a very painful illness, and in the paroxysms of her pain reproached her father bitterly for the innocent blood he had shed, and especially for the death of Dr. Hewet.

In 1658, on the 29th of May, Dean Wren also died; sorrow and anxiety, the desolation of the Church, the apparent ruin of the monarchy, had worn out his gentle spirit, and, little thinking how great a change was approaching to free the country, he passed away, aged 69, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Holder, and was buried in the chancel of Blechington Church. When we look back to the years of the Rebellion, their darkness is lighted for us by the knowledge that at length came the Restoration, and it is difficult to realize fully how the times appeared to those who actually lived in them, to whom the

years brought only fresh losses and sorrows and the sickness of deferred hope.

Knowing how, on the 29th of May but two years later, all England was welcoming back the King to 'enjoy his own again,' one can hardly forbear wishing that Dean Wren might have been spared to see that day; yet those who loved him best cannot have grudged him the fulness of that peace which all his life he had desired, and which he had invoked upon his first home. Christopher was very warmly attached to his father, as all his letters show, and must have sorrowed deeply over his death. He worked harder than ever in that year, and probably found solace in so doing. He gave his lectures at Gresham College, attended every meeting of the 'club,' as the Oxford philosophers began to be called, and when Pascal (his senior by eleven years), under the name of 'Jean de Monfert,' propounded to the English mathematicians a problem, with a challenge to solve it by a given day, he sent the solution and propounded a problem in his turn, which seems never to have been answered. Pascal is said to have considered Wren's solution very carefully. Besides this he wrote four mathematical tracts on the cycloid and sent them to Dr. J. Wallis, who was publishing a book on mathematics. He also corresponded upon the subject with Pascal, who gave to the cycloid the name of *la Roulette*, and defined it as 'the track made in the air by the nail of a wheel from the moment it rises from the ground, till the moment when the continual rolling of the wheel brings it back to the ground, after a complete turn, supposing the wheel a perfect circle and the ground perfectly level.' In the same year Christopher discovered a straight line equal to the cycloid and its parts, a discovery greatly admired by Dr. Wallis. He was also engaged in a series of observations upon the phases of the planet Saturn. These pursuits were, however, interrupted by an event that convulsed all England. On the 3rd of September, during a fearful storm which swept over London, Oliver Cromwell died. Hume gives a terrible account of the state of constant suspicion and fear of assassination in which Cromwell passed the last year of his life; the secret armour which he wore, his constant guard of soldiers wherever he moved, his fears on a journey, his habit of never returning the way he had come, nor by the direct road, seldom sleeping above three nights together in the same chamber, never in any he did not choose himself, or without sentinels. His body lay in state for a considerable time. The funeral, on October 22, Evelyn calls 'superb.' He says:—'I saw the Protector carried from Somerset House on a velvet bed of state drawn by six black horses, houss'd with the same; the pall held up by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigie in royal robes, crown'd with a crown, sceptre and globe like a king . . . a knight of honour armed *cap-à-pie*, and, after all, his guard, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster; but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw, for there were

none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.'

Under the feeble rule of Richard Cromwell first, and then the multiform tyranny of the hastily assembled Parliament, every kind of disorder and oppression had free course. Monk grievously disappointed the Royalist hopes by proclaiming Richard Cromwell. The day of deliverance appeared more than ever distant.

The Gresham Professors were all driven out of the college except Dr. Goddard, Cromwell's physician, and the place garrisoned by soldiers, who did it great damage. Matthew Wren made an attempt two days after Cromwell's funeral to enter the college, and sent a curious account to Christopher, who had returned to Oxford. He writes :—

'Dear Cousin,—Yesterday being the first of the term I resolved to see whether Dr. Horton * entertained the new auditory at Gresham with any lecture, for I took it for granted that if his divinity could be spared your mathematics would not be expected. But at the gate I was stopped by a man with a gun, who told me there was no admission upon that account, as the college was reformed into a garrison. Then changing my pretension, I scarce got permission to go in to Dr. Goddard, who gave me assurance enough that none of your colleagues intend to appear this term unless the soldiers be removed, of which there is no probability. Upon these premises it is the opinion of all your friends that you may save that journey hither, unless some other occasion calls you ; and for these I expect you will make me your agent, if they be such as I am capable of despatching. . . .

'I know no more domestic news than what everybody talks of. Yesterday I was in Westminster Hall, and saw only Keudigate and Windham in the two courts, and Wild and Parker in the Exchequer. In the Chancery none at all ; Bradshaw keeps the seal as if it were to be carried before him in the other world, whither he is going. Glyn and Fountain pleaded at the bar. They talk much of the mediation of the two Crowns, and proceed so far as to name Marshall Clerambault for the ambassador who is to come hither from France. My service to all friends. Dear Cousin, your most humble servant,

'Matthew Wren.'

All was confusion, doubt, and anxiety, throughout the country, and especially among Churchmen. The discipline and order of the Church had been long neglected, and, as is said in the preface to the Common Prayer, by 'the licentiousness of the times,' many were growing up unbaptized, and wholly ignorant of Christianity. In addition to this, the number of Bishops still living was very small ; many Sees had been vacant when the civil war broke out, and since then the Prelates had so suffered from imprisonments and hardships, that, in 1659, but ten survived, of whom one, the Bishop of Exeter, very soon died. Of the nine others, many were very old ; the Bishop of London (Juxon) was very ill, and the Bishop of Ely was in prison. How was the succession to be preserved if the troubles of the times continued ? The Scotch Church had been reduced by persecution ; the Irish Bishops were in as evil a plight as their

* Gresham Professor of Divinity, confirmed in his post by Cromwell.

English brethren, and the difficulty of communication was great. There were then no daughter Churches in America, and in the colonies, to render back in time of need the grace they had received. Great difficulties lay in the way of a due canonical election, and the danger of instant imprisonment and death, to both consecrators and consecrated, needed no one to point it out. Many letters in cipher were sent by Sir E. Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), to the Dr. Barwick who has been mentioned before; and as Bishop Juxon (constantly alluded to in the letters as 'our sick friend'), lay ill at Little Compton, in Gloucestershire, Dr. Barwick had what interviews he could contrive to obtain with the Bishops of Ely and Salisbury (Duppa). Clarendon, though in his History he calls Bishop Wren 'a man of a sour and severe nature,' yet in his letters writes of him with great respect; he speaks of 'much preferring the Bishop of Ely's judgment and advice in that point (*i.e.* where the consecration should take place) before any other man's.' And again says, 'I pray remember my service with all imaginable reference to my Lord of Ely; and if at present my Lord of Ely will recommend any person to his Majesty for the Bishopric of Carlisle, he shall be approved; and if my Lord will transmit a list of persons to be specially recommended to the King for any dignities in the Church, I dare promise the persons shall find that they could not have been better recommended.' The difficulties and impediments that lay in the way of the consecrations were hard to remove, and in the autumn of 1659 Dr. Barwick writes that he went 'a circuit, in July last, among some of those on whom the work doth chiefly depend, and found them very ready and willing to advance it, but in good hopes there would be no need of this method (the consecrations taking place in Ireland). I hope they are still of same mind and affections, seeing the same reason (the discovery of the Royalist conspiracy) that damps those hopes makes the work more necessary.' He begs that everything may be pressed on, as he fears 'the winter may go hard with some of them, that may worst be spared in the performance of this work.'

Bishop Wren thought it best not to send any list of names to the King, but to leave the choice to be made by others, though he appears to have pressed Dr. Barwick to accept the Bishopric of Man.

Lord Clarendon writes again urging despatch, and saying, 'I do assure you the names of all the Bishops who are alive, and their several ages, are as well known at Rome as in England, and both the Papist and the Presbyterian value themselves very much upon computing in how few years the Church of England must expire.'

Monk still kept an absolute silence as to his intentions, and, in the February of 1660, Clarendon writes almost in despair: 'It would be very good news if I could hear of my Lord of Ely being in full liberty, to whom I pray present my humble service. The truth is I have but little hope of the business of the Church, but by his being at liberty,

and therefore I hope he will make no scruple of accepting it if it be offered, or if it can be reasonably obtained.' It must have been a time of fearful suspense. Evelyn writes on February 3rd: 'General Monk came to London from Scotland, but no man knew what he would do or declare. Yet he was met on all his way by the gentlemen of all the counties which he passed, with petitions that he would recall the old, long-interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion and under no government, everybody expecting what would be next and what he would do.'

THE AUTOS SACRAMENTALES OF CALDERON.

The World. Who goes there?
Man. A pilgrim who
Did this road by chance pursue.
The World. What thy journey's aim may be?
Man. To enjoy the Jubilee.
The World. This road leads not thereunto.
Man. Who art thou?
The World. The World am I.
Man. Was not thine that beauteous dome?
The World. Yea.
Man. Then what has it become?
The World. Given to the winds; thereby
To elude thy tenancy.
Man. Yet thy promise what?
The World. I know,
'Twas to lodge thee.
Man. That word so
Trusted by my heart when told,
Why not keep it?
The World. I, of old,
Use to promise, not bestow.
Man. Hast thou not lodged some one?
The World. True;
But his lodging what, and where,
Thou know'st not.
Man. Thy palace fair
Gave its tenant to my view;
Shelter me within it too,
Since, thou seest with what gloom
Night's dark shadows round us come.
The World. Enter then this narrow cell;
I in palaces to dwell
Promise; but bestow a tomb.
[*Raises a flagstone; discovers an open grave and vanishes.*
Free-Will. Fine attention!
Man. Woe is me!
Oh! how mighty, and how strong,
Terror does to death belong!
Do I here my lodging see?
Enter Lucifer, saying: Here thy home must henceforth be;
Enter it.

Man. Ah! sad despair!
Didst not thou thyself declare
That thou here didst pleasures seek?
Lucifer. Yea.
Man. Such lies why didst thou speak?
Lucifer. For my word why didst thou care?
Man. It was not the truth then?
Lucifer. Nay,
Nought but lying vanity;
If it had been true, should I
Such a thing have willed to say?
Man. Though 'twas shadow, why not stay
For at least a shadow's hour?
Lucifer. Why? Because a fading flower
Is vain pomp this world adorning;
Which has scarce unclosed with morning
Ere it shrinks in night's chill power:
'Twas this frailty of its state
Moved me such a gift to proffer;
Couldst thou have enjoyed this offer
I had sought a different bait;
For, so deadly is my hate,
That to give man guiltiest joy
Doth my very soul annoy:
Thus by pain, so oft I can,
Sooner will I ruin man
Than by pleasant thing destroy.
Now, since from those comrades parted
Erewhile walking by thy side,
With them thou hast lost thy guide,
And from out thy right course started,
Desperate henceforth, weary-hearted,
Look no entrance more to have
Through that gate which opes to save;
Since now, Pilgrim, gone astray,
Never canst thou find a way
Not conducting to the Grave.

[*Exit.*

El Ano Santo de Roma.

The unhappy Pilgrim is rescued from the despair into which the tempter, in this powerful scene, seeks to cast him, by a fresh interposition of Divine Love. The premature exultation of the Evil One works his own defeat. Man, rendered penitent by his experience of the World's vanity and by the contemplation of death, regains his lost comrades, who reappear one by one at his cries for help, lift him from the pit into which he had fallen, show him how to triumph over the three enemies who had so nearly accomplished his destruction, and restore him to those holy joys which he was on the point of forfeiting for ever.

This sketch may convey some notion of how life-like Calderon can make the shadowy personages of his allegories, and of the pathos and solemnity which surround their adventures. The poetry of the passages we have quoted may be conjectured, by discerning readers, even from such versions as we have been able to present them with, especially if they will remember that the music of the *assonants*

in Spanish is not feeble as in English; and that the linked sweetness of the rhymed passages is, in the original, increased by their being generally dissyllabic.

In the Auto we have been considering, as indeed in most of Calderon's, Divine Grace triumphs by the sinner's rescue. In another of somewhat kindred subject, *The Great Fair of the World*, we have two travellers to contemplate, one of whom pursues the wrong road to its fatal end. In this fine ethical drama, the father sends forth his two sons, each to lay out his entrusted talent in the fair. The hand of *Grace* is to reward the purchaser who shall have spent it best. *Sin*, the discarded first love of both the brothers, reproaches them for forsaking her, and follows them in disguise trying to win them back. She fails with one, but succeeds with the other. The well-disposed son sets off from home with *Innocence* for his attendant, and with the utmost trouble contrives not to lose him amid the varied temptations of the fair. *Malice* accompanies the second brother. The first chooses rugged, the second flowery, paths; the first detects *Sin* under all the various forms in which she hides, the second falls a ready victim to her devices. The good elder brother, though tempted for a moment to inspect the rich robes offered to his notice by *Pride*, rejects them for the garment of *Humility;* he buys the mirror presented to him by *Self-Knowledge* and the hair-cloth of *Penitence*, and returns to his father's house to be united to *Grace* for ever. The foolish younger brother, on the other hand, lays out his precious talent on the goods of *Pride*, *Lust*, and *Gluttony*. He is startled indeed at first by finding that he has lost the gift of *Grace*, but his compunction is short-lived. *Sin* mocks at *Penitence* and her goods; her grave reply does not reach the ears of the youth whom *Sin* is beguiling:—

> *Sin.* Oh, Merchandise most fine!
> *Penitence.* The End shall say which is so, thine or mine:

and he buys the wrong wares. He is attracted for a moment by the glittering mirror carried by *Self-Knowledge*, and draws near to ask its price.

> *2nd Brother.* What price set you on this crystal
> Beauteous clear?
> *Self-Knowledge.* One recollection
> Of your death.
> *2nd Brother.* Of death?
> *Self-Knowledge.* Yea, truly.
> *Sin.* You are young for such reflections;
> 'Tis too soon of death to think.
> *2nd Brother.* Well you counsel; cavaliero,
> Keep it.
> *1st Brother.* Do not keep it; I
> Take it at the price you mention.
> *Sin.* Will you take another's leavings?
> *1st Brother.* Takes he not the things I left too?
> *Self-Knowledge.* Take it; view yourself therein,
> So you pay me.

1st Brother. Plain, I see now
In the mirror of Self-Knowledge
I am nought, dust, wind, nor else more.

At last the second brother seals his doom by buying *Sin* (or guilt) in her latest disguise, that of a dancer, at the hands of the gipsy *Pleasure*, and returns to his father, to be finally rejected by him. Amidst all the various scenes of the play (vividly painted as any picture of Spanish life by Philip) the glitter of *Sin's* basilisk eye has been steadily imparting an awful significance, whether to the wayside inn, where she acted as the pert and forward waiter, or to the gay booths of the fair where she was *Pride's* shopman; to the group of beggars among whom she was leader to the blind man (*Appetite*), or to the gitanos with their song and dance. As we learn to spy her out, now here, now there, the merriment and bustle which would amuse the spectator who was conscious of no deeper meaning in the whole, increase our sense of awe by force of contrast; tremendous issues are seen to hang on the purchases made by those strollers from stall to stall; they are expending all they have, and their bargains cannot be cancelled; the fair will soon be over, its tents and shows laid aside, but they themselves will be left to mourn or rejoice for ever over the thing which they have bought. It is thus that the Esau of the play is seen at its close, lamenting over his lost birthright, and slowly awakening to the consciousness that *Sin*, which he had thought his slave, has now become his inseparable tyrant and tormentor.

2nd Brother. Wretched am I in my woe!
Never can I comfort find
Since I lost with careless mind
The rich talent to me lent:
As upon the wind 'twas spent
So its gains are mist and wind.
Have I now no company?
Must I with this slave be pent?
Sin. Yes; for with thee still I went,
Then and now *thy* sin to be:
When thou spak'st with *Gluttony*,
I to spur thee on stood there;
I too stood by when *Lust* fair
Gained thy heart and bended knee:
I stood by when thou didst give
Pride thy talent evil spent;
By, when thou the Sacrament
Didst nor reverence, nor believe:
By too when thou didst for slave
Buy me, and when *Pleasure* gay,
Walking by thy side brief way,
Led thee thoughtless to thy grave:
Hence come thou with Me to-day.
El Gran Mercado del Mundo.

Fearful as this catastrophe is, it is relieved by the picture of the wiser brother's happiness. No such redeeming feature relieves the

gloom of *Belshazzar's Feast;** an Auto in which the king's profanation of the temple vessels shadows forth the crime of the impenitent communicant, as *his* doom is depicted in Belshazzar's overthrow. Nevertheless the sinner does not perish unwarned, or without an effort on the part of Divine Love to save him. Daniel, the representative, alike by his name and by his office, in declaring it of the judgment of God, bids *Death* delay to seize his prey till every method has been tried for the thoughtless prince's reformation. And it is only when all has been done in vain that the friendly monitor becomes the terrible and irresistible foe, and *Death* strikes the young king whom he had already twice visited with a kinder purpose. When he first appears to him, in *Thought's* company, Belshazzar exclaims:

> Is this phantom shade or vision,
> (Heavens!) which here mine eyes behold?
> Voice and body to me feigning
> Bodiless and voiceless both!
> How hast thou found entrance here?
> *Death.* If light to the sun belongs
> I am shadow; if to be
> Life of this world is his boast,
> I am of this world the death:
> Thus where he goes I can go,
> Since the right of light and shadow
> Ever equal hath been known.

But the citation which *Death* proceeds to serve on the king is snatched afterwards from his hand by the fair Sultana, *Vanity*, and she and *Idolatry*, her rival beauty, soon afterwards lull him to sleep. It is thus that *Death* begins his impressive comment on his own image, Slumber, as he stands unseen beside the dreaming Belshazzar:

> Man for rest to slumber flies,
> Ah, great God! heed never taking,
> How by sleeping and by waking
> He each day is born and dies:
> How a living corpse he lies
> Daily, and surrendereth
> Up his life to a brief death,
> Never what his rest is heeding;
> 'Tis a lesson Death stands reading
> All who breathe of life the breath.

Earlier on in the drama, when *Death* first presents himself to Daniel, as the avenger of God's insulted majesty, his long address contains some fine lines. Though the child of envy and sin, he is yet, he says, the chief executioner of God's judgment, and therefore Daniel need not be afraid to behold him:

> Yet 'tis no marvel thou shouldst tremble, no,
> E'en wert thou God Himself, beholding me;
> Since when of the fair flower of Jericho
> Midst lilies the Carnation's Birth shall be,

* This fine Auto is one of the two translated by Mr. MacCarthy in his *Mysteries of Corpus Christi;* his version of it is a singularly good one.

The human part of Very God shall know
Fear at my sight ; stars shall their radiancy
Bedim, the moon her face, his orb the sun,
When by my hand that Captive great is won.
* * * * *
The proudest tower which the despairing winds
Cease to assail and flatteringly caress,
The safest wall where the death-engine finds
No way within its guarded close to press,
My hand resistless all to powder grinds,
My foot treads down to dust and lowliness :
And if, I say, 'tis thus with wall and tower,
How shall the lowly hut withstand my power?

Beauty and genius, force of human might,
Resist in vain when once my voice is heard,
All living men, soon as they saw the light
Passed unto me one day to die their word.
* * * * *
I will burn up with fire proud Nimrod's plains ;
I will make Babel's tribes in terrors dwell ;
I will bind Behemoth in slumber's chains ;
I will turn back the woes of Israel ;
I will tinge Naboth's vines with other stains,
And humble the proud head of Jezebel ;
I will bring over Shinar's fields a flood,
Dyeing them red in King Belshazzar's blood.
La Cena de Baltasar.

The central thought of this Auto is one which met us before in 'The Sacred Year of Rome,' and which recurs frequently in our author's pages; it is this, that Death is God's last argument with the sinner; the angel standing with outstretched sword in his path, to smite indeed if he continues obstinate, but graciously revealed to him before the blow must fall, in order that, if possible, he yet may turn and live. Thus, ever viewing death as at once the consequence, and, if rightly used, the remedy of Man's Fall, Calderon's sense of the miseries which that Fall has wrought is only exceeded in intensity by his reverential admiration for the Power and Love which have interposed to relieve them. His allegorical descriptions of Paradise lost and regained are, many of them, of surpassing beauty. Here are three passages, extracted from as many different Autos, each singularly pathetic. In the first, *Human Nature*, as yet unfallen, is the sovereign princess, with *Innocence* for her attendant, receiving the gifts of her vassals, the Four Seasons of the Year; then afterwards, in her altered state, turning away with sick heart from their joyous dance, which only seems to mock her misery.

Winter. If, by heat of noon-tide burning,
Thee, my Queen, I tired behold,
Here is water clear and cold
Its fierce flame to coolness turning.
Spring. Of my flowers which fairest are
I have twined this wreath for thee :
Place them on thy brow to be
Flowers no more, but each a star.

Summer. I have plucked these ears of wheat
To bestow on thee, who art
The true Ceres of my heart.
Autumn. I these fruits before thy feet
Lay; rejoice thou in their beauty,
Of their riches freely eat.
Death. I have found occasion meet,
Vassal too, to pay my duty.

(He presents the fatal apple. Innocence vainly warns her mistress not to eat. The Princess tastes it and shudders; interrupting afterwards the song and dance of the Seasons by these despairing words):—

Princess. Cease, sweet accents, cease to sing!
Let your voices sound no more,
Though they gently chained before
Winds that hearkened wondering.
Wake no more on sounding string
Notes harmonious; but in guise
Other (ah, what pain! what sighs!)
In song's stead now celebrate
With sad tears, with mournful state,
Of my death the obsequies.
* * * * *
Winter. Calm thee; what affrights thee so!
Princess. Thou of mine art vassal none:
Winter cold, pass swiftly on,
Thou dost freeze me by thy snow.
Spring. Causeless terrors cast thee low:
Robe thee with thy charms divine,
Let the rose and pink combine,
Crowning thee once more.
Princess. Nay, nay!
Pass by quickly spring-tide gay,
Thorns wound 'midst those gifts of thine.
Summer. Whence arises thy dismay?
Princess. 'Tis that I behold thee nigh:
Burning Summer hasten by,
Thou dost scorch me with thy ray.
Autumn. If December, August, May,
By their tributes but offend,
Dry thine eyes and own a friend
In me.
Princess. Ah, thy looks can slay:
Cruel Autumn go thy way,
For to death thy sweet fruits tend.
Innocence. All the Seasons while they last
Cause her woe and weariness;
What in them was soft caress
Now is changed to harmful blast:
All of them to hasten past
With their gifts, she asks, not knowing
That her life thus short is growing.
Ah! to-morrow she will moan
For a yesterday, then gone,
Now to-day unheeded going.
Princess. Beauteous sun, whose radiance bright
Streamed on me but yesterday,
Why hidst thou thy beams away
Now in sad and pallid night?

Moon, night's trembling torch of light,
Star devoid of constancy,
Whose white visage lighted me
Yesterday a crescent face,
Why to-day with swift disgrace
Must I waned thy glories see?
Flowers, that yestreen flourished gay
Beauteous in your white and red,
Heavenly sparks earth-kindled
Why all turned to thorns to-day?
Beasts, that yesterday did pay
Thousand courtesies unto me,
Standing still with love to view me,
All your wrathful threats suspending
Flattering on my steps attending,
Why now seek ye to undo me?
Birds, which both at eve and morn
Yesterday sweet music gave,
Singing cheerful songs or grave,
Whence these boding notes forlorn?*

El Veneno y la Triaca.

In another Auto, 'The Faithful Shepherd,' *Human Nature* is the ill-fated maiden (but not guiltless like Antigone) who is being led forth to execution. This is her lamentation, in which, as being a short lyric, we for once take the liberty of replacing by rhyme the assonants, which would mar its beauty in English:

Chorus.

Ah! unhappy fair!
Who, so soon as born,
Diest in despair!

Nature. Ye, of Sion daughters,
My young beauty mourn,
Seeing how, with sunrise,
Comes my night forlorn.

Chorus.

Ah! unhappy fair! &c.

---

* With this passage, the following lines from the Auto entitled, 'The Painter of his own Dishonour,' may be compared. They show what frequent repetitions of the same idea Calderon permitted to himself; but they also show with what variety of poetic power he was able to express it. The poet has here deserted his favourite trochees for iambics, as in the passage last quoted from 'Belshazzar's Feast':—

Nature (after eating the fatal fruit).
Light fails me, and in this my altered state
All things, to please me born, I see expire:
. . . . .
My voice is choked, my heart must palpitate,
For all is woe, all punishment, all ire;
Earth quakes beneath me, wounds me the keen air,
The sea would drown, light burns and will not spare;
The sun (once light) now gives me weariness,
The moon with half her brightness seems to shine,
Flowers pierce me, which of late gave soft caress,
The bird, whose song entranced me, makes me pine;
The beast, wont duteous on my track to press,
Flies lightly from me, or resists malign;
Even this fount, seeing my beauty wasted,
Whispers: How short a time thy charms have lasted.

El Pintor de su Deshonra.

Nature. Weep, my case most wretched,
Now my joys you see
How they swiftly change them
Into misery.

Chorus.

Ah! unhappy fair! &c.

Nature. All the shining flowrets
Of my spring-tide gay,
Yesterday bright flamelets,
Ashes are to-day.

Chorus.

Ah! unhappy fair! &c.

Nature. Now the fire devours them,
Earth their soft hues wastes,
Water mars their beauty,
Wind to spoil them hastes.

Chorus.

Ah! unhappy fair!
Who, so soon as born,
Diest in despair!

El Pastor Fido.

In yet a third Auto, "Man's Provisions," the Four Seasons meet Adam on his expulsion from Paradise, with stern commands to labour, in order to earn those blessings which they would have freely bestowed upon him if he had not sinned. But each Season chants besides a mystic strain to excite his hopes of the coming Deliverer; Spring sings the Annunciation; Summer the birth of the Baptist fore-runner; Autumn (according to the tradition which places the Nativity of the Virgin in September) the birth of Mary; and Winter that of her Divine Son.

Spring. When, ah! when shall this grove bright
See, within its smiling bower,
All at once unite
Red carnation's glowing flower
With the lily's spotless white?

Gabriel. Hail, thou sacred garden-close,
Which, with beauteous radiant spring,
One day shalt dispose
Jasmine blushing flowers to bring
With deep purples of the rose.

Summer. Morning-Star, the dawn's bright gem,
Come, our tide of woes and pains
Now at last to stem!
Bid our hands reap in the grains
Of the Field of Bethlehem.

St. John the Baptist. Mortal, joy my face to see;
Since the Morning-Star proclaims
Close at hand to be
(Herald of the Sun's bright flames)
Dawn's sort-glowing radiancy.
Aided by that Light Divine,
Bidding now prepare His way
My bright ray,

Life, soul, being, all, be thine
At His coming Feet to lay.
Autumn. Now of day the lucent star
Gilding doth the mounts adorn,
Who can mourn,
Thinking, still from sight is far
Morning in her splendour born.
Dawn (*The Virgin*). Let no son of earth
Doubt, since now of dawn the star
Wakes the mountain-tops to mirth,
That not far,
Nor with clouds her grace to mar,
Follows the fair morning's birth;
Through the world let hope upspring
Teachings, by the Dawn begun,
Roses wide to fling,
Close the day-star following,
Follows on the dawn the Sun.
Winter. Since now shrinks the shivering flock
From the bitter cold of night,
Come day so bright
When the Sun to plain and rock
Shall restore his joyful light.
Adam. What sun's beams, what rays of morn,
Winter, in a night of thine
Canst thou promise me shall shine?
Winter. That which splendours strange adorn,
Bidding the glad world descry
At the midnight hour a Sun
Setting forth His race to run,
A strange Star in noontide's sky.
Adam. When shall comfort such have birth?
Winter. When thou creatures fair descriest,
Singing: 'Glory in the Highest,
Unto God, and Peace on Earth.'

Los Alimentos del Hombre.

These three passages are striking examples (when read in the Spanish, and with their context) of Calderon's lyrical beauty; of his varied and charming fancy, and no less of his imaginative power. Even here, though torn from their settings, and with their brightness dimmed by the foreign words which cannot choose but obscure their beauty, they are gems whose sparkles shine in spite of everything. Specially the first of the three delights, by the skilfulness of its allegorical representation of the way in which sin has spoiled man's pleasure in nature's fairness, and made time his enemy. They are samples of many like scenes, which under varied imagery paint like them Man's misery since his Fall, and his expectant longing (and not his alone, but that of the creation, which his sin has degraded) for his Deliverer. Each of the Autos which contain them concludes by a shadowing forth of the deliverance so much needed. The obedient Son restores the fruit of the Tree of Life to his once disobedient brother; the Faithful Shepherd takes the guilty maiden's place, and so redeems her from death; the True Physician brings the antidote to Nature's poison. In the other like Autos, Christ is seen

as the Releaser of the captives in Sin's Prison-house; as the great Artist who comes to slay the enemy who had marred His design and ruined His fairest work; or, borrowing the outlines of the Gospel story, as casting out the devil from Man long possessed by him, and bidding Human Nature, represented by the Cripple at Bethesda's Pool, arise and walk; or again, as the Sower of the good Seed, as the true Samaritan, binding up the ill-treated traveller's wounds (inflicted by the three bandits—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil), or as the Son, welcomed by the wicked Husbandmen with transitory hosannas, to be afterwards cast out of the Vineyard by them and slain.

It will give an idea of the general character of these New Testament Autos, if we briefly describe the plan of one, 'The Called, and the Chosen.' It opens by the supplications of two representative prophets, Isaiah and Daniel, for the coming of the Saviour. He appears, in answer to their prayers, as the royal Bridegroom, accompanied by His Bride, the Church. The chariot seen in Ezekiel's vision floats above; and the voice of the Everlasting King is heard from thence, sending forth the Prophets to invite all nations as guests to the marriage of His Son. *Falsehood* and *Truth* go along with them; and the former prevails against the latter, to persuade those bidden to reject the invitation and to slay the ambassadors who bring it. The imagery of the well-known parable of the Marriage Feast is here extended, both as to time and place, so as to include the various rejections of the Truth both by Jew and Gentile before the Messiah's coming. Daniel, sent to invite *Heathenism* to the feast, is cast into the lion's den; the Synagogue rejects Isaiah's message, and condemns him to a cruel death. The following is the Scene (borrowing its poetical expression from the mystic tones of the Canticles) at the close of which persecuted and insulted Truth appears to declare her ill-success to her Master and His Bride:

The Prince. Loved Spouse divine, whose light
Turns by its splendour light to dimmest shade,
Yea, day itself to night,
So that the sun, by thee a beggar made,
Seeks of thy beauty rays,
And with thy flowers more rich his stars arrays!
The Spouse. Lover and Lord in one,
Whose grace for stiff and cold December weaves
The pomps of April's sun,
Since he strange roses at Thine hand receives
To lay Thy feet before,
Where, though his breath be chill, they bloom the more!
The Prince. Never can roe with wound
Whence with the blood his life begins to flow,
Pursue the murmuring sound
Of crystal stream, so eager as I go
To seek thy tenderness,
Feeling of love's keen dart the sweet distress.
The Spouse. The lamb than snow more white,

Enamoured of its tender shepherd's care
Runs not o'er sward so light
To reach his arms and rest all panting there,
As, by my love oppressed,
I speed wind-winged until I gain Thy breast.
The Prince. Swiftly, oh ! Spouse most dear,
Shall come our high and happy nuptial day.
The Spouse. And yet I needs must fear,
Noting Thy prophet-messengers' delay.
Truth (*entering*). Where can I shelter find ?
(Not e'en by echo answer gives the wind ;)
Flying the world's disgrace
I, naked Truth, whom men pursue and hate,
Seek here a sheltering place.
The Prince. Whom seekst thou, Truth, in this thy suffering state ?
Truth. Thee, Lord, Whom heavens obey ;
Because Thou art the Truth, the Life, the Way ;
The Way, the Life in Thee
I the Truth seek for now, who, sore despised,
Turn to the place of my nativity,
For *Falsehood* stalks the world with art disguised ;
Of whose ill-usage tell
Isaiah's death, the fate of Daniel,
When Israel made blind
And Gentile nations not with better sight
Hear Thine ambassadors inviting kind,
But steel their hearts to such a cruel spite
That dead upon the ground
One prophet lies, the other, captive-bound,
To lions given for food :
From wrath of Jezebel scarce flees Elias,
And men in raging mood
In Egypt stone Thy servant Jeremias ;
Yea, in one word, I see
The human race a rebel against Thee.

Llamados y Escogridos.

But the gracious purpose with which the feast has been prepared is not to be so defeated. The twelve Apostles are sent into every land, and succeed where the Prophets have failed. As in the parable, the mystic table is furnished with guests ; time standing still the while, to give it the lineaments of the Last Supper, whence the King's Son is to go forth to conflict and assured victory. *Falsehood* intrudes among the guests, the representative in this last Scene of Judas ; the many *called* are absent, the *chosen* few are present, and the King detects, as in the parable, the want of the wedding-garment, and commands the unwelcome visitor's expulsion. The Auto closes with the troth-plight between the Church and her Lord, in assurance of eternal union after whatever intervening sufferings.

The freedom with which Autos like the foregoing handle the most awful themes, shocks our sense of reverence, as do many sacred pictures. Still it is a freedom which goes hand in hand, as in mediæval art, with the deepest veneration. Nor can we fail to be struck by the insight, shown by Calderon in this class of Autos, into the profound significance of the Gospel story, and by the way in which he reveals

his own conviction that no single explanation can exhaust the deep moral and spiritual meaning of Miracle or Parable, but that, on the contrary, their power of self-adaptation in the way of application to the ever-varying manifestations of the unchanging need and sin of man is indefinitely great. In general, he succeeds better where the groundwork has been thus provided for him in Scripture, than where he attempts to spiritualise the events of his own time. Not always however; for his two Autos on the Jubilee (from one of which our first extracts are taken) are among his finest. But in some others the attempt to combine compliments to the King and Queen of Spain with religious instruction has at times a provokingly ludicrous, at others a painful, effect, analogous to that produced by some injudicious though well-intentioned Tracts of our own times, on the Coronation or the Great Exhibition, which our readers may have seen or heard of. 'The Military Orders,' an Auto imbued with the spirit of Christian chivalry, but far too quaint in its execution for modern taste, is one of the more favourable examples of this class. It contains one especially fine Scene, in which the Second Adam presents himself before *The World*, and claims the Cross at his hands. *The World* starts back amazed at the demand, saying—

> On none yet a Cross has rested
> From my hand but in disgrace.

But the mysterious aspirant presses His claim, and thus declares His intention of making the mark of shame become a glorious token which kings might be proud to wear:

> My deeds shall make shame resplendent
> When, from darkness drawing light,
> From the poison drink remedial,
> And a medicine from the wormwood,
> I shall show before high heaven
> That the Cross is all the honour
> From *The World* by Me expected.
>
> *Las Ordenes Militares.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM

H.M.S. *EURYDICE*, MARCH 24, 1878.

I.

God's day of rest! the voyage is o'er
This evening, our sailors all ashore
We shall see:
The good ship flies before the gale
That fills her snowy wings of sail.
Can it be
That aught of peril or death should stay
Those mariners on their homeward way?
Ah me!
List how it sped with the *Eurydice*,
And pray for the brave, in peril at sea.

II.

Whitening wave—and darkening sky—
One moment of terror, one anguished cry,
And then:
Struck by the squall, 'neath the scudding clouds
All are engulphed—masts and riven shrouds—
Living men,
Nigh to four hundred—swept in a breath
To the last conflict of Life with Death:
Ah me!
Sank in their ship, their *Eurydice*
Went in that breath to Eternity.

III.

Ashore that day, as the wind grew strong,
Sweet bells were ringing out Evensong—
It may be
Some hearts were sickening, cheeks growing pale
At the shriek of the blast, at the sobbing gale,
And see—
In God's house kneeling—parent and friend
Praying for those so near the end
(Ah me!)
Of the voyage home of the *Eurydice*,
For the safe return of the loved, from sea.

IV.

Can Sorrow e'er take a darker shade
Than when household 'welcome home' is stayed
By a cry—
Death's message—entering the open door—
'Thy sailor hath reached the eternal shore'—
And they try
In silence the burden of grief to lay
On the Love that gave, and hath taken away.
So we,
When the news sped home of the *Eurydice*,
Prayed for the homes of those lost at sea.

V.

Ah, sorest of hearts! for you our tears—
Mothers! who through long coming years
Will shrink,
As listening to-night—sobs of wind and rain—
Ye will turn on your pillows and weep again,
And think
Of the tidings which seamed with silvery grey
Hair ebon or auburn until that day.
Yet see,
Far above the storm, for your sailors and ye,
Sure haven in Christ—Immortality.

L. D.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLVII.

THE REMODELLING OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

1558—1560.

THE wonderful woman whom Mary's death had placed on the English throne was one of those in whom the full glare of day reveals so many inconsistencies, and who has been on the one hand so enthusiastically praised, on the other so vehemently abused, that it is hardly possible to arrive at any real understanding about her. Everything about both her character and position was exaggerated and contradictory; she was by turns so mean and so grand, so base and so noble, so petty and so patriotic, that we know not whether she was our pride or our disgrace; and take refuge in the famous speech of her minister, Cecil, that she was sometimes more than a man and less than a woman; and in the dictum of another historian, that she had noble ends, but pursued them by a tortuous policy.

Her very hold on the throne was only through the common sense of the English people. She had no real right that could stand inquiry; but her safety lay in the fact that her enemies could not join against her. The heiress, Mary of Scotland, was Queen of France and niece of François of Guise; and though Philip II. might abhor the heretic Queen of England, he still more detested the French royal family and the Duke of Guise.

Indeed he had no cause to conclude that Elizabeth was a heretic when he sent advice to his dying wife to recognise her as her heiress, for she had conformed to the Roman Catholic Church ever since her brother's death. Nay, he even entertained a scheme of securing England by getting a dispensation and marrying her himself, not perceiving perhaps how she would thus annul and condemn her own claim to the throne.

Elizabeth waited at Hatfield during the last days of her sister's life, surrounded by courtiers, and daily hearing reports of the queen's death. Sir Nicolas Throckmorton first brought her the real tidings, but she refused to act on them till one of the ladies, whom she trusted, should have sent her the black-enamelled spousal ring, which never left Mary's finger.

Before the ring came, however, the councillors themselves had arrived, and paid their homage to her as their undisputed queen. She sank on her knees, and exclaimed in Latin, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Pole, was even then dying, and the Archbishop of York, Heath, had to stand foremost. As Lord

Chancellor, staunch Roman Catholic as he was, he called on the House of Lords to acknowledge Queen Elizabeth, and declare itself dissolved. She was immediately after proclaimed in front of Westminster Palace and at Temple Bar, as Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and there was great rejoicing, for everything was in a miserable state; people were sick of persecution, even when they themselves did not fall under it, and the late queen's long illness had led to all sorts of misrule and disorder. The queen at once appointed Sir William Cecil as her secretary of state, having made proof of his sagacity and fidelity to the crown, and her trust in him never wavered from that moment. That part of her which was wisest knew that he was the safest pilot, and though she might twist and turn, oppose, question, and refuse his decisions, act for herself, and do everything save throw him out of office, her real confidence was in him to the very end of his life, and was even transferred to his son. She retained all her sister's old council, but added eight lords, who had shown their attachment to herself, and among them Sir Nicolas Bacon, who had married Lady Cecil's sister.

On the 23rd of November, the queen entered London, attended by a noble retinue of lords and ladies, at whose head she rode, a bright and spirited young queen in the bloom of womanhood, her eyes glancing, as her heart glowed with love to the multitude who greeted her with cries of ecstasy. At Highgate she was met by the Bishops in their robes. Two more, those of Chichester and Rochester, had died of the same fever as their Metropolitan; but all the survivors then in London knelt to offer their allegiance, when she gave them all her hand to kiss, except Bishop Bonner, whom, as foremost in the persecution, and proved to be resolute against the Prayer-book, she was resolved not to favour. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, all in scarlet, likewise met her, and conducted her to the Charter House, which was then in the grasp of Lord North. There she waited till the 28th, while preparations were made for the reception at the Tower, whither she was taken on horseback, clad in purple velvet; and beside her, as Master of the Horse, Lord Robert Dudley, second son to Northumberland, one of handsomest men of the time. She had known him at her brother's court, and both alike had suffered for Northumberland's rebellion and Wyatt's rising. They had seen enough of one another for Robert to know how great the mistake had been which had united him to Amy Robsart, instead of letting him fly at higher game in the plenitude of his father's power. Amy was at his distant home in Cumnor Hall, lonely and depressed, and he was riding at the queen's side, enjoying favour, the bounds of which he could not yet guess at, for no one could ever have imagined Elizabeth's distinction between the men she trusted, and the men she loved and toyed with.

With Lord Pembroke, and the sword of state before her, she rode along beside London Wall, which was hung with tapestry up to Market

or Mark Lane, even then the central English corn market, where she was greeted by the voices of the Tower guns, and the more peaceful songs of choristers, and speeches of the scholars of St. Paul's school. She answered all graciously, whether in Latin or English, and soon entered the Tower, whither, five years before, she had been taken as a prisoner. Well might she fall on her knees and give thanks!

Anxious councils were held in the Tower and in Somerset House, whither she soon removed, over the future moves; and the first steps taken were to forbid the political sermons at St. Paul's Cross, which were used by both parties as means of stirring up the people, and while stopping the persecution, to send orders to Sir Edward Carne, the Ambassador residing at Rome, to confer with the Pope on the condition of the Church, and assure him of her determination to offer violence to no man's conscience.

Meanwhile mass and all the services, re-established by Mary, went on as usual. The queen attended her sister's funeral, at which there was a Latin sermon, preached by Dr. White, the Bishop of Winchester, who had succeeded Gardiner. He greatly praised Mary's renunciation of the Supremacy over the Church, saying that she had well understood that the Church could not have a dumb head, since St. Paul had forbidden women to speak in the Church. He wept so bitterly as to choke his voice during the description of Mary's sufferings and virtues, but unfortunately was perfectly audible when he strengthened his exhortation to obey the new queen, with the text declaring that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion,' and adding that 'Mary had chosen the better part.'

It was a foolish and unnecessary offence in the actual state of affairs, when Elizabeth had done no wrong to the Catholic party, and it can only be explained by supposing that either he did not realise how well the queen understood him, or that he meant it merely as a proverb. But Elizabeth was not a lady likely to submit to be compared to a living dog, so she ordered the preacher into arrest for a week in his own house. However, the Archbishop and the two Bishops were buried with the full ancient ritual, and a requiem mass for Charles V. was duly celebrated; but, on the other hand, all the prisoners for conscience' sake were released, though only on bail to appear when called for.

The queen hoped to steer between the two parties, continuing herself a Catholic, but not offending the Reformers, on whom she knew she must depend for support in case her title to the throne should be disputed.

The oath of supremacy, such as it had been made by her father, was however administered, and the first to refuse it was Archbishop Heath, upon which he was deprived of the chancellorship; but the office was not given away, only the Great Seal was entrusted to Sir Nicolas Bacon, with the title of Lord Keeper. The next step was to command (in

virtue of that supremacy) that at mass the Host should not be elevated, probably because this part of the service always was a special stumblingblock to the Calvinists, who, denying the Real Presence, viewed all adoration of the Holy Eucharist as an infraction of the Second Commandment, and would sometimes work themselves up to horrible profanation out of fancied zeal for the honour of God. Elizabeth trusted to conciliate them, and gain their support by this concession without going any further.

However, Bishop Owen Oglethorpe, of Carlisle, who was to celebrate for her on Christmas Day, refused to omit the elevation, and Elizabeth, to mark her anger at his resistance, or to curry favour with the Reformed, retired out of the chapel immediately after the reading of the Gospel.

Three days later, December 28th, she put forth a proclamation forbidding all preaching for the present, as a dangerous and inflammatory exercise for both parties, and only permitting the Gospel, Epistle, Commandments, Litany, Creed, and Lord's Prayer to be said in the vulgar tongue, without exposition and comment, until consultation should have been held between her majesty and the three estates of the realm. No doubt she was waiting, not only for the meeting of parliament, but for the answer of the Pope, as to the terms he would grant to her and to England.

Unhappily, Paul IV., the fierce old Caraffa, heeded little save his personal hatred to the House of Austria. He had never forgiven even the devoted Mary for marrying Philip II., and he expected to be asked at once for a dispensation for a second marriage with Elizabeth. Moreover, the French Ambassador was representing the claims of his own young queen, Mary of Scotland, a grandchild of the devout house of Guise, a niece of the Cardinal of Lorraine; and Paul was at present more blindly devoted than ever to the cause of France against Spain.

So he replied to Sir Edward Carne that he could not understand the rights of one born out of lawful wedlock, and that Mary of Scotland was the right heiress; but that if his mistress would submit her claims to him, she should receive indulgence and forbearance. However, on the 13th of January, he published a bull in which he declared heretical princes incapable of reigning, but without naming Elizabeth, who had given him no reason for pronouncing her a heretic. There was no doubt, however, that it was aimed at her, and thus he threw away the chance of regaining the English nation, while he continued a course of violent severity at Rome, himself presiding constantly at the meetings of the Inquisition, and hunting down men whom he had formerly favoured. This lasted till the 18th of August, 1559, when he died after a short illness, having spent his reign at first on Italian politics, and then on savage persecutions.

Mary of Scotland and her husband had at once assumed the title of Queen and King of England; and all this made it plain to Elizabeth

and her council that the Roman party were past conciliation, while the Reformers might be gained. Till her coronation she could not legally act, and it was therefore to take place as soon as possible; but the difficulty was, Who was to crown her? The Archbishop of Canterbury was dead, and the Bishops, led by Heath, Archbishop of York, all refused to perform the rite, not that any of them questioned her claim, but because they would not endure to celebrate without elevating the Host.

At last Bishop Oglethorpe declared himself willing to officiate, even with this omission, provided the Queen would take the ancient oath to maintain the Church, and this she was perfectly willing to do. He borrowed Bishop Bonner's robes for the occasion, and all the other Bishops were present as peers. The day was the 15th of January, 1559, and began with a procession through London from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, where the Queen was rapturously greeted at every turn, as her chariot slowly moved along under a canopy, and she had gracious smiles and thanks for all. It was specially observed that a branch of rosemary, given her by a poor woman, was kept by her the whole time.

Her bright, cheerful, responsive countenance spoke for her, and her heart was stirred so as to meet, as they were meant, all the speeches made by 'fair children' in pageants, and to do as full honour as Theseus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to the shows and speeches which some would have felt as mere obstructions and wearinesses.

At Cornhill one of the knights who bore her canopy pointed out to her an alderman who was weeping. 'I warrant it is for joy,' she said; and afterwards, in Cheapside, she smiled and said it was because she had heard one in the crowd say: 'I remember old King Harry the Eighth.'

When Truth gave her a Bible, she put it in her bosom, and when Time appeared with scythe and hour-glass, she said, 'Time had brought her hither.' That night she slept at Whitehall, and came by water to Westminster the next day.

The coronation differed in nothing from her sister's, except that the Epistle and Gospel were read in English. The Queen received the homage of the nobility, and held her banquet at Westminster Hall. It was the custom that the newly-crowned sovereign should release prisoners, and on her entering her chapel the next morning, she was met by a petition that four or five more prisoners might be released. She asked who they were, and was answered that they were the four Evangelists, and the Apostle Paul, who were locked up in an unknown tongue, and could not converse with the common people.

She gravely answered: 'It is best first to inquire of them whether they will approve of being released.'

In fact she had no desire to pledge herself before she saw what course affairs would take abroad and at home. She had sent for Dr.

Matthew Parker, whom she intended to make Primate, and, in consultation with him and Cecil, declared that she meant to put forth the First Prayer-book of Edward VI.; but Parker already perceived that the exiles of Geneva and Strasburg, who hardly tolerated the Second Book, would view the first as Popery itself.

It was Dr. Cox, Edward's tutor, who had made such a stand for the Prayer-book at Strasburg, who preached the sermon at the opening of Parliament, on the 25th of January, telling the estates of the realm of the Queen's wish to settle matters of religion.

The first thing, however, that the Commons did was to petition the Queen to marry, and raise up heirs to the realm. She gave them no hopes of so doing, certainly not of being directed by them, and holding up her coronation ring, told them that 'When she received that ring she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm, and that it would be quite sufficient for the memorial of her name, and be her glory, if, when she died, an inscription were engraved on a marble tomb, saying: "Here lieth Elizabeth, which reigned a virgin, and died a virgin."'

And 'the virgin queen,' remained her favourite title, though she really loved Leicester, and though she coquetted with many another suitor. She had dismissed at least half-a-dozen during her sister's lifetime, and had just returned a decided negative to the very speedy courtship of Philip II.; and this had caused Feria, the Spanish Ambassador, to absent himself from the coronation on the plea of illness, but no doubt to avoid the recognition of one whom it might be convenient to declare to be no lawful sovereign.

To obtain an act of recognition from Parliament was the first requisite, and this was done by declaring Elizabeth 'rightly, lineally, and lawfully descended of the blood royal;' and, by another act, which restored her in blood on her mother's side, but without reversing her mother's attainder.

Then came Church matters. The title of Head of the Church was dropped at once, as Elizabeth perceived how unfitting and offensive it was, though it was not in her not to be quite as imperious as Defender of the Faith, the name which she retained, as she could have been as Head of the Church. The Pope's refusal to make terms with her threw her more on the support of the Reformers, Protestants as they had learnt to call themselves in Germany; and Parker and Cecil found that the leading men among them would not accept the ritual of King Edward's First Prayer-book; nay, it was as much as could be hoped that they would endure the Second.

Convocation mainly consisted of clergy appointed to their benefices in Queen Mary's time, who would have been for the old Latin service and unconditional surrender to Rome, and the laity, still smarting with the thought of the fires hardly extinguished, and less worthily dreading a call for restitution, would never have endured this.

So, by her own authority, Elizabeth, with her advisers, altered a few passages in the Second Prayer-book. They left out a clause in the Litany praying to be delivered from the tyranny of the Pope; they restored the essential clause in the administration of the Holy Communion, and drew up a Sunday Lectionary. Then, too, they enacted that in cathedrals, college chapels, and the like such ornaments should be used as in the first year of Edward VI., not making them compulsory elsewhere, no doubt on account partly of the poverty of the places where they had been destroyed, and partly to avoid forcing them upon men whom they could not afford to alienate. In the same spirit they forbore to command the restoration of the Altar to the chancel, though in the Queen's own chapel there is no doubt that it was so placed, as indeed the arrangements were the same as had prevailed in Mary's time. These orders were called 'Advertisements,' and were never submitted to Convocation or Parliament, though the Prayer-book thus arranged was adopted in an Act of Uniformity, and legislation on Church matters began. First, on the 30th of January, a bill for the surrender to the crown of first fruits and tenths on ecclesiastical promotions. These had belonged to the Pope; had been seized by Henry VIII., and restored by Mary; and Elizabeth now claimed them again. The Bishops all opposed her; but the temporal peers, always willing to make the Church a prey, overpowered their votes, and the crown kept the spoil till the time of Queen Anne.

Next came an Act of Royal Supremacy, which was opposed by the Bishops, but passed by the lay peers, and which made the crown the appeal in spiritual matters, instead of the Pope.

The Act of Uniformity was brought forward. There was much opposition in the House of Lords from Mary's Bishops, and among the Commons from Mr. Story, who boasted of having thrown a faggot in the face of one whom he called an earwig and thrust a thornbush under his feet to prick him at the stake; but English blood rose at such cruelty, and advocacy such as this only told against his cause. There were also several Acts tending to prevent the profanities of Edward VI.'s reign; and lastly a mischievous Act was brought forward for enabling the Queen to make what changes she pleased during the vacancy of a See in its property, so that she could give away its estates, and grant instead the tithes of rectories which had been seized by the monasteries. This was strongly resisted, but was carried by a small majority in the Commons.

Convocation, led by Bishop Bonner and Archdeacon Harpsfield, protested against these acts, and were upheld by the universities. On this, a disputation was appointed to take place in Westminster Hall on three great points, namely, whether service or sacraments ought to be in the vulgar tongue, whether the Church hath power to alter ceremonies, whether the mass be a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead.

Bishops White of Winchester and Watson of Lincoln were the chief on the one side. On the other we find the names of Robert Horne, Edwin Sandys, Edmund Grindal, and John Jewel, the latter three of whom had been exiles during the last reign. Archbishop Heath and Sir Nicolas Bacon were to be moderators, and by Heath's desire the argument was to be in English and in writing, and the Roman Catholics were to begin by stating their case.

The first day was peaceable, but the Romanists found themselves inferior in learning and eloquence to their adversaries, especially Robert Horne, who took the strong ground that the English Church is Catholic, but not Roman. They were allowed to have Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, added to them, but they complained that the Lord Keeper was their enemy; and though Archbishop Heath strove hard to keep the peace, White and Watson behaved with great violence, and only Feckenham showed himself wise and moderate. The disputation was necessarily broken up, and men like Heath and Feckenham saw there was no hope for their cause, since the more violent would endure no compromise, and could as little separate Romanism from Catholicism as could the most intolerant Calvinist.

Drs. White and Watson were sent to the Tower for a week for contempt of court, and the debate was closed, their party still complaining of unfairness, as was perhaps inevitable, though they really seem to have been the favoured ones till they seceded.

The Act of Uniformity was then passed, to come into operation on the 24th of June, 1559. It was now April, and Elizabeth had to consider what to do with the whole bench of Bishops arrayed against her! Fortunately for her, their numbers were few. No less than nine had formed what Fuller calls the death-guard of Mary, having died either just after her, or so little before her that their sees had not been filled up; and three more had fled to Italy. The eleven who remained were summoned before the Queen in the Privy Council, and called on to take the oath of supremacy and enjoin the use of the English Prayer-book.

Heath, speaking in the name of all, entreated her to remember her sister's zeal towards the Holy See of S. Peter, declaring that if she did not keep Mary's engagements, the kingdom would be brought to ignominy and dishonour.

Elizabeth replied with dignity, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' She added 'that her covenant was not with the Roman See, but with the Lord;' that her sister had no power to make such agreements as she had done, for the Pope's power over England had been a usurpation, and that her crown was subject to no power but that of the King of Kings.

The Bishops made no answer then, but afterwards wrote her a letter to the same effect, and made known their determination, with only one exception, Kitchin of Llandaff. Of the ten who remained,

several—especially Heath himself—had been placed in their sees by Mary while their deposed predecessors were living, so that there was nothing uncanonical in displacing them; but Elizabeth proceeded first to fill up the sees vacant by death. She had always intended Matthew Parker to be Archbishop, but he was out of health, and refused the task. The Queen then made the offer to Nicolas Wootten, Dean of Canterbury, lately a privy councillor of Mary's, but he held himself not to have sufficient theological learning. Abbot Feckenham was then proposed, but he could not take the oath of royal supremacy; and, finding that no one else of Catholic mind would undertake the charge, Parker accepted it. Constraint in the present state of affairs was unsafe, and people did much as they chose. The returned exiles were more averse to forms and ceremonies than when they went away, and the name of Puritans began thenceforth to be applied to them from their pretensions to purity of worship.

The Chapter of Canterbury duly elected Matthew Parker; but a new difficulty arose. Three—nay, one Bishop—may be sufficient to impart the episcopal power in the consecration, but Henry VIII. had passed a statute requiring that at least four should assist at the consecration of a Primate of all England. For the purpose the Queen summoned Cuthbert Tunstal, of Durham, and five more; but of these, Tunstal and two more refused to assist in the consecration of an Archbishop whose election had not been sanctioned by the Pope, and the question came up whether they—though there was no question as to their lawful appointment—could be retained in their sees without taking the oath which withdrew their allegiance from the Pope, or acknowledging the Primate appointed by the Queen and the chapter of Canterbury. The emperor, Ferdinand I., wrote to the Queen on their behalf, and urged her to allow them to officiate as 'vacant Bishops' with churches in large towns, but she decided against this, lest it should be the beginning of a rival Church; and these Bishops were therefore deposed, and lived either on their own estates, or were quartered in episcopal houses; Tunstal and Thirlby becoming guests at Lambeth.

The Puritans were discontented at the establishment of episcopacy, and Knox in Scotland was doing his best to lash them into fury, abusing as before all female 'regiment,' and calling the cross in Baptism, kneeling at the Holy Communion, and the 'mumbling or singing of the Litany' diabolical inventions; but there was a more reasonable body among them, who, though they were prejudiced against these things, were willing to tolerate them for the sake of the protection and recognition of the English Government; and it was to this body that Elizabeth was compelled to look to fill up the vacancies in the bench of Bishops, since Catholic-minded men like Parker, who would uphold the Church while denying the Pope's exaggerated power, were very rare.

As to the consecrations, four Bishops were to be found who had been themselves undeniably consecrated, and who would officiate under the new order of things. They were William Barlow, made Bishop of S. Asaph under Henry VIII., who had held Bath and Wells under Edward, and had resigned and gone abroad in Mary's time, but who was quite free from Puritanism. John Hodgkin, Suffragan of Bedford, had also been consecrated under Henry VIII. and John Bale of Ossory was invited, but did not come. The other two, old Miles Coverdale, and John Scory, had been consecrated under the Reformed ordinal of Edward VI. These four consecrated Matthew Parker, at Lambeth, on the 17th of December, 1559. There were present many officials, nobles, and clergy; Parker wore the scarlet doctor's gown, three of the Bishops their full robes, Coverdale only a cassock; Bishop Scory preached the sermon, and the service was according to Edward's Second Prayer-book, all the four joining in laying their hands on their brother's head. All was duly registered in Latin, and at night Parker wrote in his private diary, 'On the 17th of December, 1559, I was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. Alas! alas! O Lord God, for what times hast Thou kept me!' and proceeding to a prayer for aid and direction.

All this is the more worth observing because one Thomas Neale, who had been chaplain to Bishop Bonner, was said forty-four years later by one Thomas Hollywood, a Jesuit, to have told him that he had peeped through a hole in the wainscot at the 'Nag's Head' tavern, in Cheapside, and there seen Bishop Scory consecrating Parker, Grindal, Aylmer, Sandys, and Merrick, by laying a Bible on their shoulders, and bidding them rise up Bishops, as though it were an order of knighthood; and this absurd fiction is believed by ordinary Roman Catholics, though denied by all their real historical writers.

The next day the new Archbishop took the foremost part in the consecration of Grindal, Sandys, Cox, and Merrick to London, Worcester, Ely, and Bangor; and in the course of the spring the other vacant benefices were filled up. Coverdale, who was seventy-two years old, would not return to his diocese, but begged for the first-fruits, 60*l*., saying that 'if poor old Miles should be thus provided for, he should think this enough as good as a feast.' He had the happiness of hearing his Bible read in every Church, and received the living of S. Magnus, London Bridge, from Grindal. There he died in 1568.

'So much for the Bishops,' says Fuller. 'As for the inferior clergy under them, the best that could be gotten were placed in pastoral charges. Alas! tolerability was eminence in that age; a rush candle seemed a torch where no brighter light was ever seen before. Surely preaching now ran very low, if it be true what I read: that Mr. Tavernor, of Water Eaton, in Oxfordshire, high-sheriff of the county, came in pure charity, not ostentation, and gave the scholars a sermon

in S. Mary's, with his gold chain about his neck, and his sword by his side, beginning with these words :—

'"Arriving at the mount of S. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, and carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of Salvation."'

It appears that this benevolent sheriff really had a licence for preaching.

Archbishop Heath and the other Bishops addressed a remonstrance to the Archbishop, but it was only in the way of amicable correspondence, and all respect and consideration was shown to the ex-bishops. Archbishop Heath, who had property of his own, lived at his own estate at Chobham, in friendly intercourse with the queen. Bishop White also lived at his own cost. Thirlby and Tunstal, both friends of Parker's, found a home with him at Lambeth as guests, where they said they were happier than with diocesan cares upon them. They remained in communion with the English Church, and did nothing to disturb the queen's authority. Bonner and Watson were also quartered, the one on the Bishop of Lincoln, the other on Bishop Grindal of London, but they could by no means agree with their hosts, and Bonner was hated by the people for his share in the persecutions; so that, partly for his safety, he was placed within the bounds of the Marshalsea prison, living in a house of his own till his death. Watson, after being transferred to Bishop Cox of Ely, was placed at Wisbeach Castle. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, was quartered on Bishop Horn of Winchester, and for a time lived with the family; but controversy ran so high between him and his host that it was agreed between them that he had better have apartments of his own in the palace, and only mingle with the family as a visitor. The absence of the spirit of persecution is noteworthy, and it appears that Parker never tendered the oath of supremacy without necessity.

Other works followed, with the co-operation of Convocation, of which may be specially noted the re-enacting of the Articles, omitting, however, three out of the forty-two as applicable only to short-lived errors, and a great revision of the Holy Scripture, published under the name of the Bishop's Bible, though this was not done till seven years later.

Thus, then, was the English Church raised out of the ruins left by the two previous intolerant and destructive reigns. Elizabeth would fain have made it like her father's Church, only with her own supremacy. Parker's was a far higher and more Catholic ideal. The attacks of the Romanists, the clamours of the Puritans, and the necessity which grew on Elizabeth of maintaining herself by Protestant aid, prevented Parker's standard from being carried out, but it has never been entirely lost, and from time to time has been brought to light.

The inner life which proves ours to be indeed a part of the visible Church had been preserved through all the vicissitudes of the past reigns, and the Church of England continued her existence as a branch of the Church Catholic, showing her unbroken connection with the foundation of the Apostles.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER I. (*continued.*)

'My dear Mrs. Blair,' said the Rector, as he drew near, 'what are you saying to that poor child? Local examination! You don't mean to tell me that you are urging Lucy to go in for it?'

'And why not?' I asked.

'It would be folly; she could not pass.'

'I think she could, with a little help.'

'And where is she to get it?'

'From you and me, and several others, Charlotte Stanfield included. You have heard what a success she has had?'

The Rector's brow clouded. He drew himself up, looked his stiffest and sternest, and answered, 'Yes, I do know it. I only hope it may not be the forerunner of as great a downfall.'

'Now, my good friend,' I exclaimed, 'you really must not see things in that one-sided way. If you do you will discourage Lucy and frighten her mother, and defeat all my plans for her.'

'I don't see how there can be two sides to any moral and religious question,' answered the Rector; 'there can be but one right and one wrong.'

'But we are not talking of right and wrong,' I said, rather perversely—for I well knew what was meant—'but of Charlotte Stanfield's success at school.'

'The High School! I detest High Schools.'

'So do I, at the bottom of my heart—when I indulge in Utopian dreams of impossible education.'

'No Church teaching! Entirely secular! The motive principle mere worldly ambition! The subjects absurdly beyond a woman's need! They will bring ruin upon the Church—utter ruin, Mrs. Blair.'

'Possibly; yet by no means certainly,' was my reply. 'But if they should, it will be the Church's own fault.'

'I don't understand,' said the Rector gravely. 'It is impossible for the Church to sympathise with such undertakings.'

'Before that point can be decided,' I said, 'it seems to me we must clearly understand what the undertaking is. How should you define a High School?'

'I don't profess to know anything about it,' was the answer; 'except that it is a huge day-school, where children of all classes are taught together, and learn everything—good, bad, and indifferent—except religion.'

'Well, I suppose I must, in a certain way, accept the definition—at least, so far as that there is a great mixture of classes, and that the religious instruction is not distinctively in accordance with the teachings of the Church.'

'And there is a company established for setting these schools on foot,' continued the Rector; 'they are made a regular commercial speculation.'

'The Girls' Public Day School Company,' I said. 'Yes; the school at Henstone, to which Charlotte Stanfield went, is one of them. But all High Schools are not under this company, though all, I believe, profess the same principles.'

'And you advised Charlotte to go!' exclaimed the Rector.

'Yes. I did it unwillingly; but as yet I don't feel sorry for it. Charlotte Stanfield is a singularly clever girl; but desultory habits and conceit were ruining her. Her parents looked upon her as a marvel, and humoured her every fancy. She had no one to compete with, no one to give her really good instruction. A kind and good aunt, a Churchwoman, living in Henstone, undertook to board her, and let her attend the school. There was to be no interference with her Church principles, and she had the Sundays free. If I could have found a school in which she could have had definite Church teaching I should greatly have preferred it; but, as it was, I had no choice; and when Mrs. Stanfield asked my advice, I gave it in favour of the High School.'

'And you profess to be a good Churchwoman?' asked the Rector.

'More than profess, I hope. I do really think myself a good churchwoman in principle, though a very indifferent one in practice.'

'Very indifferent indeed!' murmured the Rector, with an earnestness at which I could not help laughing.

'Now just listen patiently,' I said. 'Let me turn the tables upon you. You and a good many others—most excellent, deeply religious clergymen and laymen, holding the strictest Church principles, believing in nothing which is not based upon them,—see a huge educational machine set in motion which threatens to override, and will infallibly, if left without check, render nugatory all your hopes for the upholding of these principles, and as you gaze you lift up your hands, and utter warnings and denunciations, but—you do nothing more.'

'What is to be done? I see nothing,' interrupted the Rector.

'But I see a great deal,' I replied; 'only unfortunately I find no one

to see with me. The educational—or rather instructional (allow me to coin a word) machine is not in itself a bad thing, that you will allow.'

'I don't allow it. I can't for a moment. We differ fundamentally.'

'Pardon me. I feel quite sure that we do not, and you will own it if you will let me explain myself more clearly.'

The Rector sat down by my side with an air of the most profound resignation.

'What you want,' I said, 'is education upon Church principles.'

'Certainly, certainly; I will uphold nothing else.'

'But then, why don't you, and I, and all persons who are agreed upon this point—for I do entirely agree with you—set ourselves to work to lay the foundation for such education by giving good Church instruction?'

'But you support the High School, which has no Church principles,' he exclaimed. 'You are double-minded. I don't mean to say anything disagreeable, but you are; and that is what I don't like, or sympathise with.'

'My dear Mr. Malcolm. I take what I can get, which does not for a moment imply that I would not get something better if I could. If I had a choice between a High School, founded on Church principles, and one which was not, I should unquestionably prefer the former; but I don't know where to find one.'

'There is no room for Church schools. These people carry everything before them.'

'Because no one tries to stop them. Just imagine what it would be if all the really earnest Church people in England were to unite in a common effort to do what the Public Day School Company are doing,—establish High Schools on their own principles in all the large towns of England. The Church has money, influence, intellect at command. Why are not Church Day Schools to succeed as well as others?'

'Because they can't pander to false principles,' was the answer.

'Who wishes them to do it?' I replied. 'Do you suppose that if a body of consistent, moderate, and reasonable Churchmen and women were to set up a first-rate school, with a conscience clause, which would satisfy Dissenters that there was no wish to proselytise, it would not answer as well as a merely secular school?'

'I don't see what difference there would be between the two,' said Mr. Malcolm.

'Don't you? I do; the very greatest difference. As these Company's schools are now constituted, the mistresses are bound in honour *not* to put forward their distinctive principles. The children of the Church and the children of Dissent fare alike as regards religious instruction. But in a Church High School, this embargo would be done away with. There would be nothing to prevent separate classes of Church children having instruction in the Catechism and the Prayer-

book, though it might be forbidden to attempt to gain over the Dissenters, or, in fact, to force any such teaching upon them.'

'Very unsatisfactory!'—and Mr. Malcolm shook his head—'it would be Church and water, not Church.'

'My dear Rector,' I exclaimed—and I am afraid I heaved a sigh, 'you and your friends put me into utter despair. Supposing it is what you call Church and water, supposing we are obliged to give up certain things which we value—the observance of Saints' days, and—I can't think of anything else at the moment which would be required—but supposing it to be so, will not this be a thousand times better than to allow the instruction of the great middle class of this country—from the highest to the lowest grade—to fall into the hands of those who ignore the Church altogether? And this is what we are coming to, what we cannot by any possibility avoid, unless the calm-thinking, moderate majority—for they are a majority—of the English Church rouse themselves from their apathy, face their danger, and resolve in God's Strength to grapple with the difficulty. What we want for the young generation is the true, historical, and Biblical teaching of the Church of England, which Dissenters recognise and respect, though they may not agree with it. A school professing to rest on this as its foundation, and according every liberty to those who differ from such teaching, would—providing always the instruction in other respects was good—have weight with Church people, and would never be objected to by any but political Dissenters.

'I don't agree with you,' was the Rector's reply. 'There would be, and there must be, a perpetual opposition and rivalry between Secular and Church Schools.'

'But—I shall shock you still more, yet I must speak truly—I should not attempt to set on foot Church Schools where the Secular High Schools are already established. I have as great a dislike as you can have to rivalry and antagonism, where they can possibly be avoided. My idea would be for the members of the Church, who recognise no party extremes, to endeavour to form a company, on the same commercial principles as the Public Day School Company, and to begin their work in those towns where as yet nothing of the kind has been established.'

'And leave the other schools to work their evil way unopposed,' said the Rector. 'That does not suit my ideas of what is right.'

'First,' I replied, 'let us be quite sure that their ways are evil, and next that they cannot be circumvented—if I may use the expression, for want of a more agreeable word—in some other way than by direct opposition.'

'To eliminate religion from education must be wrong,' exclaimed Mr. Malcolm. 'And religion, without definite truth, is chaos.'

'Granted fully. But it strikes me that the root of our controversies and our difficulties lies in that long-established inveterate use of education and instruction as synonymous terms.'

'They can't be separated; it is impossible.'

'They can't be separated, but they can be distinguished. Education includes the whole of instruction. Instruction includes only part of education, and that indirect and secondary in importance. You cannot instruct a child in the multiplication table without at the same time educating it, to a certain extent, by your tone and manner, your good or ill-temper, your accuracy or your carelessness. But no one would compare this indirect education with that of the parent or the governess who, living with the child always, watches over the character, and trains it by warning and encouragement in the everyday wants of life. It is the inculcation of moral principles, based upon religious truth, which I include in my idea of education.'

'And your favourite High Schools don't include anything of the kind,' said the Rector.

'I can't say that, absolutely. They undertake to foster obedience, industry, perseverance, neatness, accuracy, punctuality—all most excellent qualities and habits, and which I should be only too glad that any child in whom I was interested should obtain.'

'And the principle and motive for these habits is to be—what?'

'Success first, in the school and the examination, and then in life; a desire for the approbation of parents and teachers; and a recognition that in this is involved to some extent—the approbation of God.'

'Too low!—too low!' exclaimed the Rector.

'Too low, I grant, but not to be despised. The motives fall short of the highest, but they can be supplemented.'

'By Scripture lessons on the contents of the Bible,' said the Rector ironically—'the names of the Books and the reigns of the Kings of Israel and Judah, for the lower classes; the grammatical meaning of difficult passages in St. Paul's Epistles for the upper.'

'I beg your pardon. Such subjects are no doubt necessary. They involve instruction; but they have no more claim to be regarded as education than any other historical or grammatical lesson.'

'Then there is no education in a High School?'

'No education in the full sense of the word. Day-schools are schools of instruction rather than of education. But then, you must remember, as I said before, they may be supplemented.'

'How?'

'By home teaching. It strikes me that there is this great difference between the elementary school, under a secular School-board and a High School. In both it is equally taken for granted that the home training is to supply what may be deemed wanting in the moral and religious instruction of the day-school. But the labourer is unable to supply this need. If his children are not taught at school, they are not likely to be taught at all, except on Sundays, and this constitutes the grave defect of such schools: whereas the pupils of the High School have for the most part educated parents and friends, who are competent to fill

up deficiencies.' 'The time of attendance at the two schools also constitutes a material difference. Elementary schools for children of between five and fourteen years of age occupy the greater part of the day, and the holidays are few and far between. The High Schools require half the work to be done at home. There can, in fact, be no fair comparison between an Elementary School and a High School, because they work with different materials and under different circumstances.'

'And I am to understand, then,' persisted the Rector, 'that you think it a matter of indifference whether the pupils of the High School are taught upon Church principles or not? If so, may I ask why you should be so earnest in wishing for the establishment of any other schools? If the present High Schools are so excellent, why are we not to rest satisfied with them?'

'You put a construction upon my words which they will not bear,' was my reply. 'I did not say that I thought High Schools excellent, but only that I thought the danger of the secular principle was less in them than in the elementary schools.'

'Then may I ask what you really think about High Schools?' asked the Rector. 'You seem to me, like the boy in the fable, to blow hot and cold with the same breath.'

'Perhaps I do,' was the answer. 'I often find myself reduced to the necessity in this perplexing world. As to High Schools, they are an experiment. Speaking according to my own prejudices, I distrust them; but all the more I desire to judge them fairly.'

'But why do you distrust them?'

'Partly because I dislike the crowd and excitement and competition for girls. Partly because it seems to me that in this competition the child of moderate or poor abilities must be swamped by her clever companions. But most of all because I believe the secret of all good education for girls is the personal influence of a superior mind; and in High Schools, whatever may be the talent or the goodness of the lady at the head, she must, from the very fact of the numbers who frequent the school, delegate her authority, and therefore in a great degree her influence, to sub-governesses; and these, in the majority of instances, must be chosen, without much reference to their moral qualities, for their aptness in teaching grammar, geography, arithmetic, mathematics, or whatever the special subject required may be.

'Very true, very true,' exclaimed the Rector in a tone of great satisfaction.

'Stop,' I said; 'don't triumph before the hour. You have heard the *cons*, now let me give you the *pros*.'

'If there are any,' murmured the Rector.

'We should scarcely,' I said, 'see the clever world of England supporting High Schools were there no *pros*. There is no doubt that the instruction provided in them is vastly superior to that which has

been hitherto given in the ordinary run of schools. High salaries are offered, and therefore the services of competent teachers are obtained; and this first-rate instruction is afforded at a very moderate rate, and thus is brought within the reach of a number of persons who otherwise would have had the greatest difficulty in obtaining any kind of good teaching for their children. Taking these things into consideration, if I could be assured that the supplementary training which constitutes what I call education was secured at home, I think there are many cases in which I should be only too glad to avail myself of the advantages offered by a High School.'

'Then let me ask again,' replied the Rector, 'why we are to trouble ourselves to set on foot Church High Schools?'

'Because, even granted that the present High Schools are good, I believe Church High Schools would be better, and as Church people we certainly are bound to show that we do not consider instruction in the historical facts of the Bible all that is necessary for religious teaching.'

'But you are not to interfere with Dissenters.'

'Certainly not. I would not make them learn the Church Catechism or prepare for examination on the Prayer-book.'

'And the Scripture teaching?'

'I should give it according to what I hold to be the truth. If Church questions came up I should state what the teaching of the Church is, but I should try not to force these controversial subjects upon the mixed classes, but should rather reserve them for the special lessons for Church children given at stated times.'

'Extremely awkward, if it were only for the difficulty which would meet you as to arranging your time-table,' said the Rector.

'Yes, I am quite aware of that: but I don't believe the difficulty would be insuperable. An earnest determination and a sincere and fair mind would, I feel convinced, overcome it. The time difficulty meets one at every turn in a school, not only as to Scripture and Church teaching, but as to all other lessons. Such objections are lions roaring in our path, but I have no fear of their devouring us.'

'There are a good many lions, and they roar very loudly,' said the Rector, with an attempt at a smile.

'And for that reason we are to run away, or at the best stand at a distance and talk of what we would do if they were not there! What I desire to do is to confront them.'

'Most ladies do,' said Mr. Malcolm.

'I know perfectly well what you mean,' I replied, and I am afraid my tone was a little hasty. 'Women rush in where men fear to tread. The women are imprudent, and the men are prudent. Be it so; but yet there could be no great imprudence in trying to establish Public Day Schools on Church principles.'

'Certainly not, if it were right and necessary.'

'Then please settle that question of right and necessity as soon as you possibly can. I have said my say.'

'And I have said mine,' replied the Rector.

'And there is no one to decide between us.'

'No one that I can see,' was the answer; 'but, my dear Mrs. Blair, the fact that I differ from you need not in the least interfere with your doing what you think desirable.'

'If I could do anything!' I exclaimed; 'but I am a woman, with neither time, nor money, nor health at my command. I could not, even if I would, call a public meeting. I can't afford to print pamphlets, and if I did no one would read them. I can only talk to one and another as I do to you now. But if I were a man, and had a voice to make myself heard, would I not go through England calling upon the members of the English Church — men and women alike — to consider this matter before it is too late! Would I not say to them, You are allowing an opportunity to pass which can never be recalled! The ground is comparatively clear. Rouse yourselves, and take possession of it! If you believe the English Church to be the depositary of Christian truth and the representative of the Church of the Apostles, then take care that the young Englishwomen of the next generation, the children of that Church, shall be taught where they stand. Show them they are on a firm foundation. Give them the historical reasons, the facts, on which the claims of the English Church are based. You may not touch their hearts by such teaching, but you can at least save them from being carried away by "every blast of wind and vain doctrine."'

'It is a great pity, my dear Mrs. Blair, that you are not a man,' said the Rector, quietly.

'A great pity,' I replied, laughing. 'To own the truth, I did once feel a sincere regret upon that point. It was on the occasion of a certain public meeting not many years ago, when this question of women's education was discussed. Papers were read, addresses made, by laymen and clergymen—very fluent, very hopeful, very much on the principle of the "Mutual Admiration Society." So much had been done, so much was intending to be done! But there was not one who grasped the distinction between education and instruction; not one who thoroughly faced the duty of the Church, to seize every inch of unoccupied ground and so get the advance in the training of the enormous masses who constitute the grades between the very highest and the very lowest. It was all talk—talk and no result. I did long then to follow the example of a wee child, of whom the tradition goes, that being brought down after dessert, and hearing two rapid talkers pour forth their floods of words, she exclaimed—"Stop! stop! I 'ants to speak."'

'And you would have said—what?'

'A great deal that was very foolish, and very little to the purpose, I

have no doubt; and amongst my unknown deliverances I reckon that of never having been tempted in these days of woman's rights to speak in public. But I certainly should have put before the meeting that public instruction and public education are not identical; that it is the former upon which we are priding ourselves, and that in estimating its results we are likely to be too sanguine. And more than that, I should have urged that Church *instruction* must not be left to chance teaching, that it is part of the Church's mission, and, if for that reason alone, Church Public Day Schools are a necessity. And certainly, I should have added—what I fully believe—that the reverent, obedient, humble spirit which is the essential characteristic of the teaching of the Church when unmarred by party spirit, is the only antidote to the conceit, the love of excitement, and the worship of mere intellect, leading as that does so fatally to rationalism, which are the grievous temptations and the almost unavoidable adjuncts of large public schools for girls. A thoroughly earnest Churchwoman at the head of a great school, though it may be only a day-school, would, I believe, if left to work *freely*, especially as regards the choice of assistants, make her influence in a measure felt throughout the whole body.'

'And the Company's schools object to good Churchwomen,' said the Rector, quickly.

'No, indeed,' I answered. 'There is no objection made to any one on the score of religion. It is only required that there should be nothing which the world chooses to designate as sectarian. This limitation, I own, interferes with the Church spirit and tone I approve of, but I must accept it if I can get nothing better.'

The Rector shook his head. 'We have come round to the point from which we started,' he said. 'It is impossible for me to approve of halting between two opinions.'

'Then make your choice,' I replied. 'There is nothing I desire more earnestly if only you will act upon it.'

Mr. Malcolm rose, held out his hand as if to wish me good-bye, then paused and said—'Just tell me what steps you would take at this time if you were a man?'

'I would get up a private meeting of any friends who were Church people. I would have a clear statement drawn up of the commercial chances of a Church Day-school Company, and I would lay it before them; and if I could get their approval and the promise of support to a certain amount, I would go to the Bishop and urge him to come forward as Diocesan and support the undertaking. I would then make every inquiry as to the best place for starting such a school, avoiding, as I said before, any clashing with others, and I believe fully that in the course of a few months the work would be set on foot. A successful school in one place would lead to a similar one in another, and so we should, if not overtake the Company's schools, at least prevent them from occupying the whole ground.'

A warm shake of the hand was the only answer I received, and Mr. Malcolm walked slowly away.

He is not a man who will easily own himself convinced, but he is conscientious and fair-minded. He will think over what I have said, and if there is any truth in it he will ultimately acknowledge and act upon it. My ideas are, I know, very crude—doubtless there are a great many more difficulties in the way of establishing successful Church Day-schools than I have at all realised. But I have sown a seed, and so far I am satisfied. It may be worthless and die; or the plant which may spring from it may be different from that which I have pictured to myself. But all that I leave in God's Hands. The subject is one which has forced itself on my attention; and, like the Ancient Mariner, I was constrained to speak.*

(To be continued.)

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

POPINJAY PARLOUR.

'It is our melancholy duty to record the demise of James Barnes, Esq., which took place at his residence at Belforest Park, near Kenminster, on the 20th of December. The lamented gentleman had long been in failing health, and an attack of paralysis which took place on the 19th terminated fatally. The vast property which the deceased had accumulated, chiefly by steamboat and railway speculations in the West Indies, rendered him one of the richest proprietors in the county. We understand that the entire fortune is bequeathed solely to his grand-niece, Mrs. Caroline Otway Brownlow, widow of the late Joseph Brownlow, Esq., and at present resident in the Pagoda, Kenminster Hill. Her eldest son, Allen Brownlow, Esq., is being educated at Eton.'

That was the paragraph which David Ogilvie placed before the eyes of his sister in a newspaper lent to him in the train by a courteous fellow-traveller.

'Poor Caroline!' said Mary.

They said no more till the next day, when, after the English

* Since the above was written the scheme here advocated has been carried out, and a company has been formed for establishing, in London, a Church High School for Girls. The buildings are nearly ready, and the Rev. F. Holland, of Quebec Chapel, will be glad to give every information respecting the arrangements. Also we would mention the School at Holt, Sussex, founded by the late Sir Percy Burrell, for superior Middle Class Education. Information may be obtained by writing to the Chaplain or Lady Superintendent, Holt, Arundel, Sussex.

service at Florence, they were strolling together towards San Miniato, and feeling themselves entirely alone.

'I wonder whether this is true,' began Mary at last.

'Why not true?'

'I thought Mr. Barnes had threatened the boys that they should remember the Midas escapade.'

'It must have been only a threat. It could only lie between her and the Spanish child; and, if report be true, even the half would be an enormous fortune.'

'Will it be fortune or misfortune, I wonder.'

'At any rate, it puts an end to my chances of being of any service to her. Be it the half or the whole, she is equally beyond my reach.'

'As she was before.'

'Don't misinterpret me, Mary. I mean out of reach of helping her in any way. I was of little use to her before. I could not save little Armine from those brutal bullies, and never suspected the abuse that engulphed Bobus. I am not fit for a schoolmaster.'

'To tell the truth, I doubt whether you have enough high spirits or geniality.'

'That's the very thing! I can't get into the boys, or prevent their thinking me a Don. I had hoped there was improvement, but the revelations of this half-year have convinced me that I knew just nothing at all about it.'

'Have you thought what you will do?'

'As soon as I get home, I shall send in my notice of resignation at Midsummer. That will see out her last boy, if he stays even so long.'

'And then?'

'I shall go for a year to a theological college, and test my fitness to offer myself for Holy Orders.'

A look of satisfaction on his sister's part made him add, 'Perhaps you were disappointed that I was not ordained on my fellowship seven years ago.'

'Certainly I was; but I was in Russia, and I thought you knew best, so I said nothing.'

'You were right. You would only have heard what would have made you anxious. Not that there was much to alarm you, but it is not good for any one to be left so entirely without home-influences as I was all the time you spent abroad. I fell among a set of daring talkers, who thought themselves daring thinkers; and though the foundations were never disturbed with me, I was not disposed to bind myself more closely to what might not bear investigation, and I did not like the aspect of clerical squabbles on minutiæ. There was a tide against the life that carried me along with it, half from sound, half from unsound, motives, and I shrank from the restraint, outward and inward.'

'Very likely it was wise, and the best thing in the end. But what has brought you to it?'

'I hope not as the resource of a shelved schoolmaster.'

'Oh, no; you are not shelved. See how you have improved the school. Look at the numbers.'

'That is no test of my real influence over the boys. I teach them, I keep them in external order, but I do not get into them. The religious life is at a low ebb.'

'No wonder, with that vicar; but you have done your best.'

'Even if my attempts are a layman's best, they always get quenched by the cold water of the Rigby element. It is hard for boys to feel the reality of what is treated with such business-like indifference, and set forth so feebly, not to say absurdly.'

'I know. It is a terrible disadvantage.'

'Listening to Rigby, has, I must say, done a good deal to bring about my present intention.'

'By force of contradiction.'

'If that means of longing to be in his place and put the thing as it ought to be put.'

'It is a contradiction in which I most sincerely rejoice, David,' she said; 'one of the wishes of my heart fulfilled when I had given it up.'

'You do not know that it will be fulfilled.'

'I think it will, though you are right to take time, in case the decision should be partly due to disappointment.'

'If there can be disappointment where hope has never existed. But if a man finds he can't have his great good, it may make him look for the greater.'

Mary sighed a mute and thankful acquiescence.

'The worst of it is about you, Mary. It is throwing you over just as you were coming to make me a home.'

'Never mind, Davie. It is only deferred, and at any rate we can keep together till Midsummer. Then I can go out again for a year or two, and perhaps you will settle somewhere where the curate's sister could get a daily engagement.'

The next day they found the following letter at the post-office:—

'THE FOLLY, *Jan.* 3*rd.*

'MY DEAR MARY,—I suppose you may have attained the blessed realms that lie beyond the borders of Gossip, and may not have heard the nine days' wonder that Belforest had descended on the Folly, and that poor old Mr. Barnes has left his whole property to me. My dear, it would be something awful even if he had done his duty and halved it between Elvira and me, and he has ingeniously tied it up with trustees so as to make restitution impossible. As it is, my income will be not less than £40,000 a year, and when divided among the children they will all be richer than perhaps is good for them.

'And now, my dear old dragon, will you come and keep me in order under the title of governess to Barbara and Elvira? For, of course, the child will go on living with us, and will have it made up to her as far as possible. You know that I shall do all manner of foolish things, but I think they will be

rather fewer if you will only come and take me in hand. My trustees are the Colonel and an old solicitor, and will both look after the estate, but as for the rest, all that the Colonel can say is, that it is a frightful responsibility, and her Serene Highness is awe-struck. I could not have conceived that such a thing could have made so much difference in so really good a woman. Now I don't think you will be subject to gold dust in the eyes, and, I believe, you will still see the same little wild goose, or stormy petrel, that you used to bully at Bath, and will be even more willing to perform the process. As I should have begun by saying, on the very first evening Babie showed her sense by proposing you as governess, and you were unanimously elected in full and free parliament. It really was the child's own thought and proposal, and what I meant is to have those two children made wiser and better than I can make them, as well as that you should be the dear comrade and friend I need more than ever. You will see more of your brother than you could otherwise, for Belforest will be our chief home, and I need not say how welcome he will always be there. It is not habitable at present, so I mean to stay on in the Folly till Easter, and then give Janet the London lectures and classes she has been raving for these two years, and take Jessie also for music lessons, if she can be spared.

'I'm afraid it is a come down for a finisher like you to condescend to my little Babie, but she is really worth teaching, and I would say, make your own terms, but that I am afraid you would not ask enough. Please let it be £150, there's a good Mary! I think you would come if you knew what a relief it would be. Ever since that terrible August, two years and a half ago, I have felt as if I were drifting in an endless mist, with all the children depending on me, and nobody to take my hand and lead me. You are one of the straws I grasp at. Not very complimentary after all, but when I thought of the strong, warm, guiding hands that are gone, I could not put it otherwise. Do, Mary, come, I do need you so.

'Your affectionate,
'C. O. BROWNLOW.'

'May I see it?' asked David.

'If you will; but I don't think it will do you any good. My poor Carey!'

'Few women would have written such a letter in all the first flush of wealth.'

'No; there's great sweetness and humility and generosity in it, dear child.'

'It changes the face of affairs.'

'I'm engaged to you.'

'Nonsense! As if that would stand in the way. Besides, she will be at Kenminster till Easter. You are not hesitating, Mary?'

'I don't think I am, and yet I believe I ought to do so.'

'You are not imagining that I——'

'I was not thinking of you; but I am not certain that it would not be better for our old friendship if I did not accept the part poor Carey proposes to me. I might make myself more disagreeable than could be endured by forty thousand a year.'

'You do yourself and her equal injustice.'

'I shall settle nothing till I have seen her.'

'Then you will be fixed,' he said, in a tone of conviction.

So she expected, though believing that it would be the ruin of her pleasant old friendship. Her nineteen years of governess-ship had shown her more of the shady side of high life than was known to her

brother or her friend. She knew that whatever the owner may be at the outset, it is the tendency of wealth and power to lead to arbitrariness and impatience of contradiction and censure, and to exact approval and adulation. Even if Caroline Brownlow's own nature should, at five-and-thirty, be too much confirmed in sweetness and generosity to succumb to such temptation, her children would only too probably resent any counter influence, and set themselves against their mother's friend, and guide, under the title of governess. Moreover, Mary was too clear-sighted not to feel that there was a lack in the Brownlow household of what alone could give her confidence in the charming qualities of its mistress. Yet she knew that her brother would never forgive her for refusing, and that she should hardly forgive herself for following—not so much her better, as her more prudent, judgment. For she was infinitely touched and attracted by that warm-hearted letter, and could not bear to meet it with a refusal. She hoped, for a time at least, to be a comfort, and to make suggestions, with some chance of being attended to. Such aid seemed due from the old friendship at whatever peril thereto, and she would leave her final answer till she should see whether her friend's letter had been written only on the impulse of the moment, and half retracted immediately after.

The brother and sister crossed the Channel at night, and arrived at Kenminster at noon, on a miserably wet day. At the station they were met by Jock and a little yellow dog. His salutation, as he capped his master, was—

'Please, mother sent me up to see if you were come by this train, because if you'd come to early dinner, she would be glad, because there's a builder or somebody coming with Uncle Robert about the repairs afterwards. Mother sent the carriage because of the rain. I say, isn't it jolly cats and dogs?'

Mary was an old traveller, who could sleep anywhere, and had made her toilet on landing, so as to be fresh and ready; but David was yellow and languid enough to add force to his virtuous resolution to take no advantage of the invitation, but leave his sister to settle her affairs her own way, thinking perhaps she might trust his future discretion the more for his present abstinence, so he went off in the omnibus. Jock, with the unfailing courtesy of the Brood, handed Miss Ogilvie into a large closed waggonet, explaining, 'We have this for the present, and a couple of job horses; but Uncle Robert is looking out for some real good ones, and ponies for all of us. I am going over with him to Woolmarston to-morrow to try some.'

It was said rather magnificently, and Mary answered, 'You must be glad to get back into the Belforest grounds.'

'Ain't we? It was just in time for the skating,' said Jock. 'Only the worst of it is, everybody will come to the lake, and so mother won't learn to skate. We thought we had found a jolly little place

in the wood, where we could have had some fun with her, but they found it out, though we hallooed as loud as ever we could to keep them off.'

'Can your mother skate?'

'No; you see she never had a chance at home. Father was so busy, and we were so little; but she'd learn. Mother Carey can learn anything, if one could hinder her Serene Highness from pitching into her. I say, Miss Ogilvie, you'll give her leave to skate, won't you?' he asked, in an insinuating tone.

'I give her leave!'

'She always says she'll ask you when we want her to be jolly and not mind her Serene Highness.'

Mary avoided pledging herself, and Jock's attention was diverted to the dog, who was rising on his hind legs, vainly trying to look out of the window; and his history, told with great gusto by Jock, lasted till they reached home.

The drawing-room was full of girls about their lessons as usual —sums, exercises, music, and grammar all going on at once; but Caroline put an end to them, and sent the Kenscroft party home at once in the carriage.

'So you have not dropped the old trade?' said Mary.

'I couldn't. Ellen is not strong enough yet to have all the children on her hands all day. I said I'd be responsible for them till Easter, and I dare say you won't mind helping me through it as the beginning of everything. Will you condescend? You know I want to be your pupil too.'

'You can be no one's pupil but your own, my dear; no one's on earth, I mean.'

'Oh, don't; I know that, Mary. I'm trying and trying to be *their* pupil still. Indeed I am! It makes me patient of Robert, and his fearful responsibility, and his good little sister, to know that my husband always thought him right, and meant him to look after me. But as one lives on, those dear voices seem to get farther and farther away, as if one was drifting more out of reach in the fog. I do hate myself for it, but I can't help it.'

'Is there not a voice that can never go out of reach, and that brings you nearer to them?'

'Your dear old Piety, Prudence, and Charity all in one! That is if you have the charity to come and infuse a little of your piety and prudence into me. You know you could always make me mind you, and you'll make me—what is it that Mrs. Coffinkey says?—a credit to my position before you've done. I've had your room got ready; won't you come and take off your things?'

'I think, if you don't object, I had better sleep at the schoolhouse, and come up here after David's breakfast.'

'Very well; I won't try to rob him of you more than can be helped.

Though you know he would be welcome here every evening if he liked.'

'Thank you very much, but I can help him more at home; but I'll come for the whole day, for I am sure you must have a great deal on your hands.'

'Well! I've almost as many classes as pupils, and then there are so many interruptions. The colonel is always bringing something to be signed, and then people will come and offer themselves, though I'm sure I never asked them. Yesterday there was a stupendous butler and house-steward who could also act as courier, and would do himself the honour of arranging my household in a truly ducal style. Just as I got rid of him, came a man with a future history of the landed gentry in quest of my coat of arms and genealogy, also three wine merchants, a landscape gardener, and a woman with a pitcher of gold fish. Emma is so soft she thinks everybody is a gentleman. I am trying to get the good old man-servant we had in our old home to come and defend me; not that he is old, for he was a boy whom Joe trained. Oh, Mary, the bewilderment of it!' and she pushed back the little stray curly rings of hair on her forehead, while a peal at the bell was heard and a card was brought it. 'Oh! Emma! don't bring me any more! Is it a gentleman?'

'Y—es, ma'am. Leastways it is a clergyman.'

The clergyman turned out to be a Dissenting minister seeking subscriptions, and he was sent off with a sovereign.

'I know it was very weak,' she said; 'but it was the only way to stop his mouth, and I must have time to talk to you, so don't begin your mission by scolding me.'

Terms were settled; Mary would remain at the schoolhouse, but daily come to the Pagoda till the removal to London, when her residence was to begin in earnest.

She took up her line from the first as governess, dropping her friend's Christian name, and causing her pupils to address herself as Miss Ogilvie, a formality which was evidently approved by Mrs. Robert Brownlow, and likewise by Janet.

That young lady was wonderfully improved by prosperity. She had lost her caustic manner and air of defiance, so that her cleverness and originality made her amusing instead of disagreeable. She piqued herself on taking her good fortune sensibly, and, though fully seventeen, professed not to know or care whether she was out or not, but threw herself into hard study, with a view to her classes, and gladly availed herself of Miss Ogilvie's knowledge of foreign languages.

Mrs. Coffinkey supposed that she would be presented at court with her dear mamma; but she laughed at courts and ceremonies, and her mother said that the first presentation in the family would be of Allen's wife when he was a member of parliament. But Janet was no longer at war with Kenminster. She laughed good-humouredly now, and

was not always struggling for self-assertion, now that the humiliations of going about as the poor, plain cousin of the pretty Miss Brownlow were over. Now that she was the rich Miss Brownlow, she was not likely to feel that she was the plain one.

The sense of exile was over when the house in London was taken, and so Janet could afford to be kind to Kenminster; and she was like the Janet of old times, without her slough of captious disdain. Even then there was a sense that the girl was not fathomed; she never seemed to pour out her inner self, but only to talk from the surface, and certainly not to have any full confidence with her mother. Nay, rather to hold her cheap.

Mary Ogilvie detected this disloyal spirit, and was at a loss whether to ascribe it to modern hatred of control, to the fact that Caroline had been in her old home more like the favourite child than the mother, or to her own eager naturalness of demeanour, and total lack of assumption. She was anything but weak, yet she could not be dignified, and was quite ready to laugh at herself with her children. Janet could hardly be overawed by a mother who had been challenged by her own gamekeeper creeping down a ditch, with the two Johns, to see a wild duck on her nest, her hat half off, and her hair disordered by the bushes.

The 'Folly' laughed till its sides ached at the adventure, and Caroline asked Mary if she were not longing to scold her.

'No, I think you will soon grow more cautious about getting into ridiculous positions.'

'Isn't laughing a wholesome pastime?'

'Not when it is at those who ought to be looked up to.'

'Oh! I'm not made to be looked up to. I'm not going to be a hero to my *valet de chambre*, or to anybody else, my dear, if that's what you want of me!'

Mary secretly hoped that a little more dignity would come in the London life, and was relieved when the time came for the move. The new abode was a charming house, with the park behind it, and the space between nearly all glass. Great ferns, tall citrons, fragrant shrubs, brilliant flowers, grew there; a stone-lined pool, with water-lilies above, gold-fish below, and a cool, sparkling, babbling fountain in the middle. There was an open space round it, with low chairs and tables, and the parrot on her perch. Indeed, Popinjay Parlour was the family title of this delightful abode; but it might almost as well have been called Mother Carey's bower. Here, after an audience with the housekeeper, who was even more overpowering then her Serene Highness, would Caroline retreat to write notes, keep accounts, and hear Armine's lessons, secure before luncheon from all unnecessary interruption; and here was her special afternoon and evening court.

This first summer she was free to take her own course as to society, for Janet cared for the Cambridge examination far more than for

gaiety, and thus she had no call, and no heart for 'going out,' even if she had as yet been more known. Some morning calls were exchanged, but she sent refusals on mourning cards to invitations to evening parties, though she took her young people to plays, concerts, and operas, and all that was pleasant. Her young people included Jessie. Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow made her a visit as soon as she was settled, and were so much edified by the absence of display and extravagance, that they did not scruple to trust their daughter to her for the long-desired music-lessons.

Caroline had indeed made no attempt to win her way into the great world; but she had brought together as much as possible of the old society of her former home. On two evenings in the week, the *habitués* of Joe Brownlow's house were secure of finding her either in the drawing-room or conservatory; beautiful things, and new books and papers on the tables, good music on the piano, sometimes acted charades, or paper games, according to the humour or taste of the party. If she had been a beautiful duchess, Popinjay Parlour would have been a sort of *salon bleu;* but it was really a kind of paradise to a good many clever, hardworked men and women. Those of the upper world, such as Kenminster county folks, old acquaintances of husband, or natural adherents of Midas, who found their way to these receptions, either thought them odd but charming, or else regretted that Mrs. Brownlow should get such queer people together, and turn Hyde Corner House into another Folly.

Mary Ogilvie enjoyed, but not without misgivings. It was delightful, and yet, what with Joe Brownlow and his mother, might be guarded, might become less safe with no leader older or of more weight than Carey, who might be carried along by what they would have checked. The older and more intimate friends always acted as a wholesome restraint; but when they were not present there was sometimes a tone that jarred on the reverent ear, or dealt with life and its mysteries in a sneering, mocking style. This was chiefly among newcomers, introduced by former acquaintances, and it never went far; but Mary was distressed by seeing Janet's relish for such conversation. Nita Ray was the chief female offender in this way, and this was the more unfortunate as Sunday was her only free day.

Those Sundays vexed Mary's secret soul. No one interfered with her way of spending them; but that was the very cause of misgiving. Everybody went to Church in the morning, but just where and as they pleased, meeting at luncheon, with odd anecdotes of their adventures, and criticisms of music or of sermons. It was an easy-going meal, lasting long, and haunted by many acquaintances, for whose sake the table was always at its full length, and spread with varieties of delicacies that would endure waiting.

People dropped in, helped themselves, ate and drank, and then adjourned to Popinjay Parlour, where the afternoon was spent in an

easy-going, loitering way, more like a foreign than an English Sunday. Miss Ogilvie used to go to the Litany at one of the Churches near; Armine always came with her, and often brought Babie, and Jessie came too, as soon as that good girl had swallowed the fact that the Litany could stand alone.

Janet was apt to be walking with Nita, or else in some eager and amusing conversation in the conservatory; and as to Elvira, she was the prettiest, most amusing plaything that Mrs. Brownlow's house afforded, a great favourite, and a continual study to the artist friends. Mary used to find her chattering, coquetting, and romping on coming in to the afternoon tea, she herself would fain have missed; but that her absence gave pain and as much offence as one so kind as Mrs. Brownlow could take.

Carey argued that most of her guests were people who seldom had leisure to enjoy rest, conversation, and variety of pretty things, and that it would be mere Puritan crabbedness to deny them the pleasures of Popinjay Parlour on the only day they could be happy there. It was not easy to answer the argument, though the strong feeling remained that it was not keeping Sunday as the true Lord's Day. While abstinence from such enjoyments created mere negative dulness, there must be something wrong.

Otherwise, Mary was on the happiest terms, made her own laws and duties, and was treated like a sister by Caroline, while the children were heartily fond of her, all except Elvira, who made a fierce struggle against her authority, and then finding that it was all in vain, conformed as far as her innate idleness and excitability permitted.

She behaved better to Miss Ogilvie than to Janet, with whom she kept up a perpetual petty warfare, sometimes Mary thought with the pertinacity of a spiteful elf, making a noise when Janet wanted quiet, losing no opportunity of upsetting her books or papers, and laughing boisterously at any little mishap that befell her. The only reason she ever gave when pushed hard, was that 'Janet was so ugly, she could not help it,' a reason so utterly ridiculous, that there was no going any further.

Janet, on the whole, behaved much better under the annoyance than could have been expected. She entered enough into the state of affairs to see that the troublesome child could hardly be expelled, and she was too happy and too much amused to care much about the annoyance. There was magnanimity enough about her not to mind midge-bites, and certainly this summer was exceptionally delightful with all the pleasures of wealth, and very few of its drawbacks.

By the time the holidays were coming round, Belforest was not half habitable, and they had to return to the Pagoda. A tenant had been found for it, and such of the old furniture as was too precious to be parted with, was to be removed to Belforest. Things were sufficiently advanced there for the rooms to be chosen, and orders given as to the

decoration and furniture, and then, gathering up her sons, Caroline meant to start for the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. Old nurse was settled in a small pair of rooms, with Emma to wait on her, and promises from Jessie to attend to her comforts; but the old woman had failed so much in their absence, and had fretted so much after 'Mrs. Joseph' and the children, that it was hard to leave her again.

Everything that good taste and wealth could do to make a place delightful was at work. The 'butcher's shop' was relegated to a dim corner of the gallery, and its place supplied from the brushes of the artists whom Caroline viewed with loving respect; the drawing-room was renovated, a forlorn old library resuscitated into vigorous life, a museum fitted with shelves, drawers, and glass cases which Caroline said would be as dangerous to the vigorous spirit of natural history as new clothes to a Brownie, and a billiard and gun room were ceded to the representations of Allen, who comported himself as befitted the son and heir.

Caroline would not part with her room-mate, little Barbara, and was to have for herself a charming bed-room and dressing-room, with a balcony and parapet overlooking the garden and park, and a tiny room besides for Babie, to call her own.

Janet chose the apartments which had been Mr. Barnes's, and being in the oldest part of the house, and wainscoted with dark oak, she could take possession of at once. There was one room down stairs with very ugly caryatides, supporting the wooden mantelpiece, and dividing the panels, one of which had a secret door leading by an odd little stair to the bed-room above—that in which Mr. Barnes had died.

It had of course another door opening into the corridor, and it was on these rooms that Janet set her affections. To the general surprise, Elvira declared that this was the very room she had chosen, with the red velvet curtains and gold crown, the day they went over the house, and that Mother Carey had promised it to her, and she *would* have it.

No one could remember any such promise, and the curtains of crimson moreen did not answer Elfie's description; but she would not be denied, and actually put all her possessions into the room.

Janet, without a word, quietly turned them out into the passage, and Elfie flew into one of those furious kicking and screaming passions which always ended in her being sent to bed. Caroline felt quite shaken by it, but stood firm, though, as she said, it went to her heart to deny the child who ought to have had equal shares with herself, and she would have been thankful if Janet would have given way.

Of this, however, Janet had no thoughts, strong in the conviction that the child could not make the same reasonable use of the fittings of the room as she could herself, and by no means disposed not 'to seek her own.'

She had numerous papers, notes of lectures, returned essays from her society, and the like to dispose of, and she rejoiced in placing them

in the compartments of the great bureau, in the lower room. The lawyers had cleared all before her, and the space was delightful. All personals must have been carried off by the servants as perquisites, for she found no traces of the former occupant till she came to a little bed-side table. The drawer was not locked, but did not open without difficulty, being choked with notes and letters in envelopes, directed to J. Barnes, Esquire. This perhaps accounted for the drawer not having been observed and emptied. Janet shook the contents out into a basket, and was going to take them to her uncle, but thought it could do no harm first to see whether there were anything curious or interesting in them.

Several were receipted bills; but then she came to her mother's handwriting, and read her conciliatory note, which whetted her curiosity; and looking further she got some amusement out of the polite notes and offers of service, claims to old family friendship, and congratulations which had greeted Mr. Barnes, and he had treated with grim disregard.

Presently, thrust into an envelope with another letter, and written on a piece of note-paper, was something that made her start as if at the sting of a viper. No! it could not be a will! She knew what wills were like. They were sheets of foolscap, written by lawyers, while this was only an old man's cramped and crooked writing. Perhaps, when he was in a rage, he had so far carried out his threat, that Allen should remember King Midas as to make a rough draft of a will, leaving everything to Elvira de Menella, for there was the date, plainly visible, the very April when the confession had been made. But he had never carried out his purpose so far as to get it legally drawn out and attested. As Mr. Richards had said, he had never been in health to take any active measures, and probably he had rested satisfied with this relief to his feelings.

Should she show it to her mother and uncle, and let them know their narrow escape? No. Mother Carey and Allen made quite fuss enough already about that little vixen, and if they discovered how nearly she had been the sole heiress, they would be far worse. Besides, her mother might have misgivings, as to this unhappy document being morally, though not legally, binding. Suppose she were seized with a fit of generosity, and gave all up! or even half. Elfie, the little shrew, to have equal rights! The sweets of wealth only just tasted to be resigned, and the child, overweening enough already, to be set in their newly-gained place!

The sagacity of seventeen, decided that mother had better not be worried about it for her own sake, and that of every one else. So what was to be done. No means of burning it were at hand, and to ask for them might excite suspicion. The safest way was to place it in one of the drawers of the bureau, lock it up, and keep the key.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STEADFAST PRINCE.

'Still to abide 'mid failing hearts high-hearted.'

THE two Infantes occupied a tent in the centre of the Portuguese camp, and when their messengers returned they came out to the front of it, and, surrounded by their chief officers, prepared to receive the Moorish delegates who had come to offer them terms of surrender. The wounded had been cared for as well as circumstances admitted, and an attempt had been made to draw up the poor remnant of the troops in good order, so as not to produce an impression of utter defeat. But nothing could alter the dejected countenances and downcast air of the beaten army; the very banners hung listless in the still air of evening, and many a wistful look was cast at the blue sea, so near yet so unapproachable, beyond which lay Portugal and home.

Life had never held so bitter a moment for Enrique of Portugal as when he stood there to receive and not to dictate terms of surrender; and from an enemy whom he regarded with a mixture of contempt and hatred. He was, however, perfectly calm and impassive, not losing the advantage that his splendid presence gave him, and prepared to accede to the demand for a heavy ransom before he and his army were allowed to depart.

Fernando stood beside him, disappointment and self-reproach put aside for the present, he showed himself an equally worthy representative of the honour of Portugal.

The Moorish envoys were exceedingly courteous, and began their interview with many compliments on the valour of their illustrious foes.

Enrique replied, very briefly, that the fortune of war being against them, they must leave it to the King of Fez to name their ransom.

And then, still wrapped in courteous phrases, came the ultimatum. The town of Ceuta must be restored to its former owners, and to insure this one of the Infantes, with a certain number of nobles, must remain as a hostage in the hands of the King of Fez.

'The King of Portugal,' said Enrique, 'will be prepared for the payment of any money ransom the King of Fez may demand.'

'The town of Ceuta,' said the chief officer of the Moors, 'is the price of your liberty. Otherwise your troops must be put to the sword, and you and your chief nobles retained as prisoners at the king's pleasure.'

'The King of Fez,' said Fernando, 'has a right to impose conditions. I offer myself as the hostage he demands.'

'Fernando—no!' cried Enrique, suddenly losing his self-contained manner, and laying his hand on Fernando.

'The noble Infante,' said the Moorish envoy, 'need have no fears. He and his companions will be treated as the guests of the king, and will be released immediately that Ceuta is in the hands of my master.'

Fernando smiled. 'I have no fears,' he said, quietly.

'And doubtless,' said the Moor, 'the King of Portugal will see that it is consistent with his honour to release his noble brother without delay.'

'The King of Portugal,' said Fernando, 'will act as becomes an honourable and a Christian king.'

'I do not consent—I do not consent!' said Enrique, in such agitation that Fernando said—

'We will crave leave to withdraw, and to discuss this matter first with each other and then with our nobles.'

So saying, he moved back into the tent, followed by Enrique, who threw himself into a seat, covering his face.

'I—it must be I,' he said. 'I will not leave you. How can I look Duarte in the face?'

'But I could not undertake the command of the troops alone,' said Fernando; 'and besides, we will not give them *more* than they ask.'

Enrique still seemed unconvinced; Fernando sat down beside him and spoke earnestly.

'Look you, Enrique. My self-willed longing to give my life to the cause of Christendom has brought this on us. "Behold! to obey is better than to sacrifice;" but I heeded neither Duarte's wish nor the Pope's will, nor our other brothers' opinion. It is fitting therefore that I should bear the brunt of failure.'

'To demand Ceuta,' cried Enrique; 'Ceuta, our one conquest from the realms of darkness! Alas, alas! that we—that *I* should have lost Ceuta to Christendom!'

'That,' said Fernando, very low and tenderly, 'will not be for *your* decision.'

Enrique started, and looked up in his face. Fernando took him by both hands and smiled with wonderful sweetness, while he said—

'When we *took* Ceuta, my Enrique, and all my joy was gone at the fear of your death, you bade me remember that we would both have given our lives for it in the battle. *I* bid you think of that now.'

Enrique bent his head down on his brother's hands and groaned aloud.

'How can I face Duarte—what can I say to him?' he repeated.

'Tell him,' said Fernando, 'to remember that both he and I are Christian princes, soldiers of the Cross of Christ. And give him my—my love.' Here he faltered for a moment; then, recovering himself, said, firmly—

'We delay too long. Let us consult with the officers. I cannot, I suppose, remain here alone.'

Enrique seemed quite unable to recover himself, and Fernando was forced to take the lead in the discussion that followed. There were no lack of volunteers to share in his self-devotion, nor indeed was there any particular reason to shrink from a temporary detention in an enemy's country. Several nobles of sufficient station to satisfy the requirements of the Moors were selected, and Father José resolved on accompanying his beloved prince; and this fact a little comforted Enrique, and enabled him once more to meet the Moorish envoys, and to announce to them that he had resolved on accepting the terms proposed, and that his brother, with twelve companions, would remain behind as hostages for the restitution of the town of Ceuta, he himself and the rest of the army being allowed to depart unharmed.

Moussa Ben Hadad, the Moorish envoy, was courtesy itself. El Señor Dom Fernando, Infante of Portugal and Grand Master of Avis, would be the guest of his king, who would be honoured by his presence, and would do his best to make his stay agreeable, short as it would be. He would be allowed free communication by letter with Portugal. A document was prepared and signed by Moussa Ben Hadad and by the two Infantes, to the effect that Fernando was to remain a prisoner until such time as Ceuta should be given up.

Alvarez and Harry Hartsed both entreated to remain with him; but he refused steadily, saying that their rank was not sufficient for hostages, and that no unnecessary force should be wasted. Sir Walter Northberry was among the wounded.

All was prepared for the start during the night, and with the first dawn of day the defeated Christians began their retreat, in good order and with banners flying. They had no need to eat their hearts out with mortification and wounded pride, as they noticed the innumerable ranks of the foes between whom their own small force took its way to the beach. Self-reproach and shame was for the leaders, who had so misjudged and mismanaged; and Enrique felt as if the weight bowed him to the earth.

The time for parting came, and the two brothers were alone. It might seem but a formal parting for a short time, but upon them both lay the weight of a conviction which each was too tender to the other to put into words. But the sympathy between them was too deep and keen for any doubt as to the other's opinion. Fernando laid his hands on Enrique's shoulders and looked full into his face.

'You are my other self, and you know my heart by your own,' he said. 'Courage! for we shall not part for ever.'

Enrique dared not give way. He took Fernando's hand, and together they went out to the front of the tent—the last one remaining of the little camp—where Enrique's suite were ready mounted on the one side, and the escort of Moors awaited Fernando on the other.

The brothers embraced each other in silence; Fernando mounted his horse and bowed to the knights and nobles standing round. In

the light of the summer morning, with the new sun shining on the red cross on his breast and on his steadfast, smiling eyes, Enrique beheld him; then, mounting his horse, he rode away, and left this well-beloved brother behind.

CHAPTER XV.

A BURNING QUESTION.

'To do a great right, do a little wrong.'

THE ill-fated expedition had not long set sail before the king discovered its insufficient numbers, and in all haste he ordered Dom Joao to equip himself and follow his brothers to Ceuta. Joao, to do him justice, was perfectly ready to do so, and in a very short time set sail with a fair number of troops, hoping to join them before they could leave Ceuta, and, had they waited for a reinforcement, all might have been well.

He had not calculated on their over-haste. The vessel bearing the fatal news crossed him on the way; and when he arrived at Ceuta he was greeted with the story of the defeat of the army, of the detention of Fernando, and of the serious illness of Enrique, who, completely overcome by mortification and anguish of heart, had fainted on reaching his ship, and had been carried on shore at Ceuta, unable to exert himself further. All was in confusion; but Dom Joao wasted no time in reproaches or regrets; but after giving a few necessary orders, and encouraging the troops to look for better times, he went at once to his brother's lodging.

Enrique was recovering a little from the violence of the fever that had seized on him, and was dressed and lying on a couch; but when he saw his brother he rose up, weak as he was, and threw himself on his knees before him, covering his face.

'Alas, my brother! how can I look on you?' he cried. 'I have been the worst enemy of my country and of the Church and of my most dear brothers!'

'It has all gone very ill,' said Joao. 'We must seek for a remedy. Rise up, my brother; you shame me. This from you to me!'

'Ah, could I but find a harder penance!' sighed Enrique; but he allowed Joao to help him back to his couch, and began to tell him how it had all chanced, and to ask what had brought him there in such good time.

'Duarte has troubled much about Fernando,' said Joao; 'how was it with him when you left him?'

But the attempt to speak of Fernando threw Enrique into such an agony of weeping that Joao was obliged to cease questioning him, beginning to perceive how terrible must have been the experience that had thus prostrated one of such resolute will and power of endurance.

'Courage!' he said; 'a better day must dawn. Fernando will soon be restored to us; and though we yield Ceuta nominally, it shall go hard but we will soon win it back again. For that object a war will cause no difference of opinion.'

Enrique made no answer. He lay silent for some moments, then turned and looked up at his brother.

'We were eating our horses before we yielded, and there was no water, and no hope. That must soon have killed him and all the poor fellows whom we have led to ruin.'

'You would have been fools to hold out,' said Joao, bluntly. 'But what is to be done now? Here am I, with six thousand at my back ——.'

'Here? Fresh troops?' cried Enrique, starting into animation. 'Then what is to hinder one more effort? Let us go back to Tangier, and win it, or die!'

'But the treaty?' said Joao.

'The treaty! That does but hold Fernando fast. We gave no pledge not to continue the war on another footing. And they harassed our rear enough as we retreated to show how far they care to keep their word. I am another man, now you give me hope.'

Joao was not altogether averse to the proposal, and Enrique, with reviving spirits, recovered his natural ascendency; and arrangements were made for Joao to return home with the sick and wounded, while Enrique, with the fresh troops, marched again on Tangier. No second brother, he said, should be thus risked. His first care, however, was to put Ceuta into a complete state of defence; and while he was thus engaged came first the news that the fleet which he had sent home immediately after the retreat from Tangier had met with a violent storm and been wrecked on the coast of Andalusia, where the Castilians had showed great kindness to the distressed sailors. Next arrived a peremptory despatch from the king, ordering both his brothers to return at once, and to make no further effort to continue the war for the present. Enrique was bitterly disappointed, though he felt that he could not wonder at the king's doubt of his judgment.

'I cannot look him in the face,' he said; 'I cannot see his grief. Go you to Lisbon, and I will hide myself in Sagres, and pray for pardon.'

The king convoked the States-General of Portugal, and a great council was held to decide on the next step. The Pope was again written to for his opinion, and the discussion began with all the ardour and heat attending a question where good men see, strongly, different sides of the right. For Duarte himself it was a time of agonising doubt. His peculiar tenderness for Fernando made the thought of his loneliness and suffering, of his possible hardships and of the loss of his daily presence, haunt him by night and day. Every feeling of his heart urged him to give up the city and win this beloved

brother back. But then, he looked on himself but as the steward who must give an account of his kingdom. Ceuta, Portugal itself, were not his to yield. What right had he to give back one acre of Christian land to the realm of darkness—to let the consecrated soil be profaned once more by the accursed faith of Mahomet? What life, what love, was too precious to be sacrificed to save the souls of the Christians of Ceuta? This was one side of the question; and perhaps it is hardly possible in these days to realise how powerful this obligation seemed to such a prince as Duarte. On the other hand, it was urged that it was a foul shame to grudge any fortress, however valuable, for the life of a prince of Portugal, who had voluntarily offered himself, trusting in the honour of his country, and also that, after all, they had given their word to cede Ceuta, and were bound to redeem it, even to an infidel power. These were the nobler views on either side. Of course the party who contended for the retention of Ceuta contained many who cared nothing for the religious question, but who declared openly that the great sea-port was worth far more to the state than the precarious life of a prince who had never been able to make himself prominent or useful, while many of those who wished to yield it cared little for Fernando, and less for the pledge, but were only anxious to avoid the expense of a war.

But between the right on either side Duarte's scrupulous conscience wavered with agonising uncertainty; though with his deep love for his brother, and his instinctive preference for the simpler, more immediate duty, he inclined somewhat to the view of yielding the city. Pedro and Joao spoke in the council with no uncertain sound. A treaty should be kept, they said, and their dear brother's life saved at all costs. No sacrifice could be too great to make. Then let them go to war with every resource at their command, and win Ceuta back, and Tangier, too. Their words had great weight; but the Archbishop of Braga, a powerful ecclesiastic, spoke on the other side, all the other bishops agreeing with him, declaring that one man's life must not be considered in comparison with a whole city.

The Pope's letter came in support of this view, The war had been undertaken in defiance of his wishes, and had led to an unhappy result. Certainly Christian land must not be given up to an infidel power; but he offered the much-desired Bull of Crusade, and recommended Duarte to go to war to deliver his brother. All this time Enrique had remained at Sagres and made no sign, only trusting that the matter might be settled without his intervention. But now, Duarte wrote, summoning him to Lisbon, assuring him of his forgiveness and affection, and desiring to hear his view of the question.

The time had gone by for the wild anguish with which Enrique had met Joao; but when he came into Duarte's presence, and kissed his hand, ten years might have passed over the heads of them both since they parted. Duarte's gentle cheerfulness had faded, and all the fire

had gone out of Enrique's great grey eyes, and his manner was subdued and spiritless.

Duarte made him sit beside him, and for a long time they were silent, holding each other by the hand. Then Enrique said—

'My brother, you can forgive?'

'We suffer together,' said Duarte. 'Enrique, you know what our brothers say in this matter, and the contrary opinion of the Pope. How does your conscience speak?'

Enrique's strong frame shook, as he answered—

'Were I the hostage, I could not so buy my freedom. Would that I were!'

Then Duarte took a letter from his bosom and put it into Enrique's hand. It contained a few lines from Fernando, speaking of his good health and kindly treatment, and begging for Duarte's forgiveness for the rashness that had risked so much. He sent messages of love to all his brothers, especially to Enrique, 'who granted me my heart's wish at the cost of his own judgment.' There was no single word as to his own return, or as to the cession of Ceuta, and Duarte said—

'This most precious letter was doubtless read by his jailors before he was permitted to send it, so that he could not freely speak his mind to us.'

Enrique kissed the letter, he seemed unable to speak, and Duarte said—

'I sent for you, since you and he were ever as one, so that your mind on this matter will be his.'

'So he said.'

'Yes, you wrote me his words,' said Duarte.

There was long silence, and at last the King spoke again.

'Grieve not so terribly, my brother, speak as your conscience urges. Alike we love him.'

'Alas, yes! Duarte, his one wish was to see those cities Christian. For that he longed to die. I *know*, he meant that you should hold fast by Ceuta. And we were bound to that service. Had he died by a Moslem sword, we must have given thanks for a blessed end. My life—*his* life must not be weighed in the balance with Christian souls. Remember our knighthood. We shame him, if for his sake we tear down the Cross our father raised, and see the Crescent glittering again on the cathedral of Ceuta. We dare not put our brethren before our God.'

Enrique's faltering voice strengthened, and the colour came back into his face as he spoke. The terrible anguish of this avowal had been faced and met; the bitter cross which he had helped to fashion taken on his shoulders. It had cost many a long hour of prayer and fasting before he had brought himself to the point of declaring the view that his inmost conscience had all along suggested, and even now he implored Duarte to spare him from the necessity of speaking of it in

the council. He could not change his mind; but if the States-General, if Duarte thought otherwise——'

'This was for me only,' said Duarte. 'No one shall question you. Alas! your silence might have told me your conviction. I seem to hear him speak through your lips.'

Pedro was less considerate than Duarte. He was indeed too generous to utter a word of reproach to Enrique for his former disregard of his opinion, and when, coming in to seek Duarte, he saw his changed looks, he greeted him with the utmost kindness; but the substance of the conversation could not be concealed from him, and he said, sarcastically—

'Well, your conscience may be at ease. There are many in the council beside you and the Archbishop of Braga, who think our poor Fernando's life worth less than a valuable fortress. He is sickly, they say, and of no use to the state, let him pine in exile, we will keep Ceuta safe while we have it.'

'Hush, my brother,' said Duarte with his gentle authority. 'Well you know that taunt is out of place.'

'I meant no taunt,' said Pedro; 'but it was one thing for Fernando to dream of crusading lying here on his couch, or even to lead an army to the attack, and quite another for him to suffer all the contumely which Moorish cruelty and spite can suggest, if we do not hold to our side of the bargain.'

'You speak as if we would leave him in their hands without an effort,' said Duarte. 'But, come, the Queen waits for supper for us. My Enrique, you will be a welcome guest.'

Enrique would fain have been spared the supper, though of course no one but his brothers had a right to question him on his views; but he knew that it was best that he and the King should be seen together, and came to the table, though he looked so white and sad that the Queen rallied him on his unsocial air.

Leonor disliked depression and dull times, and did not see why the cession of Ceuta should be made a burning question. Dom Pedro, on the other hand, disliked the Queen's frivolity, so he turned to Enrique and engaged him in a discussion of the latest calculations, by which his study of the stars was being reduced to a science useful to mariners; and that congenial topic brought a little brightness to Enrique's mournful face, for he and Pedro differed on some nice point, and in discussing it forgot for a brief moment the dreadful difference that really lay between them. But the responsibility that rested on his shoulders never passed from the King's mind. Others thought, argued, believed, but in the long run he must act.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD FRIENDS.

'But the blue fearless eyes in her fair face,
And her frank voice, showed her of English race.'

In the midst of all this turmoil and excitement Eleanor Northberry came back to Portugal. Suitable escorts were so rare that, one having offered itself, she was sent back without previous notice, and arrived just as her father had recovered from the wound received before Tangier, and while the question of the cession of Ceuta was still before the States-General.

She had grown into a most beautiful maiden, tall and straight, light of foot, and slender of limb, with a clear voice that spoke her mind without fear or favour; blue eyes, clear and bright as the morning; and a skin fair and rosy, such as had not been seen in Lisbon since the young days of Philippa of Lancaster. The arrival of the English beauty was like a ray of sunlight in the gloom of that time of suspense and sorrow; and to Harry Hartsed it dispersed the clouds altogether; for she greeted him heartily as fellow-countryman and friend. He lived, too, with Sir Walter Northberry since the break-up of Dom Fernando's household, so that they had many opportunities of intercourse, and Harry was envied, especially by Alvarez, who fell a victim to this new and lovely creature the first time that he beheld her.

Young hearts will be gay, and young lips will laugh, happily for the world, even in sad times; and Harry and Nella, a few days after her return, were enjoying a lively chat over their old recollections of pleasant Northberry.

'This central court, with its fountain, and those tall orange-trees, and the couch on which my father sits, is almost the only thing I can remember well. We stood there under the trees, I and Catalina, and the prince sat here, by my father, and gave us the little crosses, on the day we sailed.'

'Alas!' said Harry; 'when shall we see our beloved prince again?'

Nella did not know much of the matter in dispute, and decidedly inclined to the view of rescuing the good prince at all costs. She looked solemn for a moment, and then said,—

'Ah! there is no witch here to tell us what he is doing.'

'Do you believe in the witch still, Mistress Nell?' said Harry, slyly.

'No, sir; not since I went down to help my aunt give out the dole one day, and saw her eyes look out under old Goody Martin's hood. Doubtless she knew us all well, having been to the manor every week. Oh, you need not laugh; when I change my mind, I say so.'

'I wish there was another witch near Lisbon, whom you longed

secretly to consult about your sister,' said Harry, in an insinuating tone.

'Sir, when I wandered in the woods by moonlight, I was a silly little girl; now I am a woman, and wiser. Alack! I think I miss the dogs and the fresh breeze, and I know I miss my dear aunt and uncle. This old home is very new. I halt and stammer when my father speaks Portuguese. I am altogether an English girl.'

'There is no speech like English,' said Harry; 'I love it best.'

'Oh, you have grown to look quite like a foreigner,' said Nella, saucily. 'I am but a country maid, and your court is too solemn for me.'

There was an indescribably joyous sweetness in Nella's voice and manner that took from her gay retorts anything of boldness.

'See, Harry,' she continued. 'To-morrow I am to be presented to the queen; I practise my reverence every day.'

She came up to him as she spoke, making a low, sweeping curtsey.

'Rise, fair señorita,' said Harry; 'our poor court is honoured by such a guest.'

'Now—now, I know you are no longer an Englishman!' cried Nella. 'That speech was never learned in Devon!'

'Like a Portuguese, madam, I can talk; but I mean what I say like a true son of Devon.'

'I cannot believe in such perfection. You were never one to belie yourself with over-diffidence.'

'I leave that to my betters,' said Harry, with a bow.

'Oh, saucy boy!' cried Nella, laughing, then paused suddenly, as the gates were thrown back without, and her father entered, cap in hand, escorting an exceedingly tall and stately personage, with a sad but kindly face. Behind him came Alvarez; and the whole scene brought back strongly to Nella's mind the visit of Dom Fernando, years ago.

'My lord,' said Sir Walter, 'allow me to present to you my remaining daughter, Eleanor.'

Blushing, and with unwonted bashfulness, Nella curtsied timidly, in very different style from her mock reverence five minutes before.

'Welcome home, señorita,' said Dom Enrique, with a grave smile. 'You come at a sad time;' and then, as if he could hardly turn his thoughts from the matter in hand, he continued, addressing her father,—

'You know, Sir Walter, that the States-General have at length resolved to offer a heavy ransom for my dear brother, and, if this is refused, the Pope offers a Bull of Crusade, and we strain every nerve to free him by force of arms.'

'I am aware, my lord, that Ceuta is not to be ceded,' said Sir Walter, rather dryly.

'It has so been determined,' said Enrique, with a sigh; for well he

knew that the decision had been made on no such lofty motives as actuated himself. Most men had thought Ceuta too precious to be parted with, not because it was a Christian town, but because it was a strong fortress; and Enrique had the unspeakable pain of finding himself on the same side with men who cared nothing for his brother, and whose principles he despised.

'The king resolves,' he said, 'on the strictest economy, to make this possible. He has changed his mode of living, and cut off his few pleasures, for our brother's sake. He hopes that his nobility will follow his example.'

'The late king, my lord, was so generous to his nobles that they owe their utmost to his blessed memory.'

'Even so,' said Enrique. 'But now, Sir Walter. I came here to-day to speak with you of—of the foul treason that cut off our retreat, and made my brother's sacrifice necessary. That most accursed traitor and renegade, Brother Martin, has indeed disappeared; but it has been whispered that others—his friends and followers—knew of his intention, and that he had in some measure spread the poison of his apostasy among his followers and admirers. Think you this is so?'

Harry Hartsed, who had been standing apart with Alvarez, gave an indignant start, and coming forward, said, impetuously,—

'My lord, Brother Martin's preaching was ever in favour of the war. He never uttered a word of treason in my hearing, and I saw much of him. I do not believe that he was the traitor.'

'Softly, softly,' said Sir Walter. 'Master Harry, you speak too freely to the duke.'

'Pardon,' said Harry, doggedly; 'but I will speak for my friends when falsely accused.'

'The treason of Brother Martin,' said Enrique, 'has been proved by eye-witnesses. 'No Christian gentleman should call him his friend.'

'If I may speak,' said Alvarez, 'Señor Hartsed was much with Brother Martin, and in his councils.'

'What! You dare to say that he spoke treason to me?' cried Harry.

'Young gentlemen,' said the prince, in his tone of grave dignity, 'you forget yourselves. Sir'—to Harry—'you have given your opinion, and that is enough. Sir Walter, I must go, for I have much business on hand.'

Dom Enrique rose as he spoke, gave to Nella—who had retired to some distance—a courteous farewell, and went out, his look of sorrowful oppression never having given way during his visit. Alvarez followed him.

Sir Walter, when his guests had departed, turned back to Harry, and rebuked him sharply, both for daring to stand up for so foul a traitor as the renegade monk, and also for forgetting the respect due to the prince.

Harry took the reproof sullenly. His heart, too, was sore at the thought of his lost master. Brother Martin's passionate preaching had really stirred his emotions, and made him feel himself a true Crusader. He thought him unjustly accused, and was determined to defend him.

Alvarez, on the other hand, was filled with wrath at the very sound of his name, and the result was that the next time they met the two young men had a violent quarrel, in which Alvarez was passionate and Harry obstinate and sulky. They were silenced and rebuked by Sir Walter, who happened to overhear them; but they parted in mutual anger and hatred.

All was going wrong. The king suffered much in health from his sorrow and from the great labours which his endeavours to fill his empty exchequer cost him. Dom Enrique was unapproachable in his grief and pre-occupation; and the gentle Fernando, whose eyes and ears had ever been open to his followers' troubles, and who had managed to heal many a quarrel, was far away.

Into the midst of this sad society, where every one was full of mortification, sorrow, or anger, had come Nella Northberry, and her high spirits recoiled from it. She was sorry for the prince and angry at Brother Martin's treason, but she was not unhappy like the rest—only dull, and a little home-sick. She soon became aware of her power both over Harry and Alvarez, and her vanity was not quite proof against the flattery of the passionate homage of the young Portuguese. Her love of mischief prompted her to provoke her old companion by as much sauciness as was consistent with the etiquette which she was compelled to observe towards him; for the queen had placed her among her ladies-in-waiting. Nella hated court life, was too young and undeveloped constantly to keep herself in sympathy with the prevailing troubles, and, in short, she diverted herself by making her two admirers jealous of each other. Nella was young, gay, and unguarded; but she soon had cause to regret her first month in Lisbon.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISJUDGED.

'But whispering tongues may poison truth.'

Spite of sadness of heart and severe retrenchments, a certain number of court ceremonials were inevitable, particularly when the convocation of the States-General had filled Lisbon with the Portuguese nobility and great ecclesiastics.

Nella did not love pomp and state; she had been accustomed to a life of great freedom and simplicity, and, spite of some girlish pleasure in the handsome dresses provided for her by her father, she found it unspeakably wearisome to stand behind Queen Leonor for hours while

she held receptions. One of these took place as soon as the offer of a ransom for Dom Fernando had been decided on, and the whole company were full of the subject, discussing the wrongs and rights of it at every moment when speech was possible. But besides the main question, there was a strong undercurrent of suspicion and indignation against the supposed sharers of Brother Martin's treason. A great many people who had followed the apostate priest and had admired his preaching were loud in abuse of him, and repeated more than one saying which *now* appeared to them suspicious. Harry Hartsed, from a mixture of obstinacy and dislike to join in an outcry on an absent man who could not defend himself, declared that there was no proof against Brother Martin, and that he had always heard him express the most loyal sentiments. He was fresh from rather a sharp discussion on these points when the queen's movements made it possible to approach Nella, who looked very handsome, her fair skin set off by her green and silver dress, and her golden head towering above the other ladies. She smiled when she saw Harry, as if his presence was a pleasing variety.

'Well sir,' she said, in English, 'these court receptions may be mighty fine for you, who have your tongue free to talk, but I find it dull enough to stand speechless for hours.'

'Speak now, then, fair mistress,' said Harry, smiling; 'and let me catch your words as they fall. Or would you prefer to listen while I tell you that I have but lived through the hours till I could reach your side?'

'No,' said Nella, pouting. 'Why, have you grown into a courtier too?'

'And do you really wish yourself back again at Northberry?'

'Ay, that I do! Indeed, Harry,' said Nella, with a sudden change to earnestness that reminded him of her childish days, 'sometimes I think that I do not love my good father nearly enough; for I cannot help wishing to go back again to Devon, though since Adela and Walter Coplestone have married and left the old manor it has been solitary enough.'

'I shall not be able to go back to Devon till I have seen war enough to make my fortune,' said Harry; 'nor do I wish to go—now,' he added, meaningly.

Nella blushed a little and cast down her eyes, and as she raised them they met those of Alvarez, fixed on her with an expression of such passionate jealousy that her heart gave a frightened throb. How she wished that she had never teased Harry by encouraging his rival —for as such she began to recognise Alvarez; and though she scarcely realised that Harry wished her to be more to him than his old playmate, he had always been jealous of interference, and the feelings of Alvarez were unmistakable. The latter, too, was by far the best match, and Nella had a frightened conviction that her father would

favour this suit whenever it was formally offered. She was glad when the queen signed to her to attend her, so that further speech was impossible.

While this little scene was passing a dance had been going forward —one of those stately and ceremonious exercises which were limited to a few couples at a time, whose graceful movements afforded a spectacle for the rest of the company.

Dom Pedro had led out Queen Leonor; and the king excusing himself on the plea of fatigue, sat down a little apart, watching the dancers with sad, unseeing eyes. Presently Enrique came up and joined him.

'I have a petition to present to you, my brother,' he said.

'What is it, then?' asked Duarte; 'what is it you wish?'

'Will you give me leave to go with the envoys who offer the Moors this ransom? Who could plead as I? and at least I should see my Fernando once more.'

'I cannot refuse you,' said Duarte; 'but, Enrique, my mind misgives me. I would not be too long without your counsel.'

'*My* counsel!' said Enrique, bitterly; 'take any counsel rather than mine.'

Duarte smiled.

'Your presence, then,' he said. 'But I think it is well that you should go, though I have little hope, Enrique, in my heart.'

'Dare to utter such a threat, and you shall answer for it with your life!'

These words, in tones of high indignation, suddenly interrupted the brothers' colloquy.

'How now? Young gentlemen, remember where you are!' said Enrique, advancing, and confronting with his stately presence Hartsed and Alvarez, who, with flashing eyes, and hands on their sword-hilts, had been so carried away by their dispute as to forget entirely the royal presence.

Alvarez collected himself at once, bowed, and drew back; but Harry cried out, fiercely, 'My lord, I care not where I am! Dom Alvarez has insulted me foully, and I defy him to repeat his base slander!'

'The cause of your dispute, sir,' said the prince, 'can be of no moment to me, unless it were confided to me in a more suitable manner. Such violence argues ill for your cause, be it what it may.'

The prince was himself very sore-hearted, and Harry had committed a great breach of propriety; but he felt himself deeply injured, and flung away without a word. Alvarez followed him into the court outside, and then the two young men turned and faced each other, and Alvarez spoke.

'I believe you to have been cognizant of the treason of your friend, the miscreant priest, Martin.'

'Speak at your peril,' shouted Harry, 'or I will go back and before all the princes give you the lie!'

'As you will, señor. I will not yield the Lady Eleanor to a traitor, nor see my prince's confidence abused by a foreigner.'

'Foreigner!' cried Harry. 'No one but a rascally *foreigner* would utter such an insult. Draw and defend yourself!'

Alvarez was not slow to answer this demand, but the clash of arms in the palace precincts soon collected an indignant crowd, and among them Sir Walter Northberry.

'Now, Master Hartsed,' he cried, wrathfully, 'brawling in the palace court. What means all this? Put up your swords this moment, gentlemen—for shame!'

'Master Hartsed challenged me and gave me the lie,' said Alvarez.

'Dom Alvarez insulted me and called me traitor,' cried Harry.

'This is not the first time that I have heard this wrangling,' said Sir Walter. 'Señor Dom Alvarez, it would be well if you would explain your charge against a member of my household. And you, Harry, be silent until I question you.'

Trembling with indignation, Harry put a great force upon himself and remained silent; while Alvarez bowed, and looking at Sir Walter with his dark, flashing eyes, said—

'Sir, I had not meant in any way to make public my suspicions, but Master Hartsed's violence towards me, in especial after the honour which you this morning have done me, obliges me to speak.'

Sir Walter bowed, and Alvarez continued—

'Perceiving some slight tokens of favour which the lady whom I am unworthy to name had the grace to bestow on me, Master Hartsed lost patience and demanded how I dared to address Mistress Northberry.'

'That is false!' cried Harry, 'you lie in your teeth!'

'Master Harry, will you be silent at my desire?' said Northberry, sternly, 'and hear Dom Alvarez to the end?'

'I,' said Dom Alvarez, 'was fain to tell him, that I marvelled how the friend and defender of the traitor Martin, whose name was on all men's lips, should dare to raise his eyes to an honourable lady. Upon which he threatened, and finally drew upon me.'

'And on what grounds, Señor Don Alvarez, do you accuse Master Hartsed of cognizance of this foul treason?'

'Master Hartsed,' said Alvarez, 'was ever in the company of the traitor, he has denied the possibility of his treason, and still calls him his *friend*. He must choose, I think, between this friend and loyal gentlemen.'

'Into my house he comes not if he takes the traitor's name on his lips,' said Northberry. 'Now, Master Harry, what have you to say?'

'Nothing, before those who call me traitor,' said Harry, with some dignity; then his anger getting the better of him he exclaimed—'Dom

Alvarez knows best whether it was not he who threatened to interrupt *my* suit with his foul slander.'

'Your suit, ha, ha!' said Sir Walter, roughly, 'tis the first I have heard of it. Now, to put an end to this folly, I will tell you, sir, that I have betrothed my daughter to Señor Dom Alvarez de Pereiza. Nor do you make a fit return for my hospitality by raising your eyes to her. And this matter of your intimacy with the traitor priest must be looked to. Not that I hold you guilty of his treason, but it misbecomes you even to name his name.'

Those present noticed, that instead of violent self-defence Harry Hartsed received this speech in silence, only turning very pale as he bowed stiffly to Sir Walter and walked away by himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT ARZELLA.

'My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run.'

MANY miles inland, out of sight of the blue sea, on the other side of which was home and freedom, the Portuguese captains waited at Arzella for the news of their deliverance. They had been hurried away from Tangier almost immediately after the Portuguese had embarked, and though no positive cruelties were inflicted on them, the Moorish promises of courteous treatment did not prevent their escort from making their journey as wretched as they could. Intentional forgetfulness of needful comforts, rude jests, over haste, and much ill-temper, tried the hot spirits of the Portuguese nobles sorely, and they were less wretched now that they remained under the charge of Zala ben Zala, and were allowed a certain amount of freedom and solitude, during which they could solace themselves with speculations as to the turn events were taking in Portugal, and how soon Ceuta would be handed over to the Moors. The Prince never joined in these discussions, and when they were urged upon him would reply gravely—'As God wills;' though he sometimes endeavoured to pass the time by tales of the old Crusaders, of the sufferings they endured, and of the support which was granted to them. And once, when some of the younger nobles repeated to him the insulting language used towards them by their jailors, he pointed to a gang of slaves who were toiling over some of the fortifications of Arzella.

'So suffer our fellow-Christians,' he said.

'They are not peers of Portugal,' said the young man, sullenly.

'Stripes wound and blows hurt, be they who they may,' said Fernando. 'We can but endure; but oh, my friends,' he added, with tears in his eyes, 'would that I were alone to suffer!'

'Alas, sir!' cried the young man, yielding, 'it is your indignities that cut us the most.'

It was after some weeks of dreary waiting that the prisoners became aware that envoys had arrived from Portugal and had been brought under a safe-conduct to Arzella, where Zala ben Zala was to discuss with them the terms of their deliverance, and one day the Prince was summoned alone to meet them.

Fernando turned as he left his companions and said, in a tone of peculiar earnestness—

'My friends, remember, were we free, we would all give our lives to save Ceuta to the Church of Christ.'

Fernando was conducted from the fortress where he had been lodged across the town of Arzella to the governor's palace, and ushered with much state and ceremony into the great hall, where stood Zala ben Zala, surrounded by a crowd of Moorish nobles and officers in their splendid dresses of state; opposite them a few Portuguese in full armour, and in front Dom Enrique himself, also armed, his dark surcoat giving additional dignity to his great height and stately presence. He was bare-headed, and as pale as death.

'You are at liberty to speak with one another,' said Zala ben Zala. 'Maybe the interview may change the mind of your Highness.'

'I speak the mind of the council of Portugal,' said Enrique, in a voice of deep sadness. Then he stretched out his arms: 'Oh, my Fernando, the choice was not for me,' he said.

Fernando held him fast for a moment, all the surroundings forgotten; and then they sat down together on a great divan and looked into each other's face, and Fernando knew that Enrique had not brought his freedom.

'Come,' he said, 'tell me your errand.'

'They will not yield the fortress,' said Enrique. 'They offer any ransom, and the Moors accept none.'

'As God wills,' said Fernando, but he tightened his grasp of Enrique's hand.

'My most dear brother, Pedro and João would have freed you; but I —that Christian town; and now I see the council risks your life—not for the Church, but for selfish power, and *I*—I lent my voice to theirs.'

'I, too, have thought much on it,' said Fernando, steadily; 'of the obligations of the treaty, however ill our enemies have kept the lesser provisions of it.'

'What, they ill-use you?"

'Nay—you see I am well. And I think of those unhappy ones whose fate hangs on mine. And I thank the merciful Saviour, who lays not the choice on me, but gives me the easier way of submission, and permits my poor life to be a defence to a fortress of Christendom as in no other way it could be. The wish of my heart is given,—may I but tread in the footsteps of those blessed ones who have endured worse sufferings in the same cause, an honour which myself little deserved!'

Fernando smiled as he spoke, and for a moment Enrique felt that

the confusion of good and bad motives, the doubtful self-denial, and still more doubtful justice, that led to the retention of Ceuta, were lifted by his brother's faith and love into the instrument of a holy martyrdom.

'So,' continued Fernando, 'bid Duarte not to grieve, for if I suffer, it is no more than I have deserved, and to suffer, even without choice, for such an end, is too great honour.'

'Duarte is sick with the care and weight of decision,' said Enrique, sadly.

'Ah, could I but see him!' said Fernando, suddenly faltering; then, with renewed firmness, 'But it cannot be. And you, my Enrique, how changed your face is. You must turn your thoughts again to Sagres and the adventures of your mariners. That is the appointed way in which you must serve. We still work together.'

'And if—if the council and the king resolve to yield Ceuta?'

'Why then—God's will be done!' said Fernando, 'and we may yet clasp hands again. Meanwhile some soul is passing away with the holy rites of the Church, some babe receives Christian baptism—who else were cast into outer darkness. But see, the governor interrupts us.'

'Prince Fernando,' said Zala ben Zala, 'I trust your entreaties have induced the Duke of Viseo to endeavour to change the mind of the king.'

'The King of Portugal,' said Fernando, steadily, 'must act as he thinks well. I have made no entreaties, and shall make none.'

'Know you what you say?' thundered out Zala ben Zala, suddenly changing his tone. 'Think you that henceforth your life will be easy, as it has been? Shall the foresworn hostage be treated as a king's son? No! Our prisoner no longer—you are our slave; and when next King Duarte sends envoys, let them see their prince of the blood—their Grand-Master—tending the horses of his Moorish masters as a slave—I say—in fetters and in rags!'

'The princes of Portugal do not yield to threats,' said Fernando, calmly.

'I am but a mouthpiece,' said Enrique, as steadily as he could.

'Go home and tell what you have seen,' said the Moor, roughly.

The coarse threats stood the two princes in good stead, for their pride nerved them to a firm and silent farewell, though Enrique's heart was ready to break as he passed out of the hall with the officers who accompanied him, and left Fernando standing alone among his captors.

A short while afterwards, as the Portuguese nobles were eagerly watching for the prince's return, or for a summons to join him, their prison was suddenly entered by a party of Moorish soldiers.

'Now, Christian dogs, our turn has come,' roughly shouted the foremost; and seizing on the Portuguese nearest to him he tore off his velvet mantle, flung it aside, and forced him down while he fastened

fetters on his wrists. Resistance was vain, and with blows and curses the whole party, the old priest included, were loaded with chains, and dragged through the streets to the courtyard of the governor's palace.

There stood their beloved prince in a rough dress of common serge, fetters similar to their own on his wrists, and his chained hands on the rein of Zala ben Zala's beautiful Arab horse. He stood with his head up and his lip curled, with a sort of still disdain. At that moment the Portuguese envoys, with Dom Enrique at their head, passed with their guards through the court, and Zala ben Zala advanced to mount his horse with a rude gesture to the prince who held it.

Fernando bowed with knightly courtesy, and, advancing, held his stirrup, as if it were a graceful service rendered by a younger to an elder noble; then looked up and smiled in his brother's face.

CHAPTER XIX.

TIMES OUT OF JOINT.

'Commingled with the gloom of imminent war
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world.'

NELLA NORTHBERRY was standing alone by the fountain in the hall of her father's house. The oranges were ripe on the trees, their sweet blossom was passed, and she herself looked pale, sad, and sullen. She had scarcely known what made her heart so heavy when her father had told her that she was to regard Dom Alvarez as her betrothed suitor, receiving her girlish expressions of unwillingness with entire indifference. Spirited as Nella was, it could not occur to her to resist her father's will, or think of disposing of herself in marriage; she knew that it was impossible, and the girls of her day had generally too little intercourse with the world before marriage to feel agrieved at their absence of choice. Nella's life had not passed quite in accordance with established rules hitherto, and the fetters galled her.

She stood looking down into the clear waters of the fountain, her tall slim figure drooping a little with unwonted sadness, and her thoughts straying tenderly back to England—England, which she should never see again now. She thought of the grey convent, the wide woodlands now painted with russet and gold, the fresh autumnal breezes, the cheerful barking of the dogs at the old Manor-house door; and her heart went out to it all with a passionate yearning that brought the hot tears to her eyes.

'If Catalina were here, perhaps Dom Alvarez would have liked *her* best,' she thought, 'and I might have gone home again.' And with this strange reason for missing her lost sister, the tears came faster, and she pressed her hands over her eyes.

'Nella!' suddenly said a voice beside her. 'Does your father tell me true? Are you indeed betrothed to Dom Alvarez?'

Nella looked up with a start, for beside her stood Harry Hartsed, with a pale face and heavy eyes, as if he had passed a sleepless night.

'Oh, yes, Harry, it is true!' said Nella.

She turned her head away and cried bitterly, while Harry was dumb for a moment; for if she had told him that she was married already, there would hardly have been a greater barrier between them.

It did not occur to Harry to ask her if she loved Dom Alvarez; but he said, passionately—

'I had hoped one day to go back to the old Devon tower, which must come to me; and though I never could have made you a great lady, Nell, you should never have been vexed or crossed, and have had your will always.'

'Oh, hush! hush!' said Nella, 'hush!'

'Tell me, one thing,' said Harry; 'Dom Alvarez accuses me of a share in the treason that ruined my beloved prince. Do you believe *that* of your old playmate?'

Nella turned round, her blue eyes flashing through their tears.

'I would as soon believe it of myself,' she said.

'Then I care for no one,' cried Harry; 'and when my prince comes home, he will see me righted.'

Perhaps it was as well for Nella that her father at this moment came out of the inner room. She ran up to him, and grasped his hand.

'Father, Harry is no traitor! How dared Dom Alvarez utter such a falsehood!'

'Leave me to settle that matter, my daughter,' said Sir Walter, sternly, 'and go you within. What have you to do with the disputes of these gentlemen? Your country-breeding makes you too forward, and too free of tongue.'

Nella blushed deeply, and withdrew; but as she curtsied to her father, she looked for a moment at Harry, and said quickly—

'I shall never believe it!'

In all ages of the world, it is hard for women to sit at home and wonder how matters are going in the world without, and Nella had no chance of asking a question as she prepared for her first interview with her suitor. She was very unhappy, and knew too well that she would not have been so had Harry Hartsed been in Alvarez's place; but she submitted to her unusually splendid toilet with a sense that she was submitting to the inevitable. Only she felt as if the blue brocade weighed down her young limbs till there was no life left in them, and as if the strings of pearls were burning their way into her brain.

She waited long after she was dressed, growing more and more weary, till she began to wonder at the delay. Perhaps Dom Alvarez would not come to day after all.

At last, hearing sounds without, she sent one of her maids to inquire if her father had returned, and in a moment Sir Walter came into the room.

'Alas! my daughter!' he said, 'better a widow's coif than all this bravery! Young Hartsed, whom I renounce for ever, has foully slain Alvarez!'

'How?' said Nella, in a tone of utter amaze.

'He attacked and challenged him in the public street; they fought, and Alvarez is wounded well-nigh to death; while Hartsed is put in ward during the king's pleasure. Now we see his treason plain enough —he sought to be rid of the witness of it.'

'Do not all men fight those who call them traitor?' said Nella, in a low clear voice.

'Your lady is distracted with the fatal news,' said Sir Walter, hastily; 'she knows not what she is saying. See to her, ladies, I have no time to spare.'

With desperate hands Nella unfastened the jewels from her hair, and helped to cast aside her gay attire, then she sent all the ladies away, and alone awaited further tidings.

These were not long in coming. Dom Alvarez was severely wounded, but it was thought that he would recover in time; and after a very hasty inquiry into the matter, the king sentenced Hartsed to banishment from Lisbon. It was ill for them all that his strength was failing under sorrow and suspense, and that Dom Enrique had started on his unhappy embassage to Arzella.

As it was not thought suitable for Nella to visit the court during the severe illness of her betrothed, she was not aware of the king's increasing indisposition, and was not present at Dom Enrique's sad return, yet she dimly hoped that he might take up the cause of his brother's favourite. But the news he brought stirred up the whole nation to a pitch of fury, and preparations for a renewal of the war were begun on a much larger scale, and with lavish expenditure. The pride of Portugal was touched to the quick, and the king reduced his private expenses, and gave all he could save to the common object. The winter and spring passed in arming and planning the campaign. Nella's affairs were in abeyance. Harry Hartsed was gone, no one knew whither; and Dom Alvarez, on recovering from his wound, left Lisbon for change of air, and was to join the army with Sir Walter. All the talk was of hope and revenge, only the king's face was unchangeably sorrowful.

One evening, shortly before the expedition was to start, Duarte was lying on a couch in his private room, resting from the fatigue of a long day in council. Beside him sat Enrique, who, with João, was to command the army, Dom Pedro being needed at home in the king's weak state.

'Enrique,' said Duarte, breaking a long silence, 'ere we part, I would tell you my mind on certain matters.'

'I will never cross your will again, my brother,' said Enrique, humbly.

'I have thought much and long,' said Duarte, with his grave gentle-

ness. 'This war is good,—justified by the conduct of the Moors to our beloved one. But, if it fails, I have written in my will that Ceuta must be ceded to them, and, to my thinking, it was our duty to have abided by our word. I was slow plainly to see this, but in this long sickness my eyes have grown clearer. Our Blessed Lord knows the souls in Ceuta which are His own, and would guard them through the fiery persecution which the failure of our arms would have brought on them. Maybe He would have allowed us to deliver them from it. It shows the faith of the blessed Cross in a poor light to the heathen when Christian men break plighted faith. And yet, Enrique, though as I lie here on soft cushions, with all things easy round me, I seem verily to feel *his* rough usage, taste *his* hard fare, it goes harder with me to pluck that jewel out of my father's crown, and give it back to the darkness whence he won it, than to see my Fernando win a martyr's crown.'

'I shall never raise my voice against your will,' said Enrique. 'Daily, with prayer and penance, I entreat that Ceuta and Fernando both may yet be saved to us. If Ceuta goes, there is nothing for me who lost it but to vow myself to a life of penitence, and till Fernando is safe, there is no joy on earth for me.'

'Take heart, my Enrique,' said Duarte, tenderly. 'If you have risked Ceuta, you have won wide lands to Portugal and to the Church; and remember, it is to you and Pedro I confide my son.'

'Alas, Duarte, there would be no hope for church or country without you at the helm.'

'As God wills,' said Duarte, and words and tone vividly brought Fernando before Enrique's mind.

And before many days were over the stroke fell; and, as some say, of an attack of the plague, which he was too weak to resist, as others tell, of the long strain of grief and responsibility, the just and gentle Duarte died, of whom all agree that he never uttered a harsh word, nor committed an unrighteous action.

> 'A selfless man and stainless gentleman,
> Who reverenced his conscience as his king.'

He died, and with his life all the preparations for war fell to pieces, and came to an end. Portugal was plunged into a wild chaos of dispute and misgovernment; the three remaining princes passed out of the clear following of clear aims that had marked their youth, into the wretched conflict, half-good, half-evil, of hand-to-hand fighting, with the necessities of every-day, till they hardly knew for what they were striving. There were miserable differences and cabals between the widowed Queen and Dom Pedro, who yet strove to act honourably by her; wild, mad accusations against these loving brothers of having poisoned Duarte, for whom either of them would gladly have died, a world of wrong and worry, from which they could not escape.

With the rights and wrongs of that unhappy story, a sadder one perhaps than the fatal siege of Tangier, we have now no concern; but

some strange change must have passed over the mind of the nation, for no other effort was ever made to rescue Fernando. To all seeming, his country forgot him, as Harry Hartsed was forgotten. But Enrique, when in the intervals of his wretched life at court he went to gaze over the wide Atlantic, and plan how to penetrate its mysteries, prayed for the unknown suffering of his beloved brother, while Nella Northberry added to her prayers the name of another loved and lost one.

(*To be continued.*)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE RUSH-BEARING.

'Heigho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all.'—*Jean Ingelow.*

MILDRED soon became accustomed to Dr. Heriot's constant presence about the house, and the slight restraint she had at first felt rapidly wore off.

She soon looked upon it as a matter of course to see him at least three evenings in the week; loneliness was not to his taste, and in consequence, when he was not otherwise engaged, he generally shared their evening meal at the vicarage, and remained an hour afterwards, talking to Mr. Lambert or Richard. Mildred ceased to start with surprise at finding him in the early morning turning over the books in her brother's study, or helping Polly and Chriss in their new fernery. Polly was made happy by frequent invitations to her guardian's house, where she soon made herself at home, coming back to Mildred with delightful accounts of how her guardian had allowed her to dust his books and mend his gloves; and how he had approved of the French coffee she had made him.

One afternoon Chriss and she had been in the kitchen, concocting all sorts of delicious messes, which Dr. Heriot, Cardie and Roy were expected to eat afterwards.

Dr. Heriot gave an amusingly graphic account of the feast afterwards to Mildred, and his old housekeeper's astonishment at 'they nasty and Frenchified dishes.'

Polly had carried in the omelette herself, and placed it with a flushed, triumphant face before him, her dimpled elbows still whitened with flour; the dishes were all charmingly garlanded with flowers and leaves—tiny breast-knots of geranium and heliotrope lay beside each

plate. Polly had fastened a great cream-coloured rose into Olive's drooping braids, which she wore reluctantly.

'I wish you could have seen it all, Miss Lambert; it was the prettiest thing possible; they had transformed my bachelor's den into a perfect bower. Roy must have helped them, and given some of his artistic touches. There were great trailing sprays of ivy, and fern-fronds in my terra-cotta vases, and baskets of wild roses and ox-eyed daisies; never was my *fête* day so charmingly inaugurated before. The worst of it was that Polly expected me to taste all her dishes in succession; and Chriss insisted on my eating a large slice of the frosted cake.'

Mildred was not present at Dr. Heriot's birthday party; she had preferred staying with her brother, but she found he had not forgotten her; the guests were surprised in their turn by finding a handsome gift beside each plate, a print that Roy had long coveted, Trench on *Parables* for Richard, Schiller's works for Olive, a neat little writing-desk for Polly, and a silk-lined work-basket for Chriss, who coloured and looked uncomfortable over the gift. Polly had orders to carry a beautiful book on Ferns to Aunt Milly, and a slice of the iced-cake with Dr. Heriot's compliments, and regrets that she had not tasted the omelette—a message that Polly delivered with the utmost solemnity.

'Oh, it was so nice, Aunt Milly; Dr. Heriot is so good and indulgent. I think he is the best man living—just to please us he let us serve up the coffee in those beautiful cups without handles, that he values so, and that have cost I don't know how much money; and Olive dropped hers because she said it burnt her fingers, and broke it all to fragments. Lizy looked ready to cry, but Dr. Heriot only laughed, and would not let Cardie scold her.'

'That was kind of Dr. Heriot.'

'He is never anything but kind. I am sure some of the things disagreed with him, but he would taste them all; and then afterwards—oh, Aunt Milly, it was so nice—we sang glees in the twilight, and when it got quite dark, he told us a splendid ghost-story—only it turned out a dream—which spoilt it rather; and laughed at Chrissy and me because we looked a little pale when the lamp came in. I am sure Richard enjoyed it as well as us, for he rubbed his hands and said "Excellent," when he had finished.'

Mildred looked at her book when the girl's had retired fairly wearied with chattering. It was just what she had wanted. How thoughtful of Dr. Heriot. Her name was written in full; and for the first time she had a chance of criticising the bold, clear handwriting. 'From a family friend—John Heriot,' was written just underneath. After all, had it not been a little churlish of her to refuse going with the children; the evening had gone very heavily with her; her brother had been in one of his taciturn moods, and had retired to his room early; and finding the house empty, and

somewhat desolate, she had betaken herself to the moon-lighted paths of the churchyard, and had more than once wished she could peep in unseen on the party.

It was not long afterwards that Mildred was induced to partake of Dr. Heriot's hospitality.

It was the day before the Warcop Rush-bearing. Mildred was in the town with Olive and Polly, when, just as they were turning the corner by the King's Arms, a heavy shower came on; and Dr. Heriot, who was entering his own door, beckoned to them to run across and take shelter.

Dr. Heriot's house stood in a secluded corner of the market-place, behind the King's Arms; the bank was on the left-hand side, and from the front windows there was a good view of the market-place, the town pump, and butter market, and the quaint, old-fashioned shops.

The shops of Kirkby Stephen drove a brisk trade, in spite of the sleepy air that pervaded them, and the curious intermixture of goods that they patronised.

The confectioner's was also a china shop, and there was a millinery room up stairs, while the last new music was only procurable at the tin shop. Jams and groceries could be procured at the druggist's, while the fashionable milliner of the town was also the post-mistress. On certain days, the dull little butcher's shop, with its picturesque gable and over-hanging balcony, was guileless of anything but its chopping blocks, and perhaps the half carcase of a sheep; beef was not always to be had for the asking, a fact which London housekeepers are slow to understand.

On Mondays the town wore a more thriving appearance; huge waggons blocked up the market-place, stalls containing all sorts of wares occupied the central area, the country women sold chickens and eggs, and tempting rolls of fresh butter, the gentlemen farmers congregated round the King's Arms; towards afternoon, horse dealers tried their horses' paces up and down the steep high street, while the village curs made themselves conspicuous barking at their heels.

'I hope you will always make use of me in this way,' said Dr. Heriot, as he shook Mildred's wet cloak, and ushered them into the hall; 'the rain has damped you already, but I hope it is only a passing shower for the little rush-bearers' sakes to-morrow.'

'The barometer points to fair,' observed Polly, anxiously.

'Yes, and this shower will do all the good in the world, lay the dust, and render your long drive enjoyable. Ah! Miss Lambert, you have found out why Olive honours me by so many visits,' as Mildred glanced round the large handsome hall, fitted up by glass book-cases; and with its carpeted floor and round table, and brackets of blue dragon china looking thoroughly comfortable.

'This is my dining-room and consulting room; my surgery is elsewhere,' continued Dr. Heriot. 'My drawing-room is so little used,

that I am afraid Marjory often forgets to draw up the blinds.' And he showed Mildred the low-ceiled pleasant rooms, well-furnished, and tastefully arranged; but the drawing-room—having the bare disused air of a room—that a woman's footstep seldom enters. Mildred longed to droop the curtain into less stiff folds, and to fill the empty vases with flowers.

Polly spoke out her thought immediately afterwards.

'I mean to come in every morning on my way to school, and pull up the blinds, and fill that china bowl with roses. Marjory won't mind anything I do.'

'Your labour will be wasted, Polly,' returned her guardian, rather sadly. 'No one but Mrs. Sadler, or Miss Ortolan, or perhaps Mrs. Northcote ever sits on that yellow couch. Your roses would waste their sweetness on the desert air; no one would look at them, or smell them; but it is a kind thought, little one,' with a gentle, approving smile.

'Which room was the scene of Polly's feast?' asked Mildred, curiously.

'Oh, the den—I mean the room I generally inhabit; it is snug, and opens into the conservatory; and I have grown to like it somehow. Now, Polly, you must make us some tea; but the question is, Will you favour the yellow couch and the empty rose-bowls, Miss Lambert, or do you prefer the dining-room?'

'Dr. Heriot, what do you mean by treating Aunt Milly so stiffly? of course we shall have tea in the den, as usual.' But he interrupted her by a brief whisper in her ear, which made her laugh and clap her hands. Evidently there was some delightful secret between them, for Polly's eyes sparkled as she stood holding his arm with both hands; and even Dr. Heriot twinkled with amusement.

'Miss Lambert, Polly wants to know if you can keep a secret? I don't think you look dangerous, so you shall be shown the mystery of the den.'

'Does Olive know?' asked Mildred, looking at the girl as she sat hunching her shoulders, as usual, over a book.

'Yes, but she does not approve. Olive never approves of anything nice,' returned Polly, saucily. 'Let us go very quietly; he generally whistles so loud, that he never hears anything;' and as Polly softly opened the door, very clear, sweet whistling was distinctly audible.

There was a little glass house beyond the cosy room they were entering; and there, amongst flowers and canaries, and gaily-striped awning, in his old blue cricketing coat, was Roy painting.

Dr. Heriot beckoned Mildred to come nearer, and she had ample leisure to admire the warm sunshiny tints of a small landscape, to which he was putting finishing touches, until the melodious whistling ceased, and an exclamation of delight from Polly made him turn round.

'Aunt Milly, this is too bad; you have stolen a march on me;' and

Roy's fair face was suffused for a moment. 'I owe Dr. John a grudge for this,' threatening him with his palette and brush.

Polly could not resist the pleasure of showing her aunt the mysteries of Bluebeard's den. 'When you miss your boy, you will know where to find him in future, Miss Lambert.'

'Roy, dear, you must not be vexed. I had no idea Polly's secret had anything to do with you,' said Mildred, gently. 'Dr. Heriot is very good to allow you to make use of this pleasant studio.'

Roy's brow cleared like magic.

'I am glad you think so. I was only afraid you would talk nonsense, as Livy does, about waste of time, and hiding talents under a bushel. Holloa, Livy, I did not know you were there; no offence intended; but you do talk an awful quantity of rubbish sometimes.'

'I only said it was a pity you did not tell papa about it; your being an artist, I mean,' answered Olive, mildly; but Roy interrupted her impatiently.

'You know I cannot bear disappointing him, but of course it has to be told. Aunt Milly, do you think my father would ask Dad Fabian down to see Polly? I should so like to have a talk with him. You see, Dr. John is only an amateur; he cannot tell me if I am ever likely to be an artist,' finished Roy, a little despondingly.

'I am not much of a critic, but I like your picture, Roy; it looks so fresh and sunny. I could almost feel as though I were sitting down on that mossy bank; and that little girl in her red cloak is charming.'

Roy coloured bashfully over the praise.

'I tell him that with his few advantages he does wonders; he has only picked up desultory lessons here and there,' observed Dr. Heriot.

'That old fellow at Sedburgh taught me to grind colours, and I fell in with an artist at York once. I don't mind you knowing a bit, Aunt Milly; only'—lowering his voice so as not to be heard by the others—'I want to get an opinion worth having, and be sure I am not only the dabbler Dick thinks me, before I bother the Padre about it; but I shall do no good at anything else, let Dick say what he will;' a touch of defiance and hopelessness in his voice, very different from his ordinary saucy manners. Evidently Roy was in earnest for once in his life.

'You are quite right, Roy; it is the most beautiful life in the world,' broke in Polly, enthusiastically. 'It is nobler to try at that and fail, than to be the most successful lawyer in the world.'

'The gentlemen of the robe would thank you, Polly. Do you know, I have a great respect for a learned barrister.'

'All that Polly knows about them is, they wear a wig and carry a blue bag,' observed Roy, with one of his odd chuckles.

'What a Bohemian you are, Polly.'

'I like what is best and brightest and most lovable in life,' returned

Polly, undauntedly. 'I think you are an artist by nature, because you care so much for beautiful scenery, and are so quick to see different shades and tints of colouring. Dad Fabian is older, and grander, far—but you talk a little like him, Roy; your words have the same ring, somehow.'

'Polly is a devout believer in Roy's capabilities,' observed Dr. Heriot, half-seriously and half-laughing. 'You are fortunate, Roy, to have inspired so much faith already; it must warm up your landscapes and brighten your horizons for you. After all, there is nothing like sympathy in this world,' with a scarcely audible sigh.

'Dr. Heriot, tea is ready,' broke in Polly, with one of her quick transitions from enthusiasm to matter-of-fact reality, as she moved as though by right to her place at the head of the table, and looked as though she expected her guardian to seat himself as usual beside her; while Dr. Heriot drew up a comfortable rocking-chair for Mildred. Certainly the den presented a cheerful aspect to-night; the little glass-house, as Dr. Heriot generally termed it, with its easel and flowers, and its pleasant glimpse of the narrow garden and blue hills behind, looked picturesque in the afternoon light; the rain had ceased, the canaries burst into loud song, there was a delicious fragrance of verbena and heliotrope; Roy stretched his lazy length on the little red couch, his fair head in marked contrast with Mildred's brown coils; a great crimson-hearted rose lay beside her plate.

Dr. Heriot's den certainly lacked no visible comfort; there were easy chairs for lounging, small book-cases filled with favourite books, a writing-table, and a marble stand, with a silver reading-lamp, that gave the softest possible light; one or two choice prints enlivened the walls. Dr. Heriot evidently kept up a luxurious bachelor's life, for the table was covered with good things; and Mildred ventured to praise the excellent Westmoreland cakes.

'Marjory makes better girdle-cakes than Nan,' observed Polly. 'Do you know what my guardian calls them, Aunt Milly?'

'You should allow Miss Lambert to finish hers first,' remonstrated Dr. Heriot.

'He calls them "sudden deaths."'

'Miss Lambert is looking quite pale, and laying down hers. I must help myself to some to reassure her;' and Dr. Heriot suited his action to his words. 'I perfectly scandalise Marjory by telling her they are very unwholesome, but she only says, "Hod tongue o' ye, doctor; t' yaks are a' weel enuff; er'ill hurt ner o' ye, if y'ill tak 'em i' moderation."'

'I think Marjory is much of a muchness with Nan in point of obstinacy.'

'Nan's habits bewilder me,' observed Mildred. 'She eats so little fresh meat, as she calls it; and whatever time I go into the kitchen, she seems perpetually at tea.'

'Ay, four o'clock tea is the great meal of the day; the servants

certainly care very little for meat here. I am often surprised, when I go into the cottages, to see the number of cakes just freshly baked; it is the most tempting meal they have. The girdle-cakes, and the little black tea-pot on the hob, and not unfrequently a great pile of brown toast, have often struck me as so appetising after a cold, wet ride, that I have often shared a bit and a sup with them. Have you ever heard of Kendal wigs, Miss Lambert?'

Mildred shook her head.

'They are very favourite cakes. Many a farmer's wife on a market-day thinks her purchases incomplete without bringing home a goodly quantity of wigs. I am rather fond of them myself. All my oat-bread, or havre-bread as they call it, is sent me by an old patient who lives at Kendal. Do you know there is quaint proverb, very much used here, "As crafty as a Kendal fox?"'

'What is the origin of that?' asked Mildred, much amused.

'Well, it is doubtful. It may owe its origin to some sly old Renard who in days long since "escaped the hunter many times and oft;" or it might possibly originate in some family of the name of Fox living at Kendal, and noted for their business habits and prudence. There are two proverbs peculiar to this country.'

'You mean the Pendragon one,' observed Roy.

'Yes.'

'Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
Eden will run where Eden ran.'

'You look mystified, Miss Lambert; but at Pendragon Castle in Mallerstang there may still be seen traces of an attempt to turn the waters of Eden from their natural and wonted channel, and cause them to flow round the castle and fill the moat.'

'How curious!'

'Proverbs have been rightly defined "as the wisdom of the many and the wit of one." In one particular I believe this saying has a deep truth hidden in it. One who has studied the Westmorland character, says that its meaning is, that the people living on the banks of the Eden are as firm and persevering in their own way as the river itself; and that when they have once made up their minds as to what is their duty, all attempts to turn them aside from walking in the right way and doing their duty are equally futile.'*

'Hurrah for the Edenites!' exclaimed Roy, enthusiastically. 'I don't believe there is a county in England to beat Westmoreland.'

'I must tell you what a quaint old writer says of it. "Here is cold comfort from nature," he writes, "but somewhat of warmth from industry; that the land is barren is God's good pleasure; the people painful (*i.e.* painstaking), their praise." But I am afraid I must not enlighten your minds any more on proverbial philosophy, as it is time for me to set off on my evening round. A doctor can use scant ceremony, Miss Lambert.'

* *Vide* the *Kirkby Stephen Church Magazine.*

'It is time you dismissed us,' returned Mildred, rising; 'we have trespassed too long on your time already;' but, in spite of her efforts, she failed to collect her party. Only Olive accompanied her home. Roy returned to his painting and whistling, and Polly stayed behind to water the flowers and keep him company.

The next day proved fine and cloudless, and at the appointed time the old vicarage waggonette started off, with its bevy of boys and girls, with Mildred to act as *chaperon*.

Mildred was loath to leave her brother alone for so long a day, but Dr. Heriot promised to look in on him, and bring her a report in the afternoon.

The drive to Warcop was a long one, but Roy was in one of his absurd moods, and Polly and he kept up a lively exchange of *repartee* and jest, which amused the rest of the party. On their way they passed Musgrave, the church and vicarage lying pleasantly in the green meadows, on the very banks of the Eden; but Roy snorted contemptuously over Mildred's admiring exclamation—

'It looks very pretty from this distance, and would make a tolerable picture; and I don't deny the walk by the river-bank is pleasant enough in summer-time, but you would be sorry to live there all the year round, Aunt Milly.'

'Is the vicarage so comfortless, then?'

'Vicarage! It is little better than a cottage. It is positively bare, and mean, miserable little wainscoted rooms looking on a garden full of currant-bushes and London-pride. In winter the river floods the meadows, and comes up to the sitting-room window; just a place for rheumatism and agues and low fevers. I wonder Mr. Wigram can endure it!'

'There are the Northcotes overtaking us, Cardie,' interrupted Chriss, eagerly; 'give the browns a touch-up, I don't want them to pass us.'

Richard did as he was requested, and the browns evidently resenting the liberty, there was soon a good distance between the two waggonettes; and shortly afterwards the pretty little village of Warcop came in sight, with its beeches and white cottages and tall May-pole.

'There is no time to be lost, Cardie. I can hear the band already. We must make straight for the park.'

'We had better get down and walk, then, while George sees to the horses, or he will lose the procession. Come, Aunt Milly, we are a little late, I am afraid; and we must introduce you to Mrs. Chesterton of the Hall in due form.'

Mildred obeyed, and the little party hurried along the road, where knots of gaily-dressed people were already stationed to catch the first glimpse of the rush-bearers. The park gates were wide open, and a group of ladies, with a tolerable sprinkling of gentlemen, were gathered under the shady trees.'

Mr. Delaware came striding across the grass in his cassock, with his college cap in his hand.

'You are only just in time,' he observed, shaking hands cordially with Mildred; 'the children are turning the corner by the schools. I must go and meet them. Susie, will you introduce Miss Lambert to these ladies?'

Mrs. Chesterton of the Hall was a large, placid-looking woman, with a motherly, benevolent face; she was talking to a younger lady, in very fashionable attire, whom Mrs. Delaware whispered was Mrs. de Courcy, of Warcop House: her husband, Major de Courcy, was at a little distance, with Mr. Chesterton and the Trelawneys.

Mildred had just time to bow to Ethel, when the loud, inspiriting blare of brazen instruments was heard outside the park-gates. There was a burst of joyous music, and a faint sound of cheering, and then came the procession of children, with their white frocks and triumphant crowns.

The real garland used for the rush-bearing is of the shape of the old coronation crowns, and was formerly so large that it was borne by each child on a cushion; and even at the present time it was too weighty an ornament to be worn with comfort.

One little maiden had recourse to her mother's support, and many a little hand went up to steady the uneasy diadem.

Mildred, who had never seen such a sight, was struck with the beauty and variety of the crowns. Some were of brilliant scarlet and white, such as covered May Chesterton's fair curls; others were of softer violet. One was of beautifully-shaded roses; and another and humbler one of heliotrope and large-eyed pansies. Even the cottage garlands were woven with taste and fancy. One of the poorest children, gleaning in lanes and fields, had formed her crown wholly of buttercups and ox-eyed daisies, and wore it proudly.

A lame boy, who had joined the procession, carried his garland in the shape of a large cross, which he held aloft. Mildred watched the bright colours of moving flowers through the trees, and listened to the music half-dreamily, until Richard touched her arms.

'Every one is following the procession. You will lose the prettiest part of the whole, if you stand here, Aunt Milly; the children always have a dance before they go into church.' And so saying, he piloted her through the green park in the direction of the crowd.

By and by, they came to a little strip of lawn, pleasantly shaded by trees, and here they found the rush-bearers drawn up in line, with the crowns at their feet; the sun was shining, the butterflies flitted over the children's heads, the music struck up gaily, the garlands lay in purple and crimson splashes of colour on the green sward.

'Wouldn't it make a famous picture?' whispered Roy, eagerly. 'I should like to paint it, and send it to the Royal Academy—"The Westmoreland Rush-bearing." Doesn't May look a perfect fairy in her white dress, with her curls falling over her neck? That rogue of a Claude has chosen her for his partner. There, they are going to have lemonade and cake, and then they will "trip on the light, fantastic

toe," till the church bells ring;' but Mildred was too much absorbed to answer. The play of light and shadow, the shifting colours, the children's innocent faces and joyous laughter, the gaping rustics on the outside of the circle, charmed and interested her. She was sorry when the picture was broken up, and Mr. Delaware and the other clergy formed the children into an orderly procession again.

Mildred and Richard were the last to enter the church, but Miss Trelawney made room for them beside her. The pretty little church was densely crowded, and there was quite an inspiring array of clergy and choristers when the processional hymn was sung. Mr. Delaware gave an appropriate and very eloquent address, and during a pause in the service the churchwardens collected the garlands from the children, which were placed by the officiating priest and the assistant clergy on the altar-steps, or on the sloping sills of the chancel windows, or even on the floor of the sanctuary itself, the sunshine lighting up with vivid hues the many-coloured crowns.

These were left until the following day, when they were placed on a frame made for the purpose at the other end of the church, and there they hung until the next rush-bearing day; the brown drooping leaves and faded flowers bearing solemn witness of the mutability and decay of all earthly things.

But as Mildred looked at the altar-steps, crowded with the fragrant and innocent offerings of the children, so solemnly blessed and accepted, and heard the fresh young voices lifted up in the crowning hymn of praise, there came to her remembrance some lines she had heard sung in an old city church, when the broidered bags, full of rich offerings, had been laid on the altar:—

'Holy offerings rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands and lifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation,
On His altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

PART III.—CAMP LIFE IN THE RAINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUDDEN DOWNPOUR.

'Boy!' cried a cheery voice from one of the tents, 'take this basket of vegetables and box of ice quickly to Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, with this letter.'

'Yes, sar!' replied the maty.*

* Under man-servant.

'And butler, send up the bandy at once with the thermantidote.'*

'Very well, sar!'

'Alice, I declare that is Lambert's voice!'

'Impossible!' said she.

'But it is, though. Here, Ghorawallah, take my card to the sahib.'

And in another minute Mr. Lambert hastened out of his tent, and grasped his friend's hand.

Alice was so pleased at this unexpected meeting, that she forgot all ceremony, and shook hands with him heartily.

In answer to their eager inquiries, he informed them that on landing at Madras, he had written to K——, announcing his arrival; but receiving no answer, and hearing of Mr. Leigh's illness, he had hastened to K——, found the house locked up, inquired their whereabouts, and had started at once on their track.

'I was sure,' he added, 'that the best thing I could do to drive out this horrid fever was to bring you plenty of ice and vegetables from the Presidency, and promote good sleep at night by a thermantidote, which I have just taken the liberty of sending up to you.'

'Just like your former self,' said Sydney, 'it will set me up above everything; and your company, old fellow, is better than any amount of doctor's stuff. When will you come to us?'

And Alice echoed her husband's invitation.

'I will come to ten o'clock breakfast with pleasure. But I hear you are all musical, so may I bring my wife?'

'Your *wife?*' said Sydney, surprised; 'I heard you were engaged, but had no idea that you were married.'

'My wife is my violoncello!' he replied, laughing; 'we are inseparables, and I look forward to some very delightful music with you all.'

'Bring her by all means,' said Alice, merrily. 'Why, Sydney, you are getting well already. Let us hasten home now, that I may give you some tea before it all melts. How good of you, Mr. Lambert, to think of those very things he has been longing for.'

On their return, Sydney was like a child with the ice, taking it in his hands, pressing it to his lips and his forehead, exclaiming—

'This is the thing for a true-born Briton! Come, little wife, you shall have your share, too, and so shall Kitty.'

They did not refuse, knowing how it would enhance his pleasure to see them enjoy the delights of real cold. When the thermantidote was duly fixed outside the wet cuscus blind, and on the wheel being turned, sent cool currents of air through the tent, they thought themselves, as they said, 'in luck's way.'

The sisters had put on pretty chintz muslin dresses, and their favourite pale blue ribbons; and Alice had added a dainty dish here and there to the breakfast-table, and not omitted to put a lump of ice amongst the pats of butter, which were usually in a half-melting state.

* A machine for fanning air through wetted cuscus.

Punctually to a minute, Mr. Lambert entered. He was a man of middle height, broad-shouldered, and athletic; his features were plain, but his expression was good, full of determination and purpose. He was dressed in a light grey sporting suit, and behind him toddled a short, fat butler, with a comical look in his keen little eyes, bearing the violoncello in a case as big as himself, which he had just taken from the hands of a horsekeeper. They formed a merry party, very different to what they had been of late, struggling with a sense of weakness and failure.

Alice was delighted to see her husband making a really hearty breakfast, and was not surprised to hear him express his determination to return to office that very day; for there were prisoners and petitioners both waiting; and Mr. Lambert requested that he might be admitted. 'For,' said he, 'I must make the most of my time, and learn all I can, pestering you with questions; and then in the evening we will ask the ladies to give us some music, for it sha'n't be a case of "all work and no play." We must be sharp, not "dull boys."'

After breakfast, the butler came in, saying—

'Please, missus, coming quickly, ayah, plenty crying. Bad pùchi* biting.'

Alice ran into the ayah's shed, and found her rocking to and fro, and 'plenty crying.' She had been stung by a scorpion; the ugly creature had been caught, and lay wriggling about. It was not more than two inches long, and of a red colour, very different from the huge black lobster-like scorpion, but it had the reputation of being more venomous.

In an instant, Alice was at her medicine chest, from which she took ammonia and chloroform, and steeped them in cotton-wool.

This she applied to the wound, and wrapped the foot in bandages, so as to exclude the air. In a few minutes the ayah was out of pain; she rolled herself in a sheet on her mat, and was soon fast asleep.

On Alice's return, in came the maty, saying—

'Please, missus, Ghorawallah saying he plenty bad, he want some of missus' doctor-shtuff.'

Mr. Leigh laughed heartily, and said to Mr. Lambert—

'This little wife of mine, ever since her wonderful treatment of my case, is quite looked up to, I assure you. My belief is, one of our servants gets sick every day in turn, to test her curative powers.'

'What fun!' said Mr. Lambert. 'Well, Mrs. Leigh, how are you going to treat this case?'

'I must see my patient first,' she answered.

'Compose your face to gravity, then,' said Kitty, 'for to see him is to laugh.'

'May we come, too?' asked Mr. Lambert, as Alice stepped into the part of the tent which formed a sort of veranda.

'By all means, if you like,' said she.

* Insect.

There stood the Ghorawallah 'Chinna-tumbi,'* and nothing could well be uglier; it was marvellous how he could contort his features as he did.

Alice saw at once by his unchanged complexion that there was nothing really the matter, although he kept patting his chest and body, as if his sufferings were great. So she mixed him a very harmless dose, well sugared, which she brought in a cup, and with a large pewter spoon the maty poured it down his capacious mouth—for it was against his caste to take it out of her cup, and it was most ludicrous to see his efforts to avoid touching the spoon!

They were all convulsed with laughter; but he, quite intent on the sole purpose of swallowing the magic draught, was entirely unconscious of the effect of his action, and afterwards he stroked his hands alternately down his chest, murmuring—

'Plenty good, salaam, missus,' the only English words he knew, which he had learned for the occasion. He then walked away, bent double; and in a few minutes was rolled up in his cloth under a tree, sleeping as soundly as the ayah.

'What was that horrible-looking decoction you gave him?' asked Mr. Lambert, still laughing.

'I must not reveal the secrets of my art,' said Alice, archly; 'but you may rest assured it can't hurt him.'

In the evening, after Alice had sung some quaint Spanish boleros to her guitar, and the sisters had given one of their choicest duets, Kitty thought she saw something moving up the violoncello case. She took a light, and went cautiously up to it, and gently tilting it up, exclaimed—

'Oh! do look at this swarm of white-ants, eating their way as quickly as they can through your case.'

Mr. Lambert's look of dismay was comical, and Kitty could hardly refrain from laughing, but she ran out, brought back a duster and a basin of hot water, and the offending insects, with the *débris* they had made, were soon swept into the basin.

'Treasure trove for the maty,' said Kitty.

'What do you mean?' asked Mr. Lambert.

'I shall give the mischievous insects to him, and he will make them into curry.'

'Hardly enough for a dish,' said Alice. 'Wait till after rain, then they will fly swarming in, and, dropping their long gauzy wings, will crawl about everywhere, up your arms, over your face and neck, till you are nearly wild. It is really a case of retributive justice that they should be curried!'

'But do English people eat this curry?'

'I should think not,' said Kitty, laughing, 'though I believe one hardier than his fellows has ventured, and pronounced it very good.'

The precious instrument was swathed and wrapped up like an infant, to prevent the hot winds from cracking the wood.

* Little brother.

Mr. Lambert played well; and when Sydney joined the ladies in some favourite glee or madrigal, Kitty found that the tenor part which she had been used to put in on her harmonium was so well taken by Mr. Lambert, that her performance was quite needless.

The maty was careful to put four stones under the violoncello case, which would be quite enough to prevent any further ravages from the white ants.

Many days passed happily away, Mr. Lambert being of real use to his friend in the writing line. He made a map of the different *taluqs*, and took a list of all the tanks, channels, wells, villages, and roads, so that he was learning daily something of a civilian's work. One morning he said to Sydney—

'Now that you are strong and well again, Leigh, I think I had better travel about and see more of the country. Besides, between you and me, I came out to be of some use. Now I see in the papers that a few gentlemen have volunteered their services to government, and now that England has begun to take the deepest interest in this terrible famine, and is sending out subscriptions, I had better place my few hundreds at the disposal of government at once, with the offer of such help as I can render.'

'My dear Lambert, we shall be very sorry to part from you, but I, for one, can't keep you from your noble purpose. You are no *ignoramus* now.'

'That's your doing, old fellow; the sight of your work prompted me to try what I could do.'

They all wished him God speed, and he departed with the inward determination that when he required rest and recreation, he would seek them in their camp; and what better hostage could he have left in their charge than his musical 'little wife'?

It was early in October; heavy masses of clouds kept rolling around and passing away; the atmosphere was oppressive and stifling, an exaggeration of the feeling before a storm. The Leigh's encampment was pitched some miles further on, near a rocky gorge; between the ranges of hills the sandy dry bed of a river wound its tortuous course.

They were charmed with the scenery; Kitty said it was quite idyllic.

'Now, Alice, please don't say I mustn't go, for I really must mount that hill, and see the sunset. I shall not be long away.'

'Well, if you must, you must, and there's an end of it. But don't forget the time, and pray remember that one peak leads on to another.'

'Practice makes perfect,' said Kitty, merrily, and tripped off.

Sydney had gone in another direction to shoot partridges.

Kitty's way led her up among the usual boulders and loose stones, and soon she looked down on the bed of sand winding in the ravine; on the opposite side stood a ruined temple, with several sculptured pillars and niches—on, on she went, bent on reaching the top, which

seemed to recede as she climbed. At length she attained the summit, and looked around. A wild but beautiful panorama was before her. Ranges of blue serrated hills in the far distance—rounded forms, red, brown, and purple mid-way—beneath her, wide stretches of plain, mapped out in cultivation. She knew that paddy, cholum, and other cereals had been sown, and were only waiting for the north-east monsoon to make the 'wilderness blossom like the rose.'

But the scene was too lovely for her to indulge in melancholy thoughts and fears, that perhaps those long-expected rains might never fall. Her heart was full of thankfulness for the beauty of the earth, and she poured forth her happy spirit in song after song, the echoes of which she almost fancied she could hear in faint reverberations among the hills.

The sun was setting in a perfect sea of glory, rose-coloured ether palpitating with light, passing into sea-green and pearly grey. Huge masses of clouds in deep perspective were of every imaginable colour, rainbow tints and grotesque forms suggesting any variety of pictures and strange combinations.

Kitty was fascinated, and looked on and on. In another moment the great crimson orb went down, and then, when too late, she remembered the short duration of the tropical twilight. But she was nimble of foot, and without trusting herself to look again at the gorgeous spectacle above her head, ran down the hill, the loose stones keeping her company; out of breath at last, she rested a minute, and saw with dismay how the purple and grey shadows stole rapidly over all the scene which had been lately so brilliant with glittering light and colour. Then she tried a shorter cut, but it was steeper, and led her amongst brambles and rocks, so she was glad to grope back into a more open part. Her heart began to beat painfully, but she kept plodding downwards, in the direction of the lights in the camp. More than once she stumbled; and the dread seized her that she might fall down a little precipice. She remembered how far sound was said to carry among the hills, so she called wildly for help; and then listening, to her great joy, she heard a voice in the distance—

'Where are you? I am coming!'

She put her hands on each side of her mouth, and jodelled in Alpine fashion—listened again; yes, it was answered by another *jodel*. Was it not too high for Sydney's voice? She sat down on a rock, and, in a few minutes, to her great joy, she saw the glimpse of a lantern coming towards her. She rose to meet it, and in another minute her hand was grasped in John Lambert's strong brown palm.

'I *am* glad I have found you at last,' said he. 'How frightened your sister will be. Are you hurt?'

'How could you know I was here?' asked Kitty.

'I thought my violoncello must want tuning, and I wanted a little shooting after all my hard work; and lastly I heard your voice, and its echoes among the hills; so could I do better than track the sound?'

She was silent.

'Take my arm,' he said. 'This path is too rough for little feet.' And they passed on towards the torches which were now glimmering in all directions.

The whole encampment seemed astir. At the foot of the hill, numbers of natives came out of a little village, with lights, and when they saw the young English girl, every one of them stood still and laughed. Never before had they seen a 'European woman.'

Kitty was much diverted by their amusement; but Mr. Lambert hurried her through the crowd, and prevented them from following, by scattering some small coins, for which they scrambled, and in a short time they were within hailing distance of the tents.

Mr. Leigh met them, and was delighted to welcome back his old friend, whose tents he had passed in the evening, and had been told by the butler that his master had gone on a shikàr.*

Alice was watching outside her tent, shading her eyes with her hand, so as to peer out into the darkness.

'Oh! Kitty! Kitty! I told you so! I *knew* you would lose yourself, and I have been so anxious and unhappy about you, fancying you carried off by a cheetah, or bitten by a snake.'

She almost forgot Mr. Lambert, so pre-occupied was she. But on Kitty's kissing her, and telling her that if Mr. Lambert had not found her, she would truly have been benighted, then Alice welcomed him with her usual heartiness.

Dinner was laid for four in the well-lighted Swiss tent.

Kitty soon made her appearance, dressed in white muslin; all traces of fear had passed away from her face, and she looked bright and rosy.

There was the violoncello case in the corner, mounted on a stand of teak-wood, which Alice had employed a village carpenter to make, as white-ants will not go near teak, for which reason beams and rafters are made of that wood. There was a great deal to be mutually related.

Mr. Lambert had travelled in the most out-of-the-way places with government relief, and had succeeded far better than he had expected, having taken a moonshee† with him, who acted as interpreter, and proved a very intelligent companion.

He had been greatly interested in seeing some of the public works, orders for which the government had multiplied of late, for it had wisely come to the conclusion that this was not a time to stint in expenditure.

The following afternoon heavy sultry clouds rolled up; there was a delicious smell of rain.

They all looked out of the tent with longing eyes, in full expectation of seeing great thunder-drops fall on the thirsty land. But no! there was only a howling sound of distant wind; the sun glared over a dark

* Shooting or hunting expedition. † Teacher of languages.

cloud, and they saw, whirling along in the distance, columns of sand which seemed sixty feet high. Had they been in a house, the servants would have hastened in, to shut every door and window. Now, the *lascars* * only came to tighten the tent-ropes, strengthen the stakes and close down the flaps and openings.

The party entered the tent, and the dust-storm passed over it, leaving particles of sand everywhere, and on everybody, but clearing the atmosphere of the dead weight which had been so oppressive.

In a few minutes the servants entered with dusters, and the sweeper with her broom, and the cheerful little tent was soon restored to its usual cleanliness and order.

The next place of encampment was in a grove of palms, a few miles off.

The lascars had pitched the tent below the *bund* † of a large tank. This, however, had been lately inspected and repaired, and as there was scarcely any water, there was no damp. Mr. Lambert's tents were on a high bank near.

That night Kitty woke up suddenly. A din, as of a hundred watchman's rattles, caused by the croaking of the frogs, sounded in her ears. The flood-gates of heaven were open; down came the rain in torrents! There was a rushing of waters and voices everywhere. The sword-like leaves of the hundreds of palms swayed and clashed together, as if armies had closed in mortal conflict. Peals of thunder sounded like salvos of artillery, the lightning came down in sheets of flame, with little intermission. In the midst of these sheets of light, blue and white forked lightning darted, as if they were lances thrown here and there by invisible hands.

Kitty trembled; she used to love watching storms in England, but they were as nothing when compared to this, and *now* she was thoroughly frightened.

She sat up, and, to her dismay, the night light dimly burning, revealed the waters welling into the tent. Little wavelets were dashing up against the feet of her cot.

In another moment, she sprang out of bed, put on her waterproof and called to her sister, whose answer only just sounded through the storm.

'Come in, dear, Sydney is giving orders to the peons and servants.'

The sisters, closely wrapped up, sat holding each other, watching the rising of the water, and expecting every moment Sydney to enter with the order to escape for their lives. The tent shook, the ropes were straining to get free, the rain dripped through the canvas.

The uproar was terrific. It seemed as if 'deep called unto deep.' They were awe-stricken and silent, but each prayed to Him 'Who sitteth above the water-flood, and remaineth a king for ever.'

Mr. Leigh had stationed the peons and servants on the bund, to

* Labourers employed for various services.

† High bank which forms the dam.

mark if the water arose beyond a certain height, and to see if there were any escapement through the bund, the danger being lest it should break down, and the waters inundate the low-lying land.

Mr. Lambert, who had joined him at the first, said that he had made every arrangement to receive the ladies in one of his tents, in case of their being obliged to fly from their own.

'But *what* a night for them. Leigh, I have taken upon myself to have your palanquin all ready for them, with the bearers, if the worst come to the worst, for you have had enough to do in seeing to the tank.'

'Always a friend in need!' said Sydney.

'Don't you think your wife and sister must be frightened? Did you ever hear such a din?'

'Yes, *I* have; but it is new to them, especially to Kitty.'

'Do just go in and see if they are all right. I will keep watch here.'

Sydney went, and it was a great relief to the sisters to hear of the preparations made for their safety.

At dawn a peon reported that the waters of the tank were not rising above the high-water mark, so it was thought best that the tents should remain where they were, a trench being dug all round to prevent more water from coming in.

A break in the downpour occurred in the morning, when they removed to the higher ground, the ladies going in the palanquin. And it was with thankful hearts that they all acknowledged their deliverance from 'perils of waters.'

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

V.

The suspense of which Evelyn speaks had not long to be endured. The very day (February 11th, 1660) after Monk had dismayed the city by breaking down its gates and allowing the soldiers to march about it in triumph, he turned out the parliament then sitting at Westminster, and called together the former one, to the great joy of the people. From this moment all hearts and wishes turned to the exiled royal family as the one hope left of tranquillity and order; thus suddenly, when the Royalist hopes were lowest, their hearts' desire was given to them.

Monk did not forget, in his time of power, the Bishop of Ely, whose fellow captive he had been, and who must have rejoiced to see Monk justify his confidence to the full. On the 15th of March the lieutenant of the Tower received the order that 'Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely, be discharged from his imprisonment.' Thus the eighteen years of

captivity came to an end, and the Bishop came forth from the Tower, an old man of seventy-five, broken by many sorrows.

It cannot have been with unmixed joy that he once more trod another path than that wonted one on the leads of the Tower. True, the King was coming back in peace to a people longing to receive him. With his return was the promise of deliverance for the Church, and an end to that difficulty of preserving the succession of Bishops, which had been so hard to overcome. Yet, on the other hand, a flood had passed over the land, and swept away those whom the Bishop loved best. The King might indeed return in triumph, but he was not the sovereign whom Bishop Wren had loved and served. The Primate with whom he had worked had been cruelly murdered, and none could restore the wife and children who had pined and died during the Bishop's imprisonment. The Church, however, remained, and for her the Bishop could work while life lasted. In his prison he had prepared sermons and discourses on abandoning the Scottish Covenant (one on the text, 'Neither behave thyself frowardly in the covenant'), and similar subjects, which he now dispersed through his late and his present diocese, while he lodged where he could in London, as he was not allowed to go back to either his palace or Ely House, in Holborn.

At length came that 29th of May so often described in history and fiction. Evelyn's account of it is interesting, as that of an eye-witness:—'This day his majestie Charles II. came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen yeares. This was also his birthday; and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapestry, fountaines running with wine; the maior, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies well set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the city, even from two in afternoone till nine at night. I stood in the Strand and saw it, and blessed God. And all this was don without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him.' By degrees matters settled down to a more ordinary level. The Church service was restored at Whitehall, where, Pepys says, on June 28th, he 'saw poor Bishop Wren going to chapel, it being a thanksgiving for the king's return.' The vacant sees were filled up as speedily as possible. Dr. Juxon was translated to Canterbury, Sheldon succeeding him as Bishop of London, and the losses of the northern province were likewise supplied. The Prayer Book was not yet formally restored, though, to use Pepys' phrase, men 'nibbled at its use'; and at Whitehall chapel he heard the service and 'very good musique; the first time I remember to have heard an organ and singing men in surplices in my life.' At the beginning of May, 1661,

the Convocation of Canterbury met in S. Paul's, its marred, plundered condition not inaptly showing the adversities through which the Church of England had passed. The Convocation had much work before it, the most pressing being to prepare a service for May 29th, and for the Baptism of those of riper years. In order to this a committee of both Houses of Convocation was formed, which met at Ely House. The Bishop of Ely, who seems to have been its ruling spirit, was a great liturgical scholar, well versed both in eastern and western service-books. He had assisted Laud and Juxon in drawing up the Scottish Prayer-book, and had been also engaged in preparing a service for reconciling those who had apostatised when taken prisoner by the Moors, and on their release wished to return to the true faith. On his first appointment as Bishop of Hereford he had prepared a service for the consecration and dedication of Abbey Dore—formerly a Cistercian monastery—as a parish church, a form differing little from that of Bishop Andrewes.

In November the Convocation met again. Dr. John Barwick had been appointed to the deanery of S. Paul's, and in spite of very failing health, had resumed the daily prayers and musical services of the cathedral, and had succeeded in making the choir, where the Puritans had stabled their horses, once more fit for Divine service. At this session of convocation the Prayer-book was finally revised, after the Bishops had heard at the Savoy Conference all that the Puritans could urge against it. Bishop Wren had been actively engaged in this work, and suggested a considerable number of alterations and additions, many of which were adopted. A large number of grammatical errors had crept into the old book: for example, 'which' instead of 'who' was in almost all the collects and the Apostles' Creed. It still, by some oversight, survives in the Lord's Prayer. All these Bishop Wren corrected, going through the book carefully, and noting every error, omission, and obscure passage that he found. To his suggestion we owe the final clause of the prayer for the Church militant ('We also bless,' &c.), when the commemoration of the Saints and the thanksgiving for them with which it formerly concluded were removed; Bishop Wren says, 'that the vulgar might not think they did either pray to the dead or for the dead they chopped off the end of this prayer, never thinking of the proposal made at the beginning of it ('To give thanks for all men').' It does not seem that he wrote the new final clause; had he done so, it would have contained, besides the thanksgiving, a prayer for the dead. Bishop Wren was anxious to return as nearly as possible to the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., as the one most closely resembling the offices of the Early Church. He proposed also to explain in detail what were 'the ornaments of the Church, and the minister thereof,' of which the famous 'Ornaments Rubric' speaks; but this proposal was not adopted. He was anxious that no needless stumbling-blocks should remain in the path either of Churchmen or Nonconformists, but at the same time he had no intention of bartering

any portion of Church truth or discipline for the doubtful advantages of comprehension.

It is a testimony to the weight his opinion carried that both in his former diocese (Norwich) and in the one he then ruled, most of the clergy renounced the Covenant. S. Bartholomew's day, 1662, was the time fixed for those who refused to conform to the Church to resign their livings. Rather less than two thousand out of the eight thousand who had acquired livings in Cromwell's time did resign them, but the gain to the Church of those who remained was very doubtful, since she 'had to begin her work with a clergy of whom at least three-fourths were aliens at heart to her doctrine and her discipline.' Thus the latter years of Bishop Wren's episcopate can hardly have been peaceful.

One of the earliest appointments made at the Restoration was that of Dr. Bruno Ryves to be Dean of Windsor and Registrar of the Garter. In the August of 1660, Christopher Wren went to Windsor, and solemnly delivered to the Dean the three registers and the note books of the Order of the Garter, which Dean Wren had, with so much difficulty, recovered and hidden carefully until his death, when he transferred the charge to his son. Dean Ryves gave a written acknowledgment to Christopher that he had safely received the books, and the service his father had done in preserving them was fully admitted. Gresham College had been cleansed and set in order after the Restoration, and Christopher resumed his lectures there, which were largely attended. At the close of one of them, Lord Brouncker, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Rooke, Mr. Robert Boyle, and some others, met at Wren's rooms to discuss the project of a Philosophical College. They agreed to meet weekly at Gresham College in term time, at other times at chambers in the Temple, and that towards defraying expenses every member should pay ten shillings on admission, and a shilling weekly. In the list of proposed members are those whose names have been mentioned, Sir Kenelm Digby, Elias Ashmole, John Evelyn, and others, besides those of Christopher Wren and his cousin Matthew.

The King signified his approval of the scheme, and took much interest in the discoveries and experiments of the philosophers.

In the following year, Christopher resigned his Gresham Professorship, in order to accept the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy at Oxford. It had been held by Dr. Seth Ward, who was soon afterwards made Bishop of Salisbury in succession to Bishop Hyde. Soon after his appointment, Christopher had a command from the King to make him a lunar globe, according to the observations made with the best telescopes. He constructed one 'representing not only the spots and various degrees of whiteness on the surface, but the hills, eminences, and cavities, moulded in solid work.' This curious toy was highly admired, and was placed in the King's cabinet of curiosities at Whitehall, and esteemed a great curiosity.

In this year, Wren took his D.C.L. degree at Oxford, and the

University of Cambridge bestowed the same honour upon him. The King appointed him as assistant to Sir John Denham, the Surveyor-General of Works. Sir John had been appointed by Charles I., in reversion during the lifetime of Inigo Jones, the then surveyor, and had succeeded on Jones's death. Evelyn says, 'Sir John was a better poet than architect,' and of this Charles II. was probably aware, and anxious to supply his deficiency. That his choice should have fallen upon Wren, unless Evelyn's friendship suggested it, is remarkable, as, until then, Wren seems to have made no special study of architecture. From that time it seems to have more and more absorbed his attention, until at last it almost separated him from his experimental philosophy. At this time, however, it had not done so, and the death of Laurence Rooke, his friend and fellow-labourer, threw more work on his hands. Rooke was succeeded in the Geometry Professorship by Isaac Barrow (afterwards a famous divine), who, in his first Latin oration, eulogised the Savilian Professor as 'formerly a prodigy of a boy, now a miracle of a man, yea and a genius among mortals. Lest I should appear to speak falsehood, it will be enough that I name the most ingenious and excellent Christopher Wren.' It was a high compliment, but Barrow knew that his audience would heartily re-echo it.

The Royal Society was formally incorporated in the same year by a charter from the King, with a preamble written by Christopher Wren, explaining its objects. The King, the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, who had a strong taste for experiments, were amongst the first members. When the King married Catharine of Portugal, Tangiers, Tripoli, and Bombay were part of her dowry. Tangiers was reckoned a very important place to the English, whose sailors were constantly harassed by the Moorish pirates, and the fortifications of the town were a pressing care. King Charles offered, through Matthew Wren, then Lord Clarendon's secretary, a commission to Christopher Wren, as one of the best geometricians in Europe, to survey and direct the works at the mole, harbour, and fortifications of Tangiers, offering him an ample salary, leave of absence from his Professorship, and a reversionary grant of Sir John Denham's office. Flattering though the offer was, Christopher declined it on the ground of his health, and begged the King to accept his services in England.

He no doubt judged wisely, and the refusal gave no offence at court. He had ample employment at home, and of a kind he would have been loth to put in other hands. His uncle, the Bishop of Ely, had determined to give a chapel to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he had been a scholar under Launcelot Andrewes, and employed his nephew as his architect. Upon this work and its endowment the Bishop expended 5,000*l.*, the first money he received after his release. He needed little for himself, as his personal habits were austerely simple; for the last twenty years of his life he drank no wine, and only ate off a wooden trencher, macerating his body by fasting and abstinence.

He had never spent any portion of the revenues of his see upon his sons; and now, in the language of Pearson, he 'adopted this Hall into his family, and assigned to it his inheritance.' But for the one word 'childless,' Mansel's lines well describe how

> 'To spots by memory cherished, where his earliest love began,
> In his age's desolation fondly turned the childless man.'*

The chapel, which has a peculiar interest as Wren's first architectural work, is built in the classical style he was to make famous in England, and bears his mark in its beautiful proportions. The lack of ornament may be perhaps accounted for by the necessity of limiting its cost to a certain sum. Its first stone was laid May 13, 1663, by the master, Dr. Frank, acting for Bishop Wren, who was not present.

The question of the repair of S. Paul's, with which Wren, as Sir J. Denham's assistant, was greatly occupied, was of pressing importance and no small difficulty. When Inigo Jones built his portico, he cased the nave with Portland stone, and rebuilt the north and south fronts. In doing so he pared down the original pointed architecture, until little of its beauty or character remained. His work had in its turn been damaged by the Puritans, who set up booths in the portico, and dug saw-pits in the cathedral inclosure. Besides these injuries, Christopher Wren's accurate eye detected graver faults in the original design, and he enumerates some. 'The pillars of the nave, though eleven feet in diameter, were only cased with stone, and filled with rubbish inside. The roof was always too heavy for them, so that they are bent outwards on both sides, so that the roof, already cracked, will finally fall in.' He proposed to substitute a roof of 'a light, thin shell of stone, very geometrically made.' The tower leant much to one side, and was propped with arches and buttresses, so as to block the view from the west end. Upon this tower, which he despairingly calls 'a heap of deformities,' there had been formerly a tall, thin, wooden spire, which was destroyed by lightning. For this he wished to substitute 'a dome or rotunda, and upon the cupola for outward ornament, a lantern with a spring top to rise proportionately.' He hints that when the dome was finished the rest of the cathedral should be harmonised with it, almost impossible though the task appeared. He expected great difference of opinion, and that 'some would aim at a greater magnificence than the age would afford, and some might fall so low as to think of pieceing up the old fabric here with stone, there with brick, and covering all faults with a coat of plaster to leave it still to posterity as an object of charity.' The miserable state of the building is implied in the epitaph of its Dean, Dr. Barwick, who, in 1664,† 'Inter sacras Ædis Paulinæ ruinas reponit suas (utrasque resurrecturas securus.')

Wren was also engaged on the designs of the new theatre for Oxford,

* *Phrontisterion: Letters, Lectures, and Reviews*, by Dean Mansel.

† 'Among the sacred ruins of S. Paul's laid down his own (sure that both will rise again).' Sancroft succeeded him.

to be built at the expense of Sheldon, who had just succeeded to Archbishop Juxon.

He did not, however, intermit his attendance at the Royal Society, and produced a machine for drawing in perspective, which was exhibited at one of the meetings.

In 1665, the plague, which had more than once afflicted England, broke out with fearful force in London, where the dark narrow streets and the foul state of the city gave every encouragement to its ravages. Pepys, who remained in London, writes of the shut-up houses, the 'grass growing up and down Whitehall Court,' and says, 'How everybody's looks and discourse in the streets is of death and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.'

None but those whom absolute necessity kept in London stayed in the infected air; the works at S. Paul's were stopped, all meetings and lectures ceased, with good reason, as to gather people together was but to spread the infection.

Christopher Wren profited by the cessation of his London work to travel abroad. He was employed in buildings and repairs, both at Oxford and Cambridge, and it was not until midsummer that he was able to reach Paris, the chief object of his journey. He received much kindness from the Earl of St. Albans, who was living at Paris, and to whom he had letters. Wren's name was in itself a sufficient introduction to the scientific men and philosophers in that city; he took great pleasure in their society, and in studying and comparing the discoveries of English and French science and philosophy, also in examining the architecture of the town. For some time he daily visited the Louvre, which was rising under the hands of a thousand workmen, directed by Perrault, whose design Louis XIV. had chosen.

Wren examined all the fine buildings in the neighbourhood of Paris. In a letter to a friend* in England, he says he will not describe them—

'But I shall bring you all France on paper' (meaning the prints he had bought). 'Bernini's design of the Louvre I would have given my skin for; but the old reserved Italian gave me but a few minutes' view; it was five designs on paper, for which he hath received as many thousand pistoles. I had only time to copy it in my fancy and memory, and shall be able by discourse and a crayon to give you a tolerable account of it. I have purchased a great deal of taille-douce, that I might give our countrymen examples of ornaments and grotesques, in which the Italians themselves confess the French to excel. I hope I shall give you a very good account of all the best artists of France; my business now is to pry into trades and arts. I put myself into all shapes to humour them; it is a comedy to me, and though sometimes expenseful, I am yet loth to leave it.' There follows a long list of what he calls 'the most noted artisans within my knowledge or acquaintance,' in which is many a famous name, Bernini, Poussin, Mignard, Mansard, &c., and then he says, 'My Lord Berkeley returns to England at Christmas, when I propose to take the opportunity of his company, and by that time to perfect what I have on the anvil —Observations on the present state of architecture, arts, and manufactures in France.'

* Dr. Bateman.

At Christmas, accordingly, he seems to have returned, but whether the 'observations' were ever completed is not known; he was very careless who adopted and worked out the ideas he let fall, and hardly ever took the trouble of putting them in writing, letting who would claim the credit of his inventions. The Royal Society busied itself in investigations about the plague, which, though it had left London, still raged in the country, and especially at Cambridge, driving Isaac Newton from his lectures there to the garden at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire, where the idea of the law of gravitation first occurred to his mind.

The repair of S. Paul's was again discussed, and commissioners were appointed, of whom Evelyn was one. On August 27th they inspected the cathedral; two of the commissioners, Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat, evidently wished to do as little as possible, declaring, when the nave was proved to lean outwards on both sides, 'it was so built for an effect of the perspective,' and proposing to repair the steeple on its old foundations. Evelyn strongly supported Wren's design of 'a noble cupola;' he had never forgotten the grandeur of S. Peter's, just completed when he went to Rome as a young man in 1644. They retired to the Deanery to give their opinions in writing, promising to send estimates of the cost of their several plans. Six days later a new disaster overwhelmed London and solved the question of repairing the cathedral. On the night of September 2nd the Fire of London began; for three days and four nights it burned, having gained such strength during the first panic that it could not be beaten back, the sparks constantly kindling new centres of flame. 'All the skie,' says Evelyn, 'was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismall, and reached upon computation fifty-six miles in length.' S. Paul's suffered terribly, the heat calcined the largest blocks of stone, the Portland stone flew off wherever the flames touched it; the roof (six acres of lead) melted and fell in, and carrying everything with it in its fall, broke into S. Faith's, the crypt below the choir, where all the books in Stationers' Hall had been carried for safety. They caught fire, and continued burning for a week. The Altar and the roof immediately above it remained unhurt, and one Bishop's tomb. When at length the fire burnt out the city was a 'ruinous heap,' the air still so hot as almost to singe the hair of those who sought amongst the ruins for some remains of former wealth, and in the fields all round were 200,000 people of all classes

equally destitute, silent from the very greatness of their calamity, and asking no relief.

For a few days this stupor lasted, when it was broken into by a general alarm that the Dutch were in the river burning all the shipping. When this was at length appeased the people flocked back to what had been the city, and either set up little sheds where their houses had been, or took refuge with friends whose dwellings were uninjured, so that in four days time of the hundreds who had thronged the fields not one remained. The King, who had been roused by the conflagration to show great courage and presence of mind, was very anxious about the rebuilding of the city. Wren and Evelyn, almost as the fire still burnt, severally presented the King with a model for a new city. Wren's was the first the King saw, and the one which he preferred. It was agreed by every one that to allow the old narrow, filthy streets and wooden houses to be put back was only to insure another plague and another fire; but how else it was to be built was a matter of great dispute. Wren, who was Sir J. Denham's assistant, began the work of clearing the ruins so as to allow room to pass along the ways and to permit levels being taken. He also repaired a portion of the west end of S. Paul's, which best permitted it, for Divine service. It was employment enough for one man, but as the evenings grew longer, in the intervals of elaborating his plans for the new city he returned to his beloved Royal Society and attended all its meetings.

On April 24th, 1667, his uncle, the Bishop of Ely, died, at the age of eighty-one, at Ely House, in Holborn, which had probably been his chief abode, though he left it on occasion for the work of his diocese and for the consecration of the chapel, at Pembroke Hall. Back to his beloved University and to the resting-place he had prepared for himself underneath the Altar of the chapel, the Bishop's remains were slowly borne during the first bright days of May, attended by 'his children, his alliance, and his family.' The Heralds' College conducted the funeral with full dignity and solemnity. When they reached Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor and the whole University met the procession, which was headed by Rouge Dragon, Pursuivant-at-arms, carrying the silver-gilt crozier and Norroy King-at-arms, carrying the silver-gilt Mitre, both of which the Bishop had provided a year before. On the 9th of May, with the same attendance, the coffin was borne to Pembroke Chapel from the Registry (at the end of the Regent's Walk), where it had lain in state for two days, and after Evening Service had been read was laid in a 'coffin of one fair whole stone,' in the vault of the chapel. Dr. Pearson pronounced a Latin oration over it, recalling the chief events of the Bishop's long and troubled life, and paying a warm tribute to the courage and faith with which he had fought for the Church, and either alone or amongst very few had understood her discipline and dared to revive it. Of the four sons who survived the Bishop, Matthew, who was Lord Clarendon's secretary, remained loyal to him during his unmerited disgrace, and was then taken by the Duke

of York as his secretary. With the Duke, Matthew remained until, in 1672, he died and was buried in the vault at Pembroke Chapel. He had taken a share in most of the political events of his day, always with honour and credit. Thomas, the next brother, who left the profession of medicine and entered Holy Orders, was in course of time made Archdeacon of Ely by his father. He was a member of the Royal Society and also a great musician. The two younger sons, Charles and William, who was knighted, were both Oxford scholars, and received degrees at the Restoration. Charles sat for Cambridge in the Parliament of 1685, the one called by James II. on his accession.

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XXXII.—GRADES OF THE COMMUNITY.

I. Besides the broad distinction between novices and professed members, which is the chief one common to all Religious Orders, there are some others of little less importance, though not so universally found, which need discussion. These are: (*a*) The distinction between members of Chapter and the general body of the professed; (*b*) Choir-members and Lay-members; (*c*) Associates.

II. From what has been said thus far, and notably in the immediately preceding chapter on the Training of Novices, it will have been gathered that the risk in committing the offices and government of any Community to incapable or even inexperienced hands, is far too great to be lightly incurred, and that one very important end of a wisely-planned noviciate is to minimize any danger from this source. But it will appear, on a moment's consideration, that no training in the art of government can, by any possibility, be given to novices during their term of probation, save in the one particular of school-teaching, which may form one of the subjects of their course. As for the rest, they are rightly and necessarily in a subordinate position, excluded from Chapter, though not from the less formal Conference, ineligible for official rank, and unacquainted with all those details of management which maintain the efficiency of the House. If then they pass at once out of the noviciate into a full share in the government of the Society by the mere fact of having made their profession, they are likely to do more harm than good by their votes for a considerable time, because the Chapter of a Community is not merely its Parliament, but is practically its Executive also; and thus the admission of a newly-professed member to an effective voice in Chapter is like putting a new and inexperienced Member of Parliament into the Cabinet. Also, if no other evil result follow, she will at any rate clog the wheels of business by lack of familiarity with its routine, and by thus requiring explanations on every point, or else by voting in the dark with no precise idea of what she is doing. The manner in which this peril can be most

readily avoided is the institution of what is sometimes called the 'second noviciate,' interposed between profession and acquisition of full eligibility for offices and for voting in Chapter. This period, in one well-known and highly-efficient order for women, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who are a dependency of the Jesuits, extends to five years, added to the two of the noviciate. The chief difference that the close of the first noviciate and the enunciation of the Three Vows makes to them, is that they pass at once out of the control of the Mistress of Novices, and are brought into direct and immediate relation to the Superior, to whom alone they are thenceforward responsible, and who discharges towards them, in part at least, the functions of teacher and adviser. During the second noviciate, however, which is shortened in other societies to a term of two years, the Sister has no *vote* in Chapter. But it is the wisest plan to give all such Sisters a *seat* as of right at every Chapter, and that not merely permissively, but of obligation; that they may learn not only the order of procedure, but what is of much greater importance, the nature, variety, and extent of the business affairs, whether spiritual or temporal, of the Community, and the way in which they have to be dealt with. They should, however, have no right of speech any more than of voting, although the former privilege may be conceded occasionally on the invitation of the President of Chapter, whether Visitor, Superior, or other, to any such member to express an opinion on the matter under discussion, which she should give in that case in virtue of obedience, without hesitating, apologising, or otherwise striving to evade the responsibility, even on the ground of not having any clear view of the question in her own mind; since one reason for calling upon her at all is to force her into forming an opinion, and thus into exercising her reason and training her judgment. Sisters in this intermediate stage may also, in default of a sufficient number of the first class, be advantageously appointed as coadjutors to all the officers of the House, except the Superior and the Mistress of Novices, and exercise such a share of their authority as may be delegated to them. In this wise, they will be trained by degrees into the art of government; and when acquiring the full franchise at the close of their second term, will be ready to enter on the powers of Chapter and upon high office, with competent knowledge and mastery of the duties they are called to undertake. And then a formal pledge to discharge this trust conscientiously for the good of the Community at large, and not for any selfish or partisan ends, should be administered, and duly enrolled after acceptance.

III. This question of gradation in official rank and authority is simplicity itself when compared with the problem of social distinctions in the Religious Life, which does not seem to have been finally, or even tentatively, solved anywhere. And the subjoined paragraphs, accordingly, aim at no more than stating the case fairly on both sides, leaving readers to draw their own conclusions. The broad issue, then, expressed by such contrasted phrases as Choir-sisters and Lay-sisters, is whether

in the Common Life any such recognition of social distinctions should prevail as holds in civil life, even under republican institutions, and much more in a country where so much feudalism lingers as is the case in England.

IV. On the one hand, it may be urged with much force that as there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, acknowledged as constituting different classes in respect of Gospel privileges, so the further and less-marked difference of gentle and simple ought not to be admitted into societies which aim at living by the Gospel standard, and on a more definitely religious principle and method than secular households adopt. To do so would seem to import one of the least admirable features of worldliness, one of the chief hindrances to the realisation of the brotherhood of humanity, into just the very place where unworldliness ought to prevail, where the sense of equality and fellowship in Christ ought to be most highly developed. If entrance to the Religious Life be closed altogether to women of humble condition, or if they be admitted only on a lower footing and to an inferior grade, above which they are not suffered to rise, the laws of this world are apparently preferred over those of the Kingdom of Heaven, in which the temporal rank which the Saints may have severally held, bears no relation whatever to their spiritual dignity, and where the fisherman Peter and the tentmaker Paul will unquestionably be placed above the mightiest sovereigns who have won the aureole of canonization. And in effect, it was not until the eleventh century that S. John Gualbert, first Abbat of Vallombrosa, instituted, about 1070, a body of Lay-brothers, excluded from Holy Orders, and excused from the Choir-office, but employed simply for the manual labour needed at the abbey, such as agriculture, woodcutting, cooking, and cleansing. The usage spread thence to the nuns of the Benedictine Order and also to many other societies, though there are some which have never received it, and it has confessedly the universal practice of the first eight centuries of monachism against it.

V. On the other hand, it is equally true that S. John Gualbert's reform, seemingly a retrogression in the feudal direction, was really designed to throw open the doors of the Religious Life to a class which had previously been excluded from it, namely, such as were unable to read and write, and were, therefore, incapacitated from that daily recitation of the Latin Psalter and Lessons in the Breviary Choir-office which made up a very large part of monastic duties, but who, nevertheless, exhibited a strong desire to withdraw from secular pursuits, and to devote themselves, so far as was practicable, to a life of seclusion and prayer. Till then, every monk, though but a layman, was a possible cleric; and necessarily, just in proportion as the probability of his becoming such increased, as it did from the eleventh century onwards, the tendency grew to refuse all candidates who were obviously unfitted for the priesthood, and thus to narrow the range of choice. And similarly, it is plain enough, as has been urged several

times in the course of these papers, that there are many of the most important functions discharged by active Sisterhoods for which uneducated women must be permanently ill-adapted, and cannot possibly undertake without disastrous failure. But if they be eligible to vote in Chapter, and to attain the higher offices of a Community, they must, sooner or later, have the control of just these very matters, either as directly managing them, or as deciding how and by whom they are to be managed. And there is a further risk, not at first so obvious, namely, that to lift women of this stamp, say of the peasant or domestic-servant grade, out of their original rank and surroundings, and to make them the equals and intimates of well-born, high-bred, and cultivated ladies, instead of producing, as might be hoped, a softening, refining, and elevating effect upon themselves, is much more apt to turn their heads, to make them pushing and overbearing, and, above all, to inflate them with spiritual pride, which is at once destructive of the true character of the Religious Life in any form.

VI. The difficulty is not fully stated even yet. Assuming that the decision is made either way, a further question has to be answered, and that a peculiarly knotty one in so curiously mixed and heterogeneous a society as that of modern England. What is to be the limit of exclusion, if it be settled that only one grade of Sisters is to exist? —and it is clear that some fair degree of previous education and refinement must be exacted as a minimum of eligibility; or what is the limit of division, if there are to be two grades? There have been two rough-and-ready solutions found at different times for the second of these problems, but neither is of much help in the present inquiry. There formerly were noble abbeys in Germany where those only who could prove a certain number of quarterings of family coat-armour were admissible as Choir-sisters, all others being relegated to the lay grade; and in France to-day the candidate, who can pay a fixed sum down as her dowry, takes rank as a Choir-sister, but, if received gratis, must enter and continue on a lay footing. These two schemes have the merit of entire clearness and simplicity, but it is not easy to say anything else in their favour. The custom of the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul, at any rate in France, the land of their origin, is to have but one grade amongst themselves, but to accept no postulant below the rank of *la bonne bourgeoisie*, a term of much more definite, ascertainable, and uniform meaning than the nearest English equivalent, 'the respectable lower-middle-class.'

It is easy enough to say vaguely, 'Put all who are ladies in the first grade, and every other candidate in the second.' But there is no term so vague and uncertain in its application as 'lady' has become, in consequence of the intermixture of classes and the spread of education. It may very readily happen, for instance, that a humbly-born national schoolmistress or pupil-teacher—not a lady at all in the conventional sense—may be at once far more thoroughly educated, and actually more refined in manners and language, than even a woman of

undoubtedly good birth and connexions, to whom the circumstances of early training have been unfavourable, not to speak of the daughter of some newly-enriched family, reared at home first by a vulgar mother, and then sent to a third-rate boarding-school, before the tide of prosperity set in, which would have secured her an expensive education, if not a good one, had it flowed earlier; but accounted a lady in virtue of the parental mansion in Belgravia or South Kensington, the carriages, furs, jewels, and other tokens of wealth.

VII. There are thus three courses open to the founders of a new Society. First, to have but one grade, and that consisting exclusively of educated and refined women, employing a staff of hired servants to do the rough work of the household, not as a matter of pride and luxury, but of economy of power, by not setting people who are capable of higher things to perform mere unskilled labour. And whatever judgment may be passed on the whole question, there can be no doubt at all that this is by far the wisest attitude for a young Community to take up at starting, because the religious training of women of the lower grade presents such serious difficulties, that it ought not to be attempted till the tone and discipline of the society undertaking it have been thoroughly fixed and assured. Till its first members have taught themselves, they cannot look for success in teaching others. And if it be asked why it shall be harder to train English or American women of the humbler grade than it is to fit French, Belgian, or Italian women of the same rank for the common life; the answer simply is that such education as these latter have received has been imparted almost exclusively in convent schools by teachers who are themselves members of Religious Communities, and who do not fail to note possible recruits amongst their pupils, so as to give all of them some, and a few of them much, preliminary teaching with a view to their ultimate adoption of a convent as their home and career, whereas the former seldom have their attention directed to the subject at all until they have reached an age when their tastes and habits are already formed in a secular direction.

VIII. Next, S. John Gualbert's plan may be chosen, and the distinction of Choir and Lay-sisters affirmed. In that case care must be taken not to go below a certain grade, which may be roughly described as that of which a village pupil-teacher, a nursery governess, or perhaps a confidential lady's maid in a good family, is a fair type, so that the Lay-sisters may be real helps to their superiors, instead of proving a constant source of anxiety and difficulty. The training given them should be less literary and more exclusively practical than that provided for the Choir-sisters, and they ought, accordingly, to have their own Mistress of Novices, and their own special classes, differing from the higher ones much as the course of a national school differs from that of a grammar school. Sisters of this grade, as they are usually excused from attendance at many of the offices which are obligatory on Choir-sisters, so, on the other hand, cannot attain to a seat, even

without voice, at Chapter, nor to any of the higher offices of the Community; though, on the Benedictine principle, they are entitled to be summoned to Conference.

IX. Thirdly, the plan of having but one grade in the Community, drawn from various classes, may be adopted, with the proviso that candidates who in other societies would be made Lay-sisters should be subjected to a much longer term of noviciate than the others, and receive a special training in just those particulars where the distinction between ladies and unrefined women is most perceptible. Each of these methods has its own disadvantages as well as its own merits, and it is not possible to say that any one of them has made its superiority to the others so manifest as to be able to claim the first place.

X. As to Associates, who are in fact a modified form of the Tertiaries attached to the Franciscan and Dominican Orders, they naturally fall into two groups: those who are looking forward to full membership when some temporary obstacle has been removed, and who may be even able to give some months of their time each year to residence in and work for the Community; and such as, being married women, or with no vocation for the Common Life, merely propose to further the objects of the Community as best they can, and to participate in its prayers and good works. Both these classes may prove of much assistance to the societies which affiliate them; and it need only be said that the former grade should, so far as is practicable, and without ostentation, keep to a plan of life assimilated to the External Rule of the community, even during their absence from it, and should, during their term of residence, be admitted to all such privileges as are accorded to postulants. The laxer type of associateship should be treated as the one honorary distinction in the power of a community to bestow on its secular friends, and ought therefore to be somewhat charily conferred. A too frequent mistake is to make it common, and rather a retainer in hopes of future assistance than an acknowledgment of past services; so that not only is its true nature as a mark of religious fellowship apt to be entirely forgotten by its recipients, but their carelessness, frivolity, or other faults are sure to be visited on the Community which has bestowed it, inasmuch as that Community is credited with being either no way particular as to its members, or as being actually accountable for the very demeanour which has provoked unfavourable criticism. It is therefore most desirable to keep the distinction select and comparatively rare—it might even be well to limit the number of Associates arbitrarily, and to make candidates wait for vacancies—and to let it be clearly understood that it is not only revocable, but certain to be revoked, in the event of any conduct likely to bring discredit on the Society.

R. F. L.

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER XI.

SERVICE IN THE CAMP.

THE Uruguayan 'Camps' I was destined never to see; they differ in scenery, I have been told, from those on the left bank of the River Plate, being varied in level, and also well-wooded in parts. But life, it is added, is otherwise much the same in both camps, and to those of Buneos Ayres I paid a five months visit upon leaving Monte Video. Now, dear reader, *please* don't begin by making the mistakes wherewith so many of my home friends used to distress me, viz. confusing both Republics into one and the same country, or else supposing them to differ only in having a separate government, and asking me, 'If we sometimes sailed across from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres on fine afternoons?' (which intelligent query was really put once in a letter from England!) Neither would I have you suppose, with a little book published in London by a religious society, that you might behold the wharfs of Buenos Ayres peopled with black slaves carrying burdens; while in the drawing-rooms of the English community were to be met interesting 'Guachô' characters, gentlemen of the most refined habits and pious conversation, who had recently escaped from the tomahawks of the Indians. The title of this veracious little picture of La Platan life it would be ungracious to mention; but I have often wondered, since reading it, how many children formed their ideas of La Platan life thereupon? and there was a passage descriptive of a Guachô's hut, *close to the landing-place at Monte Video*, where the owner was supposed to dwell in constant dread of an attack from the Indians, which—albeit it was a moral tale of the tragic and sorrowful description—provoked me to the most unseemly excess of laughter I ever indulged in on a Sunday afternoon. A story circulated in the New World, representing an English dwelling-place in the vicinity of the London Custom House, whose inhabitants lived at present in hourly terror of the approach of the Turks or Cossacks, would not be at all more improbable in its distortion of both circumstance and locality. No Indians ever war on the Uruguayan province, and their nearest approach to Buenos Ayres is at least 200 miles off. I believe slavery has been abolished for very many years on both sides of the river; while as to the highly attractive and respectable Guachô gentlemen, I can only say *I* never met a specimen! The genuine 'Guachô' is a South American Spaniard with a distinct infusion of Indian blood in his descent, and that mixture of race produces a combination as little 'interesting'—in the 'good little book' sense of the adjective—as can well be imagined. He is generally a sort of half-savage Centaur, simply splendid from an esquestrian point of view, and not devoid of a certain reckless *bonhomie*, but in every other respect is a

very commonplace rascal, thief, and liar, and often a most immoral ruffian—I use my strong words advisedly, and could multiply illustrations were it desirable—into the bargain. The picturesque personal appearance of these heroes I shall presently have occasion to describe; but a word had better first be said as to Buenos Ayres itself, through which city I had, of course, to pass before reaching the Camp or open plain inhabited by Guachôs. For this word is used indiscriminately of all peasantry living beyond the capitals on both banks of the La Plata, and is said to be of European coinage, while they return the compliment by calling us 'Gringos!' They all speak Spanish of course, and their dress and habits are nearly identical; but for all that, the Republics are really twain and dissimilar, with many a bitter jealousy to divide their interests, over and above the eleven hours journey, by fast-steamer travelling, between their respective capitals.

I quitted Monte Video on a gorgeous spring evening, the blaze of the setting sun lighting up its towers, trees, and well-known street sloping downhill to the water's edge, as we steamed out of the bay on the north-western side of the small peninsula covered by the city. And by daybreak next morning I opened my eyes—after a not especially good night's rest, in a most uncomfortable little sea-coffin entitled a 'berth'—upon the sight of the moon, which had brilliantly illumined the hours of our voyage, setting in a misty haze over the dim lines of the Argentine coast. Speedily dressed, I made my way up on deck, shivering in the chill mist, which seemed to cling about that flat, dreary-looking shore; it struck me as a perfectly hideous place at first sight, and the anchorage is so shallow, that ships of any magnitude must lie a couple of miles distant from the city, while even the packets to and from Monte Video cannot come near enough to disembark their passengers. We had to transfer ourselves and our baggage to a small sailing-boat, which bobbed up and down on the sufficiently rough waves in a distracting manner, until hands, upstretched as it rose on the crest of one, grasped unceremoniously hold of ours, and jumped us down, at peril of life and limb, whither the baggage had already preceded us. Having gone through this brusque transit myself, I sat watching that of others with some amusement, until it came to the turn of an old native gentleman, who was exceedingly stout and very timid. Thrice he essayed to get down, and thrice the boat rebounded out of reach ere he could fairly do so, at the risk of his falling dangerously forward; and to my disgust, each fresh attempt and failure was greeted with a roar of jeering laughter by his compatriots! I think the spectacle of old age in such need and misery would have compelled me to get up and offer him aid had it lasted one moment longer; but—to the eternal honour of old England be it recorded!—an Englishman present was also unable to bear the piteous sight further, and jumping up to the rescue, speedily landed him safely beside his boxes in the boat. Then a few minutes quick sailing brought us to 'the Mole'—a species of jetty, on which one does well to look warily

to one's goings, since even Argentines complain that its every plank is rotten and full of holes. Nevertheless, once on *terra firma*, Buenos Ayres is a fine city, full of handsome churches and public buildings, and boasting of thirty miles of tramway. Its worst disadvantage is the state of the streets after rain, when the mud becomes such, that bridges are in some place let down across them for foot-passengers. It is liable to 'dust-storms,' when clouds of black grit descend like rain, and I have even heard of their coming with the rain, so as to form a *literal shower of mud!* but the one I witnessed preceded the rain by about half an hour, and thus was quite disagreeable enough. The sky became suddenly dark as night a little while before sunset, and was only rendered more gloomy by the lurid lightning which flashed across it: dust deluged the air in a blinding drift before the wind, which mingled its roaring with a deafening crackling and rolling of thunder. I cannot give an idea of the scene to those who never beheld such an one. Deluges of rain followed when the wind and dust abated; and, two hours after it had been quite fine and dry, the streets were reduced to the impassably miry condition I have already mentioned. But this was upon my return transit across Buenos Ayres, when I made a stay of some days there; upon the first occasion we only spent a few hours in the city, previous to the departure of our train for St. V——, a little station upon the Great Southern line of railway. At last I was on my way to the veritable 'Camp' of which I had heard so much, as the abode of a patriarchal style of life, 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,' like the old proverb—with a special proportion of the 'wealthy,' as regarded the place of my destination; and many a speculation I indulged in, as to what it might be like, while waiting at this halting-place for my escort thereto, no less a personage than the 'Estançeiro,' himself.* He had brought me from the train to the door of a queer-looking *Venda*, or wayside shop of the rudest description, and bid the woman standing within it bring me a chair outside the door, while he went off to the stable premises to see 'whether the trap was ready.' I greatly preferred this suggestion to waiting inside, which did not look exactly tempting. The clouds had cleared, and were chasing each other rapidly across a brilliant blue sky before a delicious breeze, the sun was warm and bright, and I sat and pondered, with a sense of restful *pause in life*, on what might be before me in the day's journey. 'This time yesterday I was walking down the sunny streets of Monte Video—how short, and yet how long ago!—now I am in a new country among strangers; what fresh duties are before me, under what phase of life, I wonder? . . . Well, though I can by no means realize it at this weary transition stage, doubtless all will prove once more that

> 'Life is good,
> Were the one purpose understood
> Of universal brotherhood.'

* An Estançeiro is the owner of an Estançia or estate in the camp.

Que speranza! that *must* be the original 'Deacon's One-hoss Shay, that Wendell Holmes immortalized!'

If I have transcribed my meditations at length, reader, it is that you might share in the ludicrous bathos of contrast they then afforded, for out into the high road had emerged a small chaise, richly caked with dry mud, and meriting in every way the startled exclamation of comment which it had drawn from me. Don G—— was busily harnessing to it a strong little horse, aided by a Guachô boy, whom I afterwards learned was his groom, but whose personal appearance struck me too dumb with astonishment at the time to leave room for any other thought. The costume in question is as follows:—An enormous straw hat, surmounting a handkerchief tied round the head; another kerchief folded on the neck, after the manner of a Quakeress, and below it the oft-mentioned 'ponchô,' or blanket with a hole in the centre for the neck and head, falling over the shoulders: this is generally of soft, shaded brown colour, but sometimes has gay stripes on it. Then, in lieu of trousers, comes a square of white or coloured stuff folded about the person, and secured by a broad sash or belt, generally crimson, and always with a stout knife stuck conspicuously into its folds. To complete this fascinating whole, a pair of large riding-boots, and I give you leave to conjure up the general effect to your imagination, reader, especially when this remarkable-looking squire vaulted nimbly on to another horse, leading a third by the bridle, and galloped alongside of our equipage, which now set forth at a swinging pace homeward. In a few miles we were clear of all appearance of a road, and bowling rapidly over the soft, springy turf, with occasional bumps, severe enough to suggest the derivation of the slang phrase, 'being knocked into the middle of next week;' and then again splashings through wide interludes of water that stood high enough to cover half the wheels. But oh! into what a region we were entering! A vast plain, perfectly level, without a tree, a house, or a human being: an enormous circle of green, terminating at the horizon just as the sea might do, in a line between turf and sky; nothing to break the monotony but immense droves of horses, kine, and sheep,—no sound except their lowing and the peculiar cry of *térou-térou*, which gives to the plover of these regions its native appellation. This was the Camp, and here, two hours drive within its solitudes, was to be my place of abode; out of sight even of a Roman Catholic Church, and eight miles distant from the nearest European dwelling. But an Estançia like that of Don G—— and his wife is a good-sized community in itself, and I could fill many a page with descriptions of life therein, its beauties and its inconveniences, its piquant originalities, and primitive mixtures of affluence and squalor, wealth and ignorance. But I must limit this paper to a few recollections of our, alas! only religious privilege, which was a service held by a Scotch Presbyterian minister every third Sunday in the month, at the nearest neighbouring Estançia.

The Argentine Republic contains *sixty thousand British settlers*, and when I was there they had *but three English clergymen to minister among them!* Think of it, reader, for it is a fact worth contemplating. Of Dr. Smith's beautiful church in Buenos Ayres and his zealous exertions for the good of his people I have already spoken. But it may easily be understood by a brief glance at the map of the country how impossible it is for him to reach all the souls nominally within his cure and that of his two assistant clergy. So a worthy Scotch minister (curiously enough of the same name) has for years past made a practice of visiting the Camp twice a month to baptize, marry, and officiate at services; and if you will consider the fact that but for his exertions numbers of our fellow-countrymen and women must literally be deprived of Christian rites of every sort, you will appreciate, as Dr. Smith so cordially does, the good work he undertakes. One of these two expeditions was made into our part of the camp, where he was always hospitably entertained by a certain dear old Scotch lady, whose coach-house was carefully prepared for the holding of a service at noon, followed by a catechising class for all the children who could be collected with their parents for the occasion. It was a sort of gala day for us, who drove over early in great force, not in the 'shay,' but in a grand family coach, the steeds whereof were generally so 'fresh' that I momentarily expected a *spill* during the first half of the way, in spite of the Estançeiro's consummate skill in managing them. But oh! the beauty of those fresh summer mornings—the sky seeming bluer, the grass greener, the enamelling of purple, blue, and golden wild-flowers richer in colour, than in work-a-day week hours, while the pleasantest of welcomes ever awaited us on arrival from Mrs. ——. No *Portana** was she, but a genuine old Northron of the most worthy pattern; truthful, simple-minded, and yet shrewd, kind-hearted to a degree, and exquisitely neat and cleanly in all the appointments of the house she took such a pride in making like to the home left, over fifty years before, in the Old Country; the contrast between her sterling goodness and the artificial '*gentility*' of some of the Portana branches of her posterity was infinitely amusing to behold. Only to speak of those Sundays brings back to me the look of the garden, laid out to resemble the pleasure-grounds of home memory as much as possible, and filled with English flowers, such as refused to flourish with a like abundance anywhere else in the Camp. Once more I fancy I smell the mignonette and honeysuckle wherewith she delighted generously to fill my hands, or behold the old-fashioned 'best parlour,' set out with quaint furniture, antique engravings, and a piano which must surely have been a century old, with, hung over it, the picture of the *Israelites coming out of Egypt*, men, women, and children marching

* A portano, or portana, is the child of one or both European parents, but *born in these countries*. Mixed races are very apt to produce a mixture of the defects of both countries, devoid of the virtues of either, though, of course, one sees noble exceptions, wherein the opposite axiom holds true.

down the streets of an ideally magnificent Oriental city, in superb military phalanx, while the mothers of the deceased first-born gesticulate their grief on the pathways and house-tops. Methinks, I am there again, munching short-bread by way of refreshment before service time (while the voices of the children, rejoicing over every item of the delight of 'coming to grandmamma's house for church,' are to be heard in the garden without), and contemplating that representation of the Exodus with much inward criticism, until my inspection thereof is interrupted by 'Lion,' the huge St. Bernard, king and chief among some half-dozen enormous dogs, who pushes into the room and greets me with the sort of chivalrous cordiality a big dog always manifests to favoured guests of the house. He is closely followed by his proportionately gigantic *Padron*, saying, 'Mother, it is twelve, and if Mr. Smith is ready all is prepared for him;' upon which we form a procession across the *pátio* (which at this Estançia is, however, just an ordinary yard, such as separates the outhouses of any country mansion at home from its dwelling-rooms) into the neat buildings, where quite a nice little congregation is already assembled. Have I spoken severely, on the previous page, of 'Portanas' in general? The very name of these services at Mrs. ——'s recalls to me the sweet girl-faces of two of her grandchildren who sat near me thereat, picked specimens of the charming exceptions to the too general rule in their disfavour; girls with all the brightness, piquant vivacity, and versatile grace of the South American women, added to the sterling truth, worth, and goodness so rarely, alas! to be found as a solid basis to Transatlantic feminine charms. But then these girls had been most carefully trained and shielded by an admirable mother, the 'like daughter' of Mrs. —— herself. I remember just such another pair of girls born in the Uruguayan Republic, but possessing likewise an excellent Scotch mother, who made true religion and careful home education the foundation of real worth when they grew up into early, and lovely, and loveable womanhood. But, *such are exceptions*. If I insist almost bitterly on this fact, it is that I would so gladly suggest to every mother or sister who glances at these pages, to influence brother or son going to live in those countries against the madness of 'choosing a wife from among the daughters of the land.' Marriages with natives and Poranas scarcely ever turn out happily, and least of all where there is a radical difference of opinion on religious questions: even if husband and wife agree in other matters, the education of their children is invariably a point viewed from such opposite modes of thought that it is certain sooner or later to entail family discord. But this is by no means the only difficulty; native, and even Portana girls, are brought up so totally unlike those with which any high-minded Englishman has been accustomed to associate in the home circle, that he will probably rue his mistake before the first glamour of lover-like devotion has well passed away. An old Englishman who travelled out in the steamer with me from Southampton to Rio used to tell a very good story on this subject.

He had lived a great deal in South America, and was annoyed, once upon a time, by a young naval officer, fresh from England, falling desperately in love with a certain beautiful young Senhorita, whom *he* had introduced him to at a ball. Mr. L—— did not know what to do: opposition would have only increased the sailor's ardour; and as to setting before him the realities of sober fact, he was in a state of mind to refuse to believe in them. At last his old friend bethought himself of an expedient for disenchanting him. He proposed to him, quite suddenly, to call upon the lady's family together, which suggestion was of course acceded to with rapture, and the two repaired straight to the house of her parents. It was early in the forenoon, and, just as Mr. L—— expected, they surprised the fair Senhorita in her habitual morning *déshabille*—uncombed, unwashed, in crumpled *peignoir* thrown carelessly over a small modicum of necessary attire, and slippers down at heel. Fancy the poor young man's disgust, having only seen her before in the elaborate elegance of ball-room splendours, and drawing a mental contrast with the remembrance of the ladies in neat and appropriate morning costume meeting round his mother's breakfast-table at an earlier hour at home! Mr. L——'s benevolent diplomacy was crowned with perfect success, as you may suppose.

I have kept Mr. Smith and his congregation waiting during this digression longer than they would ever have done in reality. Exactly at twelve, service always began, with an exposition of a chapter in Scripture, followed by hymns, extemporary prayer, and sermon. These were all my 'church privileges' for five weary months. Reader! most excellent was much of the teaching therein contained, and one learned the value of united prayer and praise of *any* sort once in the month. But the manner of the latter cost me many a hot and cold fit of terror lest it should some day break down my gravity in a disgraceful manner. An old man, reported to be not always quite sober when he arrived to perform his duties as precentor, used to lead the hymns in a voice that was still powerful, but perfectly cracked. Such tunes as he favoured us with are surely not often heard in even Scottish Kirk or Methodist Field-meeting, and upon them he used to engraft marvellous variations, shakes, and roulades, altering the very words when he thought fit to suit his improvisations on the melody. I have seen English visitors present unprepared for the peculiarities of this psalmody shaking from head to foot with suppressed laughter, and that you may not condemn them as wilfully irreverent therefore, let me tell you that not the sternest and most conscientious gravity could always be proof against the wonders of old ——'s singing, since just as one was thankfully hoping one more verse to be safely got through, he would go off into an unexpected series of flourishes simply astounding to his hapless fellow-worshippers. It vain we remonstrated privately on the subject: dear, good Pastor S—— had no ear for music himself, and *could not* be convinced of the trial (to members of his congregation more sensitive in matters of melody) of old ——'s precentorship. He was

too kind-hearted to believe the stories of extra stimulant taken to prepare (?) this extraordinary choir-leader for his Sunday duties, or to seem to slight the services of one who, he said, had been his cordial co-adjutor in these services for many years past. So —— had his own most unmelodious and irreverent way, and I used silently to dream, after the fresh misery of each succeeding month's caricature of psalmody, whether one might, *some* day, be permitted to consecrate talents, trained to choir-practice in dear by-gone days of public worship, to the amelioration of so melancholy a state of things. . . . But Providence had better things in store, even (instead of 'singing the Lord's song in a strange land') a speedy return to the full glory and beauty of Catholic worship in the Church of England. In Advent I was trying to make the best use of even such meagre worship; by the second Sunday after Epiphany I was enjoying, with a depth and earnestness that can but follow such months of deprivation, the completed privilege of Dr. Smith's morning service and celebration, and looking forward with joy to return home to my fathers' Church; and in point of fact, upon 'Mothering Sunday' (or the fourth in Lent), was able to give thanks there for a safe and prosperous voyage home, and a return to the dear fatherland where no long miles of Camp intervene to separate Church members from openly joining to worship, 'With Angels, and Archangels, and all the glorious Company of Heaven . . .' saying,

'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High!'

BOSNIAN AND HERZEGOVINIAN REFUGEES.

DEAR ——,—The kind way in which many of your readers answered my appeal on behalf of the refugees from Bosnia and Herzegovina, in the October number of the *Monthly Packet*, makes me hope that the following details of their present condition, from the pen of an eye-witness, may induce some to again contribute towards Miss Irby's fund for feeding and clothing these starving fellow-Christians, for whom return to their own land is still impossible.

Mr. Arthur Evans, writing from Knin, on the Dalmatian-Bosnian frontier, on the 13th of the month, says that in company with Miss Irby and Miss Johnston, he has just visited the little town of Verlika, about four hours drive from Knin. 'The whole of Verlika,' he writes, 'was crowded with a terribly-famished crowd of Bosnian fugitives, who literally besieged us for Indian corn. There have as yet been only two distributions here, and the state of the refugees was therefore appalling. The Austrians only allow them now five kreutzers (about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$) a head, which at present prices is just enough to buy them two handfuls of corn, not enough to keep them above ground; and, as the natives of the almost desert country at the foot of Mount Dinara are too needy themselves to help the strangers, they die by hundreds. They live for the most part in caverns on the mountains between this and the Bosnian frontier. There had been a distribution that day to 407 families—over 3,000 individuals—which occupied eight hours, and the Podestà, who managed it, was nearly worn out, but there were still some hundred families who had received nothing. These all however were to receive corn the next day.'

And, speaking of some other refugees who, on hearing of the arrival of the English ladies, had come from their cave-dwellings, he says, 'It was a ghastly scene; they looked more starved than any we had yet seen in this part. Miss Irby and Miss Johnston distributed linen clothes to the most naked of the children. It is terrible out here; the fugitives are dying by shoals, of hunger and its diseases, in these caverns.'

This is enough, and more than enough, to rouse our compassion. I am writing this on Easter Sunday; and I would fain ask all those

who have again been spared to 'keep the feast' to show forth their thankfulness for past mercies by giving what they can, be it much or be it little, to try and bring some little 'joy and health into the dwellings' of these unfortunate people.

I will gladly undertake to acknowledge in your next number any money sent to me; and I am,

Yours very sincerely,

MARGARET FREEMAN.

SOMERLEAZE, WELLS, SOMERSET,
Easter-Day, 1878.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1878.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER X.

DURING a mischievous reign of twelve years Commodus undid all the good of the five preceding emperors. When he was only fifteen years old his father remarked to some of his friends that he much feared the Roman empire would scarcely be large enough to contain the vices of his son Commodus. Not only did he barter away his provinces for gold, and seize and confiscate to his own use the estates of the most worthy citizens, but he murdered his wife Crispina and his cousin Faustina. On one occasion he cast one of his servants into a burning furnace, simply for the offence of over-heating his bath; and at a public feast, imagining that some of the people were deriding him, he ordered all present to be massacred on the spot, and the city to be set on fire. His frantic intentions, however, were frustrated by the intrepidity of one of his guards.

Being reproved for his wicked doings by some of his household and officers, Commodus added their names to the list of those whom he had proscribed. The roll upon which these were written, fell into the hands of the intended victims, through a little boy, the only person who ever had access to his private rooms, and who had crept in there unobserved before the emperor went to bed. Seeing that their only chance of safety lay in the emperor's destruction, they strangled him, after an unsuccessful attempt on his life with poison, giving out that he had succumbed to a fit of apoplexy. Thus he perished, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign, A.D. 192.

Commodus' successor, Pertinax, a man far advanced in years, found himself literally forced into the purple. His reign lasted only eighty-seven days, during which time he was always trembling for his safety.

His obscure descent had not prevented his receiving a very liberal education, and he had been employed by Commodus to teach a number of scholars the Greek and Latin languages in Etruria. Thinking that the messengers who came to tell him of his newly acquired dignity were sent from Commodus, he bade them strike at once. Banished from the city by Commodus, he had on his return been made prefect, a precarious office, in which his life was in hourly peril from the caprice of his master. The mildness, economy, and popularity of his administration as consul had convinced the Romans of his integrity, and they did not hesitate to exalt him to the empire, and they soon had cause to rejoice in the justice of their choice.

The duration of Pertinax's empire was so short that it contains few events worthy of being chronicled. But short as it was, he found time to introduce great reforms. He began by melting down all the silver statues which had been erected to his predecessor, and exposing to public sale his houses, his arms, his horses, and all the instruments of his pleasure and extravagance; and with the money which accrued he so enriched his exchequer that he was enabled to abolish all the taxes which Commodus had laid on the rivers, highways, and ports throughout his empire. This patriotic administration gained him the affection of the most worthy and discerning of the people. But the same power that raised Pertinax, wrought his overthrow. The prætorian guards, spoilt by the laxity of Commodus, could not brook the control of his successor, and when Pertinax attempted to introduce among them the discipline to which they had been unused, but which was necessary in order to preserve the peace and tranquillity of Rome, the flames of rebellion were kindled and the minds of the soldiers alienated. His friends wished him to withdraw from the impending storm; but he unexpectedly appeared before the seditious prætorians, and boldly asked them whether they—who were bound to defend the person of their prince—were come to betray him and shed his blood.

The undaunted assurance with which they were confronted would have had its desired effect, as the soldiers were already beginning to retire with acclamations of applause, when one of the most rebellious advanced and darted his javelin at the emperor's breast, exclaiming, 'The soldiers send you this.' The rest of the prætorians followed the example of their leader, and the unfortunate Pertinax fell, calling upon Jupiter to revenge his death. He had lived to enjoy the imperial dignity only three months; these were, however, full of rich promise for the prosperity of the empire. He died A.D. 193.

The emperor Severus, hitherto favourable to the Christians on account of his obligations towards some of them, began a bitter persecution, publishing a cruel edict in 202. His severity made itself felt in all parts of the empire; but upon Lyons it fell with an almost unexampled violence. Severus had once been governor there, and during his proconsulate, the prosperity of the Church in that city had

come especially under his notice. Among the victims at Lyons S. Irenæus perished; but it is not easy to assign the precise date of his martyrdom, as some writers place it in the persecutions instituted under the edict above mentioned, while others incline to A.D. 208, the year in which Severus made his expedition to Britain. So virulent were the persecutions that one of the ancient martyrologists writes: 'After several torments Irenæus was put to death, and, together with him, almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned; so that the streets of Lyons flowed with the blood of the Christians who—exchanging death for life—met again, in a better world, the white-robed throng of the martyrs who were in peace.'

While S. Irenæus was writing in Gaul, a school of Christian Fathers had arisen in Egypt, of whom we must make some short mention. The Bishop of Alexandria, named Demetrius, was the eleventh successor of S. Mark. From very early times there had been a school at Alexandria for teaching the catechumens, which became more celebrated under Pantænus, who was a Sicilian by birth. His method of teaching was by question and answer, but he wrote down notes for his hearers.

After having applied himself originally to the philosophy of the Stoics, Pantænus' love of virtue drew him into an acquaintance with the Christians, with the sanctity of whose lives he was so charmed that he joined their number, and being afterwards raised to the priesthood, used his previous knowledge to the advantage of religion. But his principal study, after having received Baptism, seems to have been, as far as possible, to hide his talents by a true spirit of humility. These were not suffered to lie long hidden, although Pantænus was not discovered by S. Clement of Alexandria until he had been sought for long and diligently.

But once on terms of friendship with Pantænus, S. Clement found in him so rich a treasure of Divine wisdom, and such a depth of knowledge, that he thought he should never seek for another instructor and guide; and he afterwards describes him as 'superior to all his contemporaries.' (Clement was Pantænus' most celebrated scholar: of him we shall have more to say presently.)

The renown of Pantænus was not destined to remain long inclosed within the limits of the Roman empire. It passed on as far as India, the Indians sending an ambassador, praying him to come and preach the gospel in their country. There were, even in those early times, holy men who, under the name of Evangelists, full of zeal for God, voluntarily abandoned all things, after the pattern of the Apostles, so that they might spread the religion of Christ.

Pantænus was of this number. After having received his commission from Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, and probably also episcopal ordination, he preached the Gospel to the nations of the

East, penetrating even into Hindostan, and preaching the faith to the Brahmins and other philosophers of the country. History furnishes us with no details as to the fruits of his mission; but we learn from Eusebius that Pantænus found in the hands of some Christians, who had probably been Jews, a Gospel of S. Matthew, in Hebrew characters, which had been left to them by S. Bartholomew, who, according to tradition, sowed the first seeds of the faith in these parts.

It is believed that, after having spent several years in cultivating the faith in India, and having given proofs of his zeal by many noble actions, S. Pantænus returned to Alexandria and devoted himself afresh to the instruction of the faithful, if not in the public school, at least in his own house. Not content with preaching the truth and instructing the faithful *vivâ voce*, this saint wrote also some commentaries upon the Holy Scriptures. Although since his conversion sacred studies were his principal occupation as well as his greatest enjoyment, he did not feel called upon to renounce philosophy, in reading the books of the pagans and examining their tenets.

In his lessons and in his books S. Pantænus used profane science to humble and confound the pride of those who, puffed up with human learning, rashly insulted the simplicity of the faith. In this he was imitated not only by S. Clement of Alexandria, but also by Origen, who quotes his example as an authority. The precise year of his death is unknown; but it is commonly believed that his days were prolonged until the end of the reign of the emperor Severus, or the commencement of that of Caracalla.

S. Clement of Alexandria equalled, if he did not outshine, the fame of his master. His names were Titus Flavius Clemens, and his surname Alexander, to distinguish him, probably, from the S. Clement the Bishop, or the consul and martyr, Titus Flavius Clemens. Brought up as a pagan, his passion for knowledge caused him to travel nearly over the world, so that he might improve himself in literature and philosophy, by familiarising himself with the different schools of thought which reigned and had reigned, as well Greek as Roman.

The more he advanced in this knowledge, the more S. Clement became convinced of the uncertainty and contradiction of human doctrines. Drawn through grace towards Christianity, he soon renounced the worship of idols, and opened his eyes to the light of the Gospel. From this time his chief ambition was to render himself well versed in the Holy Scriptures and in the practice of religion, aiming at nothing but a life perfected with all virtues. To further this end he travelled through Greece, Italy, Assyria, and Palestine to become acquainted with their learned men, and to gather from them knowledge of the Church and the sacred traditions.

'That one,' says S. Clement, speaking of S. Pantænus, 'whom I met last was the first in merit. I found him in Egypt, where I made a stay, studying under him without his being made aware of it.'

S. Clement succeeded S. Pantænus in the great school of Christian teaching at Alexandria with great success, having as his scholars Origen and S. Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem. Those points which the pagan philosophies possessed in common with Christianity, he made the groundwork of his teaching—such as the principles of natural law, the hatred of crime, the love of virtue, the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul—and so by successive stages led his pupils on to grasp the doctrines of the Gospel. These he developed with marvellous power, demonstrating their supremacy over the theologies of paganism, not only in point of abstract truth, but also in that of active moral influence upon the happiness and well-being of mankind.

S. Clement was ordained priest about the beginning of the reign of Severus, for Eusebius speaks of him as a priest about the year 195. When the persecution began, he was obliged to fly to Cappadocia, where he drew up a discourse on the lawfulness of flying in times of persecution. From thence he went on to Jerusalem, taking up his abode with Alexander, who soon after became Bishop of that see, where, undeterred by the surrounding perils, he preached the faith with an eloquence and power which won many converts.

From Jerusalem S. Clement journeyed to Antioch, the most considerable town of the East, where Christianity was making many proselytes, but where the Sophists had also many partisans. In travelling among the various Churches S. Clement held long and frequent conferences with the principal neophytes, enlightening some with the extent of his knowledge, fortifying others with his unfaltering intrepidity, and edifying all by the modesty of his conduct. Alexander remarks of him that he was a man of great virtue, as the Church of Antioch knew already, and would know better when he came among them; and that, having been at Jerusalem, he had by God's blessing greatly confirmed and strengthened the Church.

When the persecution had ceased, S. Clement returned from Antioch to Alexandria, where he is supposed to have chiefly resided during the remainder of his life. He was author of several treatises, among them of the 'Pedagogue,' in which he gives a sketch of the life of the good Christian of his day. He speaks of Christ as the Pastor of all men; that the Lawgiver of the Christians is also their Father and their Model; that all men having need of instruction to learn virtue, and virtue to possess happiness, cannot draw from a better source than that of the lessons of their Divine Master.

S. Jerome considered S. Clement to have been the most learned of authors, a judgment which is fully borne out by S. Theodoret. S. Alexander of Jerusalem exceedingly commends the sanctity of S. Clement's life. As an apologist, the work which chiefly recommends the latter is his exhortation to the Gentiles, in which he unmasks pagan theology, and in which he plunges into its antiquities

questions its monuments, degrades at once its gods, its books, its wise men, and brings the light of truth to bear upon it. This truth is the Christian religion, whose history he relates from the beginning of the world up to his own time.

The close of his career is shrouded in obscurity, but it is supposed that he died at Alexandria, before the reign of Caracalla, who was slain in A.D. 217.

The following translation of a hymn of S. Clement's is from Clarke's *Ante-Nicene Library*, vol. i. page 343 :—

'Bridle of colts untamed,
Over our wills presiding;
Wing of unwandering birds,
Our flight securely guiding;
Rudder of youth unbending,
Firm against adverse shock;
Shepherd with wisdom tending
Lambs of the Royal flock;
Thy simple children bring
In one, that they may sing,
In solemn lays,
Their hymns of praise
With guileless lips to Christ their King.
King of saints, Almighty Word
Of the Father, highest Lord;
Wisdom's head and chief
Assuagement of all grief;
Lord of all time and space,
Jesus, Saviour of our race,
Shepherd, who dost us keep,
Husbandman, who tillest,
Bit to restrain us, Rudder
To guide us as Thou willest;
Of the all holy flock celestial wing,
Fisher of men whom Thou to life dost bring
From evil sea of sin,
And from the billowy strife,
Gathering pure fishes in,
Caught with sweet bait of life.
Lead us, Shepherd of the sheep,
Reason-gifted Holy One;
King of youths whom Thou dost keep
So that they pollution shun;
Steps of Christ, celestial way;
Word eternal, Age unending;
Life that never can decay,
Fount of mercy, virtue sending; Life
August of those who raise
Unto God their hymn of praise.
Jesus Christ,
Nourished by the milk of heaven,
To our tender palates given;
Milk of wisdom from the breast
Of that bride of grace exprest;
By a dewy spirit filled
From fair Reason's breast distilled;
Let us sucklings join to raise

With pure lips our hymn of praise
As our grateful offering.
Clean and pure to Christ our King
Let us with hearts undefiled
Celebrate the Mighty Child.
We Christ-born, the choir of peace;
We the people of His love,
Let us sing, nor ever cease,
To the God of peace above.'

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER II.

May 16*th.*—Lucy Vivian was with me this morning. I am afraid my plans for her are impracticable. She brought me the local examination questions which had been given to Charlotte Stanfield. I know it was an effort to her even to ask for them, and after looking at them she was plunged in the depths of despondency.

So I confess am I. The examiners of course are right in fixing their standard high, but it strikes me that they are hard in making eighteen the age beyond which no girl can try to pass. The rising generation of children may be better taught from infancy. I believe they will be upon the whole; but, at the present time, the rule about age works, I suspect, as a hindrance. Boys always will come first in the parents' plans. There are innumerable reasons why this must be so. The little girls are left to chance and nursery governesses—French or English, as the case may be. Then at thirteen or fourteen they are probably sent to school, knowing almost nothing, and having but little physical power for brain work; and by the time the elementary foundation has been laid, the child of fourteen has developed into the girl of sixteen; —the age for the junior examination has gone by, and only the senior is left. When I glanced at some of Charlotte Stanfield's questions, I could not help feeling how hopeless the attempt to answer them must appear to the majority of the girls I knew.

Not that the questions in themselves are especially difficult. There is a choice offered, and the most complicated may be—and I imagine generally are—unattempted. But they involve an amount of knowledge, which these ignorant, though probably intelligent girls, feel they have not time to acquire. For, besides the preliminary acquaintance with grammar and arithmetic, they must get up the *whole* of the other subjects specially required, lest they should fail in the one point which the examiner may take as his test.

This is easy enough when a limited period of history is marked out; but when—as is sometimes the case—geography is made to embrace

the political and physical conditions of the world, courage may naturally fail. It will almost surely do so when such a subject as Bacon's *Essays* is put forward.

At least sixty essays! All must be carefully studied, in order to be safe, for the questions asked are likely to be, 'Where is such a passage to be found? Give the derivation of a certain obsolete word. Explain some recondite allusion.' A dozen essays might be got up thoroughly, but where is the time to be found for sixty?

It seems to me that the very utmost a diligent girl of good abilities can do is by dint of cramming to pass in the subjects which are made absolutely essential—history, geography, literature (certainly choosing one of Shakespeare's plays in preference to Bacon's *Essays*) arithmetic, English grammar, French, or German, and religious knowledge; always supposing that there is no *conscientious* objection to this last subject.

But few girls are diligent, and the number of those who are above the level of mediocrity in ability is small. The result, therefore, is that in the majority of cases the local examinations are not attempted.

Give two years more for preparation, and there would be hope. A girl does not really begin to think till she is eighteen; any one will own this who has tried to rouse the thinking powers at sixteen and seventeen. Even a clever girl will not then think for herself. She will catch up an idea when it is presented to her, but the effort of thought is, speaking generally, repugnant to her.

From sixteen to eighteen is, *par excellence*, the age of vague dreams and silly romance. But at eighteen (of course I don't mean to give the limit of a precise day) the power of thought begins to be felt as a pleasure. Life offer its problems, and the effort is made to solve them. The exercise of the intellect becomes enjoyment, and knowledge is recognised as a treasure.

A girl of nineteen would work for a local examination as a matter of personal interest. The girl of seventeen works simply because she is obliged to do so.

True, the girl of nineteen may try for the woman's certificate, but this demands an amount of study which, in the generality of cases, cannot be reckoned upon.

Girls marry at twenty; many, indeed, marry at eighteen. Domestic duties, society, the demands made by a husband upon his wife's time and companionship must interfere with devotion to literary pursuits. We may lament this, but we cannot prevent it. If we wish to render the local examinations useful as an engine for stimulating the intellectual improvement of girls, I feel assured we must seize upon those two most important years between eighteen and twenty. There would then be an encouragement given to study after the regular routine of the school-room has ended, and girls who have any intellectual tastes would be induced to cultivate them for a definite object, instead of

feeling themselves cast upon society without aim or interest beyond lawn-tennis and sensation novels.

The addition of these two years' would also give another advantage. It would enable the local examiners to widen their subjects. An acquaintance with the history of one's country is no doubt very desirable, but why are we to learn nothing about other countries? A girl who has left school, and has perhaps spent all her energies on the subjects required by the local examiners, is very frequently taken abroad almost immediately. What, as a rule, does she know of the history of the place she visits? She goes to Rome—perhaps rushes through it, Murray in hand, finds sight-seeing very wearisome, and turns for relief to the whirl of society, which, as Mrs. Barrett Browning once said to me, makes Rome a watering-place. If Rome—mediæval and modern, as well as ancient—had been made a subject of preparation beforehand, the visits to the 'Eternal City' would have been an intellectual excitement, a source of mental enjoyment for life. As it is, it is merely a topic for vain chatter, and a show of superficial acquaintance with names and places.

But this criticism of mine opens the door to many questions which just now I have not the time to consider. The present result of all my inquiries and cogitations is that Lucy Vivian cannot attempt the local examination, and something else must be thought of for her.

6 P.M.—It is supposed that I am an enthusiast on the subject of education. It is a mistake, but I could almost fancy it true from the time and thought I am compelled to bestow upon it. I saw poor Mrs. Vivian this afternoon. She is looking extremely ill. Her sister, Miss Stuart, was with her. They were discussing Lucy—her prospects and her discouragements. The poor girl must ultimately try something for herself, as Mrs. Vivian's little income ceases with her own life; and it will be better and happier for Lucy to begin now. Miss Stuart would take care of Mrs. Vivian if Lucy could be provided for. She cannot undertake both.

The local examination is put aside as hopeless; but Lucy must in some way prepare herself for teaching—if she is to teach—and she has no money to pay for lessons. An idea struck me which I think might be the germ of something useful. Why should not three or four ladies in this neighbourhood, who have had the benefit of good education themselves, form some plan for helping young people who are too old for school, and yet need assistance in their studies? I know one or two girls, besides Lucy Vivian, who might be very glad to have some direction and stimulus of this kind—girls (ladies by birth) who at any moment may have to work for themselves, and an introduction or certificate given by those under whom they have worked might be of great value to them when trying for a first situation. It would be a guarantee at least that they knew something, and were trustworthy.

And such guarantees are much needed, for, after all, one must accept

the fact that there will always be a need in the world for teachers of inferior capacity. The clever girls who pass the local examinations will not be willing to accept positions as governesses for very young children. They will not be contented to teach A B C, when they can write essays on the British Constitution, and give lessons to a class on the physical geography of the world. Because they have been well taught they will require large salaries, and two-thirds of the educated world cannot afford large salaries, and if they could would not think it worth while to expend so much money upon small children.

My ideas, I confess, are as yet indistinct, but I shall talk them over with our Rector's wife. She has a first-rate talent for seeing difficulties and raising objections. If I can only hear all she has to say against my notions, I shall have a fair epitome of the world's criticism; and if I can convince her that they are worth a trial, I shall convince the world generally.

May 18th.—Such a trying morning! I strove to keep my temper, but it was uncommonly difficult, though I knew beforehand what I had to encounter. If there is one thing more irritating than another, it is to have a host of little difficulties buzzing about one in a conversation, stinging one, as it were, and to find that when one has been brushed away, another comes in its place. It would be unendurable with Mrs. Malcolm if I did not know by experience that she is a good-natured woman *au fond*, and really means to help one, though from long habit she can't help being perverse.

The objections she raised this morning were too many to be noted in detail, but I must try to remember the chief.

This was our introduction :—

'My dear Mrs. Blair' (and I knew by the tone of her voice that I had called at an awkward time), 'it is quite an unexpected event to see you here in the morning. I always think that you, like myself, are too much occupied for early visits.'

'Just the reason why I have come,' was my reply. 'I am occupied, and I want to talk to you about my occupation, or rather my thoughts and plans.'

'Indeed! The world is full of plans just now;' and there was a sigh of weariness.

'I know it. I often say to myself that I won't add to the number; but I don't keep to my resolutions, as you see; so now you must hear what I have to say.'

The knitting—which is always at hand as a resource against even the appearance of idleness—was taken up, and Mrs. Malcolm put on her listening face.

I plunged into my subject at once, mentioned Lucy Vivian's case, and asked Mrs. Malcolm's advice as to helping her.

'I really can't venture to give an opinion,' was the cheering answer. 'I don't see how Miss Vivian can be fit to teach if she can't learn.'

'But she could learn,' I said, 'if she had some one to help her.'

'Indeed!' But she is rather old, is she not?'

'Seventeen; her education has been very desultory.'

'And she must be all the more unfit to be a governess.'

'Oh, yes; she is quite unfit.'

'Indeed! but I thought you wished to have her taught?'

'Precisely. I do wish it. She would not need teaching if she was not ignorant.'

'Rather late to begin.'

'Yes; sadly late; but all the more necessary not to delay.'

'Quite true; if there were any hope of success.'

'We can't decide about the hope till we have tried.'

'I don't quite understand. Are you wishing to send Miss Vivian to school?'

'Certainly not. There is no money to expend upon a good school, and a bad one would be of no use.'

'Then what do you wish to do?'

'To have her taught at home if possible. Please don't tell me it is impossible; I have set my heart upon it.'.

'Then it will be sure to be done.'

We both burst out laughing. The observation was half satirical, half earnest, and after that we got on better.

I propounded my little plan. I wanted two, or three, or four of us—professedly educated ladies—to make use of our education for Lucy Vivian's benefit; and ultimately I thought it might be not only for her's, but for that of any other girl in the neighbourhood of her age and class who might be willing to join the English, or French, or arithmetic lessons. I believed if we each took a subject and worked it up ourselves, we might be of considerable use in making our pupil or pupils thorough in their studies; and besides might obtain a certain moral influence over them; and then, should they be called upon to go out as governesses, we should be able conscientiously to recommend them to situations which they would be competent to fill.

'A rather ambitious scheme!' was Mrs. Malcolm's comment.

'I own it. But what is to be done without ambition?'

'And involving a considerable sacrifice of time.'

'Even so; but what is to be done without sacrifice? Though,' I continued, 'I really believe much might be accomplished without any special demand upon one's time. Girls of Lucy Vivian's age and intelligence only want to be put in the way of working, and to have a certain supervision which acts as encouragement. I don't mean when I say this that I have thought the whole plan out.'

'I should imagine not,' was the abrupt answer, but the tone was more conciliatory. 'It is an idea which will require a great deal of consideration before it can be carried out.'

'And that consideration I want to get from you,' I said. 'Tell me truly, do you think the project absolutely Utopian?'

'No, not absolutely.'

'Then what do you think it? State difficulties—say anything you choose—only just tell me truly how it strikes you.'

'It might be feasible if you had not to depend upon volunteers,' was the reply.

'But that is the very point,' I said. 'It must be a voluntary work, or it will be nothing.'

'Then I am afraid it will fail.'

'How? Why? The volunteers will be educated women.'

'Did you ever work with volunteers?'

'Yes, of course; many times.'

'And did you never remark that in spite of all the talking and profession of interest, the work really falls upon one, or, at the most, two persons.'

'Well, yes; I must confess it is so. But in this case it would be definite work, which could not be left to chance. If I undertook to give Lucy Vivian lessons in history, I should know that if I failed her no one else would rise up in my place, and so I should feel myself compelled to be exact and punctual.'

'But you would grumble. It is the special privilege of volunteers to grumble.'

'I don't think I should grumble,' I replied, 'because I should only be carrying out my own idea; but I dare say others would.'

'And Lucy Vivian and her companions, supposing her to have any, would be made to feel that they were a burden; and you would be reminded indirectly, if not directly, that your volunteer friends were laying you under a great obligation.

'But, I hope—I think—they would enter into my plan with so much interest that they would not think about trouble.'

Mrs. Malcolm laughed. 'My dear Mrs. Blair, how many years experience of your fellow creatures have you had?'

'A good many,' I said; 'and I have often been disappointed; but still I can't help expecting the best of them.'

'A great mistake. Hope the best, prepare for the worst. That is the only motto to be acted upon safely. The very impulse which leads people to undertake work as volunteers, leads them also to get tired of it. Give me paid workers if I am to have anything well done.'

An exclamation of painful surprise escaped. 'Oh!' I said, 'what an assertion! Think of all the noble things that are at this moment doing by the agency of volunteers. Half the charities of London would be stopped if it were not for the hard-working volunteers.'

'Possibly; but *certainly* they would be stopped if it were not for the paid officials. However, you have truth on your side, and so have I. The work of superintending charities is one thing; that of giving

lessons is another. There is a stimulus in the one case which is wanting in the other. But now just let us suppose your scheme set on foot, and see how it would work. You will get Lucy Vivian, and whom besides for pupils?'

'I don't know. I can't tell.'

'Neither can I, unless, possibly, it may be Hester Morris and her sister—the surgeon's daughters, I mean. I know they talk of being governesses. But suppose you only have Lucy Vivian. Would you take up the time of five persons in giving her lessons: history and geography, grammar, arithmetic, French, English composition; she can scarcely undertake less; and each person, according to your notion, is to superintend a separate subject?'

'But not every day. I could only give up an hour twice, or possibly three times a week.'

'But your volunteer friends, Miss A, B, C, and D, will they be equally prepared to give up time and amusements and outside claims for Lucy Vivian's education?'

'You think me Utopian,' I said; 'but I know one or two who I am sure would like it.'

'They may begin; but I prophesy that in six weeks time they will get tired of it and resign, with great regrets, petty excuses—so sorry! but urgent claims—a visit from a friend—an offer of going abroad for a few weeks make it necessary.' Or else you will have a rumour of grumbles, "I had such a bad headache, but I had Lucy Vivian's lessons to attend to, and of course I could not disoblige Mrs. Blair. I should only do it for her. It is such a tax." '

'Really,' I said, 'I don't much care what they do it for, so long as the work is done.'

'You are better than I am. Obligation makes me cross. Still, to go back. You really are, then, confident that you can find five or six, or whatever number of workers may be required, who will cheerfully enter into your plan for supplementing the labours of the Oxford and Cambridge examiners? Now for details. What course of study do you propose should be pursued?'

This was too much for me.

'Good-bye,' I said; 'I have had difficulties enough for to-day. I won't risk any more.'

Mrs. Malcolm stopped me as I was going.

'Just like you! so hasty! But let me say one thing. I am a dull old woman, who went to school forty years ago,—but if I can be of any use to you in this matter, tell me. I can spell decently, and I write a good, bold hand. If Lucy Vivian wants teaching so far, I will give an hour a week to her, or her papers, or whatever may be required. Having raved against volunteers, of course I shall prove myself a noble example. Anyhow, thanks to my lame foot, I am sure to be found at home every day in the week.'

I was ashamed of myself when I left Mrs. Malcolm. She had been —as she always is—more or less helpful; but I felt as if I had been through a thorn-hedge.

Now I must think over her question—a provoking one at the time: What course of study do I propose should be pursued?—Answer. A course which shall fit Lucy and her companions—if she should have any—for being good governesses for girls up to the age of thirteen—perhaps fourteen.

What will it include?

For secular subjects: History, geography, grammar, arithmetic, correct spelling, careful French exercises, and translations, with some knowledge of English literature.

For religious subjects: Bible history and the Church catechism, with the outlines of Church history. Science must be left for a more advanced age. But I must consider the subjects separately.

History: That will include England, Greece, Rome, and France—the outlines only, of course. People object to outlines; but, if they are not clearly given, the interesting facts become a mere heterogeneous medley of anecdotes without purpose.

I am wider in my subjects than the Oxford and Cambridge examiners. Their historical programme is narrow. The children whom Lucy Vivian would be likely to teach must be prepared for the society in which they will afterwards be likely to move; and Grecian, Roman, and the important facts of Continental history, in addition to English, are essential if they are to mix in the educated world. But the Continent opens a wide field, and therefore, at first, one must limit one's ambition to France.

Geography: That is not much in my line; but certainly Lucy ought to be able to teach her pupils not only to find out places on the map, but to answer the chief questions on political and physical geography, which could be gathered out of such a book as Cornwall's Geography. And I think, too, that she ought herself to understand thoroughly those elementary facts of astronomy which are intimately connected with the earth: such as the movements of the sun and the planets, the changes of the seasons,—that old-fashioned and much-scoffed-at 'use of the globes' is very helpful in teaching and explaining these subjects; and children soon become really interested in working problems.

Grammar: That is a far more perplexing subject for me than geography. When I approach it I feel that I am treading upon the *débris* of extinct systems; and I have no clear idea of the new one which has been evolved out of the remains of these exploded theories. And here, also, I should scarcely be of the same mind with the local examiners; they make such a great point of analysis and the construction of sentences. Admirable, no doubt, such a study is in itself; but it requires an advanced mind to take an interest in it.

The class of girls, of the age of twelve and thirteen, who would probably be Lucy's pupils, generally, speak good English from childhood, because they have lived amongst cultivated people. They observe the rules by a kind of instinct, and the use of this minute grammatical work is by no means clear to them. No doubt it is different in the case of persons who are not brought up amongst well-educated people. They must talk and write by rule; and the very care they take to speak and write correctly shews that they do so; but no one would wish to exchange the easy flow of cultivated conversation and correspondence for the stilted style of the trained teacher of a lower class, who picks his way slowly along the stony road of correct grammar, fearing to stumble at every step.

If it were not that I am obliged to yield my (better?) judgment to the mania of the day, I would—looking at Lucy's ignorance, and the quantity she has to learn—content myself with seeing that she knew how to parse a sentence according to the elementary rules upon which all are agreed (supposing they can be discovered), and leave analysis and grammatical problems to a future day. I must not, however, sacrifice her interests to my own fancies; so I will consult Charlotte Stanfield, and see what light can be thrown upon the subject by her experience.

Derivations, again, are much dwelt upon; but here, also, I suspect they are forced upon the attention too early. Boys learn Latin from childhood; it might be a very good thing if girls did the same; but French takes precedence; and there is no time for the two languages. I doubt whether children of eleven and twelve, having no knowledge of any languages except English and French, are not more confused than assisted by being instructed in Latin and Anglo-Saxon derivations. A few years later, when they have learnt to use their intellects, they will take pleasure in tracing out derivations for themselves, for they will have some ground to go upon; but the pupils whom I suppose Lucy Vivian to have will scarcely be able to do more than acquire a knowledge of the few prefixes which are an assistance in orthography.

I say this with an especial reference, in my own mind, to one of the many series of Shakespeare's Plays, with notes, now published which are considered so helpful and important for the local examination candidates. Some time ago I used the notes in working up a Shakespeare class, both of junior and senior candidates. The play was the *Tempest*, and my efforts were happily successful. My pupils passed. But when I ask myself what special good they derived from my lessons, I confess I can ascribe but a very small share to the notes of the learned editor. At least a third struck me as trivial, and I put them aside. But many also referred to questions of derivation and obsolete words. These I was obliged to make the children *get up*—to use the technical phrase—as I could not at all guess which particular word or deriva-

tion would be chosen by the examiners. But it irritated me, I own, to feel obliged to expend my precious minutes (I had only an hour a week to bestow) upon teaching my pupils that *awaked* was derived from one Anglo-Saxon verb, and *awoke* from another; whilst the real difficulties of the play, especially of the repartees in the 1st scene of the 2nd act, were for the most part left without any attempt at explanation, and could only be made in any way clear to the children by my own interpretation.

The efforts thus almost necessarily concentrated upon derivations and obsolete words seems to me, in fact, to savour of pedantry, and to be, for the most part, a mere waste of time and energy at the age at which it is expected to be made. Therefore, as Lucy Vivian is not going in for a local examination, and will never be able to prepare her pupils for one, according to the present requirements, I shall leave Anglo-Saxon derivations alone.

Arithmetic: Lucy's pupils will do extremely well if they know the multiplication-table and the table of weights and measures perfectly, and can work easily and *correctly* sums in the four great rules, the rule of three, bills of parcels, and practice. When they have thoroughly mastered arithmetic so far they will get on rapidly beyond, and can then, under other teaching, enter upon the questions which bewilder the brains of the local-examination candidates. But I will consult our national schoolmaster upon the subject, and put the matter into his hands.

Correct Spelling: That is a crux for all England *now*. Yet, when I was a little girl, it was taken for granted that every educated person would spell correctly; at least, that was what I, in my ignorance and innocence, thought. A mis-spelt word was, and is still, a shock to me; more especially if I happen to be guilty of it myself. Lucy Vivian *must* spell correctly, and she must write a good hand—by which I mean a free, firm, clear, lady-like hand. I don't in the least care whether it is pretty or ugly; but it must be legible and refined.

Lastly, French:—I groan over that. Lucy has a good accent, and can speak fairly well. She has had French maids and governesses about her from childhood. But when it comes to a question of grammar she is utterly at fault. I think I shall take her exercises myself, and (if I can) get the French mistress at Miss Rowe's to go for a walk with her occasionally, and so give her a little practice in talking.

This matter of foreign languages is becoming a greater difficulty in the way of sound *English* education and instruction every day. As some one said to me lately—French must certainly be the language of Heaven, and a Parisian accent the test of our admittance there, for certainly we English are ready to sacrifice both moral and intellectual training for its attainment.

But what about the easy conversation and the Parisian accent of the clever girls—the prospective governesses and teachers—who are

carrying away honours and prizes in the public examinations? Who is to be their guarantee for either the one or the other of these acquirements? Yet without them, what is their position? Society—fashionable, upper-ten-thousand society—persists in demanding them. How are they to be attained? A year abroad may do something; but it will not enable an Englishwoman to talk so that she shall be mistaken for a Frenchwoman; and even if it could, will all who gain high marks for foreign grammatical knowledge be able to go abroad for a year? Will half, or a third of the number? And under the most favourable circumstances, how will these girls hold their ground against native Parisian-French and Hanoverian-German teachers?

I confess I do not see my way out of this difficulty. It seems to me that thorough, well-taught, clever English girls will of necessity be driven to find their occupation in the new High Schools, because there will be no place found for them in English homes, except at salaries which will be quite beneath their acceptance.

Unless—can one—may one hope that English mothers will one day wake up to the fact, that there is something better, deeper, more valuable, both for this world and the next, than to be able to chatter French with a rapidity which shall hide grammatical faults, and with an accent which the half-satirical, half-courteous flattery of a native of France shall pronounce to be 'quite Parisian!'

(To be continued.)

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OFFER FOR MAGNUM BONUM.

Four years of wealth had not made much external alteration in Mrs. Joseph Brownlow. As she descended the staircase of her beautiful London house, one Monday morning, late in April, between flower-stands filled with lovely ferns and graceful statues, she had still the same eager girlish look. It was true that her little cap was of the most costly lace, her hair manipulated by skilful hands, and her thin black summer dress was of material and make such as a scientific eye alone could have valued in their simplicity. But dignity still was wanting. Silks and brocades that would stand alone, and velvets richly piled only crushed and suffocated the little light swift figure, and the crisp curly hair was so much too wilful for the maid, that she had been even told that madame's style would be to cut it short, and wear it

à l'ingénue, which she viewed as insulting; and altogether her general was precisely what it had been when her dress cost a twentieth part of what it did at present.

Her face looked no older. It was thin, eager, bright, and sunny, yet with an indescribable wistfulness in the sparkling eyes, and something worn in the expression, and, as usual, she moved with a quiet nimbleness peculiar to herself.

The breakfast-table, sparkling with silver and glass, around a magnificent orchid in the centre, and a rose by every plate, was spread in the dining-room, sweet sounds and scents coming in through the widely-opened glass doors of the conservatory, while a bright wood fire, still pleasant to look at, shone in the grate.

As she rang the bell, Bobus came in from the conservatory, book in hand, to receive the morning kiss, for which he had to bend to his little mother. He was not tall, but he had attained his full height, and had a well-knit sturdy figure which, together with his heavy brow and deep-set eyes, made him appear older than his real age—nineteen. His hair and upper lip were dark, and his eyes keen with a sense of ready power and strong will.

'Good morning, Bobus; I didn't see you all day yesterday,' said his mother.

'No, I couldn't find you before you went out on Saturday night, to tell you I was going to run down to Belforest with Bauerson. I wanted to enlighten his mind as to wild hyacinths. They are in splendid bloom all over the copses, and I thought he would have gone down on his knees to them, like Linnæus to the gorse.'

'I'm afraid he didn't go on his knees to anything else.'

'Well, it is not much in his line.'

'Then can he be a nice Sunday companion?'

'Now, mother, I expected credit for not scandalising the natives. We got out at Woodgate, and walked over, quite "unknownst," to Kenminster.'

'I was not thinking of the natives, but of yourself.'

'As you are a sensible woman, Mother Carey, wasn't it a more goodly and edifying thing to put a man like Bauerson in a trance over the blue bells, than to sit cramped up in foul air listening to the glorification of a wholesale massacre.'

'For shame, Bobus; you know I never allow you to say such things.'

'Then you should not drag me to church. Was it last Sunday that I was comparing the Prussians at Bazeille with——'

'Hush, my dear boy, you frighten me; you know it is all explained. Fancy if we had to deal with a nation of Thugs, and no means of guarding them—a different dispensation and all. But here come the children, so hush.'

Bobus gave a nod and smile, which his mother understood only too

well as intimating acquiescence with wishes which he deemed feminine and conventional.

'My poor boy,' she said to herself, with vague alarm and terror, 'what has he not picked up? I must read up these things, and be able to talk it over with him by the time he comes back from Norway.'

There, however, came the morning greeting of Elvira and Barbara, girls of fourteen and eleven, with floating hair and short dresses, the one growing up into all the splendid beauty of her early promise, the other thin and brown, but with a speaking face and lovely eyes. They were followed by Miss Ogilvie, as trim and self-possessed as ever, but with more ease and expansiveness of manner.

'So, Babie,' said her brother, 'you've earned your breakfast; I heard you hammering away.'

'Like a nut hatch,' was the merry answer.

'And Elfie?' asked Mrs. Brownlow.

'I'm not so late as Janet,' she answered; and the others laughed at the self-defence before the attack.

'It is a lazy little Elf in town,' said Miss Ogilvie; 'in the country she is up and out at impossible hours.'

'Good morning, Janet,' said Bobus, at that moment, 'or rather, "Marry come up, mistress mine, good lack, nothing is lacking to thee save a pointed hood graceless."'

For Janet was arrayed in a close-fitting pale blue dress, cut in semblance of an ancient kirtle, and with a huge chatelaine, from which massive chains dangled, not to say clattered—not merely the ordinary appendages of a young lady, but a pair of compasses, a safety inkstand, and a microscope. Her dark hair was strained back from a face not calculated to bear exposure, and was wound round a silver arrow.

Elfie shook with laughter, murmuring—

'Oh dear! what a fright!' in accents which Miss Ogilvie tried to hush; while Babie observed, as a sort of excuse, 'Janet always is a figure of fun when she is picturesque.'

'My dear, I hope you are not going to show yourself to any one in that dress,' added her mother.

'It is perfectly correct,' said Janet, 'studied from an old Italian costume.'

'The Marchioness of Carabas, in my old fairy-tale book. Oh, yes, I see!' and Babie went off again in an ecstatic fit of laughter.

'I hope you've got boots and a tail ready for George,' added Bobus. 'Being a tiger already, he may serve as cat.'

Therewith the post came in, and broke up the discourse; for Babie had a letter from Eton, from Armine, who was shut up with a sore throat.'

Her mother was less happy. She had asked a holiday for the next day for her two Eton boys and their cousin John, and the

reply had been that though for two of the party there could be no objection, her elder boy was under punishment for one of the wild escapades to which he was too apt to pervert his excellent abilities.

'Are not they coming, mother?' asked Babie. 'Armie does not say.'

'Unfortunately Jock has got kept in again.'

'Poor Jock!' said Bobus; 'sixpence a day, and no expectations, would have been better pasture for his brains.'

'Yes,' said his mother with a sigh, 'I doubt if we are any of us much the better or the wiser for Belforest.'

'The wiser, I'm sure, because we've got Miss Ogilvie,' cried Babie.

'Do I hear babes uttering the words of wisdom?' asked Allen, coming into the room, and pretending to pull her hair, as the schoolroom party rose from the breakfast-table, and he met them with outstretched hands.

'Aye, to despise Laglast,' said Elvira, darting out of his reach, and tossing her dark locks at him as she hid behind a fern plant in the window; and there was a laughing scuffle, ended by Miss Ogilvie, who swept the children away to the schoolroom, while Allen came to the table, where his mother had poured out his coffee, and still waited to preside over his breakfast, though she had long finished her own.

Allen Brownlow, at twenty, was emphatically the Eton and Christchurch production, just well made and good-looking enough to do full justice to his training and general getting up, without too much individual personality of his own. He looked only so much of a man as was needful for looking a perfect gentleman, and his dress and equipments were in the most perfect quietly exquisite style, as costly as possible, yet with no display, and nothing to catch the eye.

'Well, Bobus,' he said, 'you made out your expedition. How did the place look?'

'Wasting its sweetness,' said his mother; 'it is tantalising to think of it.'

'It could hardly be said to be wasted,' said Bobus; 'the natives were disporting themselves all over it.'

'Where?' asked Allen, with displeased animation.

'O, Essie and Ellie were promenading a select party about the gardens. I could almost hear Mackintyre gnashing his teeth at their inroads on the forced strawberries, and the park and Elmwood Spinney were dotted so thick with people, that we had to look sharp not to fall in with any one.'

'Elmwood Spinney!' exclaimed Allen; 'you don't mean that they were running riot over the preserves?'

'I don't think there were more than half-a-dozen there. Bauerson was quite edified. He said, "So! they had on your English Sunday quite falsely me informed." There were a couple of lovers spooning

and some children gathering flowers, and it had just the Arcadian look dear to the German eye.'

'Children!' cried Allen, as if they were vipers. 'That's just what I told you, mother. If you will persist in throwing open the park, we shall not have a pheasant on the place.'

'My dear boy, I have seen them running about like chickens in a farmyard.'

'Yes, but what's the use, if all the little beggars in Kenminster are to be let in to make them wild! And when you knew I particularly wished to have something worth asking Prince Siegfried down to.'

'Never mind, Allen,' put in Janet; 'you can ask him to shoot into the poultry yard. The poor things are just as thick there, and rather tamer, so the sport will be the more noble.'

'You know nothing about it, Janet,' said Allen, in displeasure.

'But Allen,' said his mother, apologetically, though she felt with Janet, 'the woods are locked up.'

'Locked! As if that was any use when you let a lot of boys come marauding all over the place!'

'Really, Allen,' said his mother, 'when I remember what we used to say about old Mr. Barnes, I cannot find it in my heart to play the same game!'

'It is quite a different thing.'

'How?'

'He did it out of mere surliness.'

'I don't suppose it makes much difference to the excluded whether it is done out of mere surliness, or for the sake of the preserves.'

'Mother!' Allen spoke as if the absurdity of the argument were quite too much for him; but his brother and sister both laughed, which nettled him into adding—

'Well! All I have to say is, that if Belforest is to be nothing but a people's park for all the ragamuffins in Kenminster, there will soon not be a head of game in the place, and I shall be obliged to shoot elsewhere!'

Poor Caroline! If there was a thing she specially hated, it was a *battue*, both for the thing itself, and all the previous preparation of preserving, and of prosecuting poachers; and yet sons have their mothers so much in their power by that threat of staying away from home, that she could not help faltering, 'Oh, Allen, I'll do my best, and tell the keepers to be very careful, and lock the gates of all the preserves.'

Allen saw she was vexed, and spoke more kindly, 'There, never mind, mother. It is more than can be expected that ladies should see things in a reasonable light.'

'What is the reasonable light?' asked Bobus.

Allen did not choose to hear, regarding Bobus not indeed as a woman, but as something as little capable of appreciating his reason.

It was Janet who took up the word. 'The reasonable light is that the enjoyment of the many should be sacrificed to the vanity of the few, viz., that all Kenminster should be confined to dusty roads all the year round in order that Allen may bring down the youngest son of the youngest son of a German prince for one day to fire amongst some hundreds of tame pheasants, who come up expecting to be fed.'

'Oh, yes,' said Allen, 'we all know that you are a regular out-and-out Liberal, Janet.'

'I confess, without being a Liberal,' said his mother, 'that I do wonder that you gentlemen, who wish the game laws to continue, should so work them as to be more aggravating than ever.'

'It is a simple question of the rights of property,' said Allen. 'If I do a thing, I like it to be well done, and not half-and-half.'

Caroline rose from the table, dreading, like many a mother, a regular skirmish about game-preserving, between those who cared to shoot it, and those who did not. Like other ladies, she could never understand exaggerated preserving, nor why men who loved sport should care to have game multiplied and tamed so as apparently to spoil all the zest of the chase; but she had let Allen and his uncle do whatever they told her was right by the preserves, except shutting up the park and all the footpaths. Colonel Brownlow, whose sporting instincts were those of a former generation, was quite satisfied; Allen never would be so; and it was one of the few bones of contention in the family.

For Allen was walking through Oxford in a quiet, amiable way, not troubling himself more about study than to secure himself from an ignominious pluck, and doing whatever was supposed to be 'good form.'

His brother accused him of carrying his idolatry of 'good form' to a snobbish extent, but Allen could carry it out so naturally that no one could have suspected that he had not been to the manner born. If he did appreciate the society of people with handles to their names, he comported himself among them as their easy equal; and he was so lavish as to be a very popular man. He had no vicious tastes or tendencies, and was too gentlemanly and quiet ever to come into collision with the authorities. At home, except when his notions of 'good form' were at variance with strong opinions of his mother's, nothing could be more chivalrously deferential than his whole demeanour to her; and the worst that could be said of him was that he managed to waste a large amount of time and money with very little to show for it. His profession was to be son and heir to a large fortune, and he took to the show part of the affair very kindly.

But was this being the man his father had expected him to be? The thought would come across Caroline at times, but not very often, as she floated along easily in the stream of life. Most of the business

troubles of her property were spared her by her trustees, and her income was so large that even Allen's expenditure had not yet been felt as an inconvenience. As to the responsibilities, she gave largely to county subscriptions, gave her clergyman whatever he asked, provided Christmas treats and summer teas for their school-children, and permitted Miss Ogilvie and Babie to do whatever they pleased among the poor when they were at home. But she was not very much at Belforest. She generally came there at Midsummer and at Christmas, and filled the house with friends. All kinds of amusements astonished the neighbourhood, and parties of the newest kinds, private theatricals, *tableaux*, charades, all that taste or ingenuity could devise, were in vogue.

But before the spring east winds the party were generally gone to some more genial climate, and the early autumn was often spent in Switzerland. Pictures, art, and scenery were growing to be necessaries of life, and to stay at home with no special diversion in view seemed unthought of. The season was spent in London, not dropping the artist society on the one hand, but adding to it the amount of intercourse into which she was drawn by the fact of her being a rich and charming woman, having a delightful house, and a son and daughter who might be '*grands partis*.' Allen liked high life for her, so she did not refuse it; but probably her social success was all the greater from her entire indifference, and that of her daughter, to all the questions of exclusiveness and fashion. If they had been born duchesses they could not have been less concerned about obtaining invitations to what their maid called 'the first circles,' and they would sometimes reduce Allen to despair by giving the preference to a lively literary *soirée*, when he wanted them to show themselves among the aristocracy at a drum.

Engagements of all kinds grew on them with every season, and in this one especially. Caroline had grown somewhat weary of the endeavour to satisfy both him and Janet, and was not sorry that her two eldest sons were starting on a yacht voyage to Norway, where Allen meant to fish, and Bobus to study natural history. She had her interview with the housekeeper, and proceeded to her own place in Popinjay parlour, a quiet place at this time of day, save for the tinkling of the fountain and the twitterings of the many little songsters in the aviary, whom the original parrot used patronisingly to address as 'Pretty little birds.'

Janet was wandering about among the flowers, evidently waiting for her, and began, as she came in—

'I wanted to speak to you, mother.'

'Well, Janet,' said Caroline, reviewing in one moment every unmarried man, likely or unlikely, who had approached the girl, and with a despairing conviction that it would be some one very unlikely indeed!

'You know I am of age, mother.'

'Certainly. We drank your health last Monday.'

'I made up my mind that till I was of age I would go on studying, and at the same time see something of the world and of society.'

'Certainly,' said Caroline, wondering what her inscrutable daughter was coming to.

'And having done this, I wish to devote myself to the study of medicine.'

'Be a lady doctor, Janet!'

'Mother, you are surely above all the commonplace, old-world nonsense!'

'I don't think I am, Janet. I don't think your father would have wished it.'

'He would have gone on with the spirit of the times, mother; men do, while women stand still.'

'I don't think he would in this.'

'I think he would, if he knew me, and the issues and stake, and how his other children are failing him.'

'Janet!'—and the colour flushed into her mother's face—'I don't quite know what you mean; but it is time we came to an understanding.'

'I think so,' returned Janet.

'Then you know——'

'I heard what papa said to you. I kept the white slate till you thought of it,' said Janet, in a tone that sounded soft from her.

'And why did you never say so, my dear?'

'I can hardly tell. I was shy at first; and then reserve grows on a person; but I never ceased from thinking about it through all these years. Mother, you do not think there is any chance of the boys taking it up as my father wished?'

'Certainly not Allen,' said Caroline, with a sigh. 'And as to Bobus, he would have full capacity; but a great change must come over him, poor fellow, before he would fulfil your father's conditions.'

'He has no notion of the drudgery of the medical profession,' said Janet; 'he means to read law, get up social and sanitary questions, and go into parliament.'

'I know,' said her mother, 'I have always lived in hopes that sanitary theories would give him his father's heart for the sufferers, and that search into the secrets of nature would lead him higher; but as long as he does not turn that way of himself it would be contrary to your father's charge to hold this discovery out to him as an inducement.'

'And Jock?' said Janet, smiling. 'You don't expect it of the born soldier—nor of Armine?'

'I am not sure about Armine, though he may not be strong enough to bear the application.'

'Armine will walk through life like Allen,' scornfully said Janet;

'besides, he is but fourteen. Now, mother, why should not I be worthy?'

'My dear Janet, it is not a question of worthiness; it is not a thing a woman could work out.'

'I do not ask you to give it to me now, nor even to promise it to me,' said Janet, with a light in those dark wells, her eyes; 'but only to let me have the hope, that when in three years time I am qualified, and have passed the examinations, if Bobus does not take it up, you will let me claim that best inheritance my father left, but which his sons do not heed.'

'My child, you do not know what you ask. Remember, I know more about it than only what you picked up on that morning. It is a matter he could not have made sure of without a succession of experiments very hard even for him, and certainly quite impossible for any woman. The exceeding difficulty and danger of the proof was one reason of his guarding it so much, and desiring it should only be told to one good as well as clever—clever as well as good.'

'Can you give me no hint of the kind of thing,' said Janet, wistfully.

'That would be a betrayal of his trust.'

Janet looked terribly disappointed.

'Mother,' said she, 'let me put it to you. Is it fair to shut up a discovery that might benefit so many people?'

'It is not his fault, Janet, that it is shut up. He talked of it to several of the most able men he was connected with, and they thought it a chimera. He could not carry it on far enough to convince them. I do not know what he would have done if his illness had been longer, or he could have talked it out with any one, but I know the proof could only be made out by a course of experiments which he could not commit to any one not highly qualified, or whom he could not entirely trust. It is not a thing to be set forth broadcast while it might yet prove a fallacy.'

'Is it to be lost for ever, then?'

'I shall try to find light as to the right thing to be done about it.'

'Well,' said Janet, drawing a long breath, 'three years of study must come, any way, and by that time I may be able to triumph over prejudice.'

There was no time to reply, for at that moment the letters of the second delivery were brought in; and the first that Caroline opened told her that the cold which Armine had mentioned on Saturday seemed to be developing into an attack of a rather severe hybrid kind of illness, between measles and scarletina, from which many persons had lately been suffering.

Armine was never strong, and his illnesses were always a greater anxiety than those of other people, so that his mother came to the immediate decision of going to Eton that same afternoon and remaining there, unless she found that it had been a false alarm.

She did not find it so; and as she remained with her boy, Janet's conversation with her could not be resumed. There was so much chance of infection that she could not see any of the family again. Both the Johns sickened as soon as Armine began to improve, and Miss Ogilvie took the three girls down to Belforest.

After the first few days it was rather a pleasant nursing. There was never any real alarm; indeed, Armine was the least ill of the three, and Johnny the most, and each boy was perfectly delighted to have her to attend to him, her nephew almost touchingly grateful. The only other victim was Jock's most intimate friend, Cecil Evelyn, whose fag Armine was. He became a sharer of her attentions and the amusements she provided. She received letters of grateful thanks from his mother, who was, like herself, a widow, but was prevented from coming to him by close attendance on her mother-in-law, who was in a lingering stage of decay when every day might be the last.

The eldest son, Lord Fordham, was so delicate that he was on no account to be exposed to the infection, and the boys were exceedingly anxious that Cecil should join them in the expedition that their mother projected making with them, to air them in Switzerland before returning to the rest of the family. But Mrs. Evelyn (her husband had not lived to come to the title) declined this. Fordham was in the country with his tutor, and she wished Cecil to come and spend his quarantine with her in London before joining him. The boys grumbled very much, but Caroline could hardly wonder when she talked with their tutor.

He, like every one else, liked, and even loved personally that perplexing subject, John Lucas Brownlow, *alias* Jock. The boy was too generous, honourable, truthful, and kindly to be exposed to the stigma of removal; but he was the perplexity of everybody. He could not be convinced of any necessity for application, and considered a flogging as a slight risk quite worth encountering for the sake of diversion. He would execute the most audacious pranks, and, if he was caught, would take it as a trial of skill between the masters and himself, and accept punishment as amends, with the most good-humoured grace in the world. Fun seemed to be his only moving spring, and he led everybody along with him, so as to be a much more mischievous person than many a worse lad.

The only exceptions in the house to his influence seemed to be his brother and cousin. Both were far above the average boy. Armine, for talent, John Friar Brownlow at once for industry and steadiness. They had stood out resolutely against more than one of his pranks, and had been the only boys in the house not present on the occasion of his last freak—a champagne supper, when parodies had been sung, caricaturing all the authorities; and when the company had become uproarious enough to rouse the whole family the boys were discovered

in the midst of the most audacious but droll mimicry of the masters.

As to work, Jock was rising to the utmost Eton faculties for leaving it undone, trusting to his native facility for putting on the steam at any crisis; and not believing in the warnings that he would fail in passing for the army.

What was to be done with him? Was he to be taken away and sent to a tutor? His mother consulted himself as he sat in his arm-chair.

'Like Rob!' he said, and made up a face.

'Rob is doing very well in the militia.'

'No; don't do that, mother! Never fear, I'll put on a spurt when the time comes!'

'I don't believe a spurt will do. Now, seriously, Jock——'

'Don't say, seriously, mother: it's like H.S.H.'

'Perhaps, if I had been like her, you would not be vexing me so much now.'

'Come, come, mother, it's nothing to be vexed about. My tutor needn't have bothered you. I've done nothing sneaking nor ungentlemanly.'

'There is plenty of wrong without that, Jock. While you never heed anything but fun and amusement I do not see how you are to come to anything worth having; and you will soon get betrayed into something unworthy. Don't let me have to take you away in disgrace, my boy; it would break my heart.'

'You sha'n't have to do that, mother.'

'But don't you think it would be wiser to be somewhere with fewer inducements to idleness?'

'Leave Eton? O no, mother! I can't do that till the last day possible. I shall be in the eight another year.'

'You will not be here another year unless you go on very differently. Your tutor will not allow it, if I would.'

'Has he said so?'

'Yes; and the next half is to be the trial.'

Jock applied himself to extracting a horsehair from the stuffing of the elbow of his chair; and there was a look over his face as near sullenness as ever came to his gay, careless nature.

Would he attend? or even could he?

When his bills came in Caroline feared, as before, that he was the one of all her children whom Belforest was most damaging. Allen was expensive, but in an elegant, exquisite kind of way; but Jock was simply reckless; and his pleasures were questionable enough to be on the borders of vices, which might change the frank, sweet, merry face that now looked up to her into a countenance stained by dissipation and licence!

A flash of horror and dismay followed the thought! But what

could she do for him, or for any of her children? Censure only alienated them and made them worse, and their love for her was at least one blessing. Why had this gold come to take away the wholesome necessity for industry?

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

CHAPTER XX.

DARKNESS.

'For there is no way out of pain and trouble but only to endure them.'

A PARTY of travellers had come to a halt in the shade of a clump of trees, which pleasantly varied the monotony of the rough, sandy plains, covered with long grass, through which the road lay between Arzella and Fez. A weary journey, under the blasting winds and blazing sun of a North-African May. The sun was sinking now, and the wind was calm, and the Moorish cavalry, with their white turbans, flashing weapons, and beautiful steeds, brought to a halt on the small spot of grass, stood out picturesque and bright under the clear, rosy sky, a subject for a picture; the foil to these splendid soldiers being the coarsely-clad prisoners, or perhaps slaves. Prisoners, for how could they escape from their well-mounted guards? Slaves, for they ran hither and thither, fetching and carrying, rubbing down the horses, and bringing them water from a spring at hand, their steps, if lagging, hastened often by blows, and their answers, if sullen, met by rough jests or curses. And very various was their demeanour. Some fierce, and evidently stung to the quick, glanced up at their tyrants with muttered curses, and eyes of wrath and scorn; some sulkily did as little as they could; some stumbled through their work in utter weariness and pain, others hurried over it with officious readiness, humbled into an effort to avoid offending their terrible masters. It is not noble blood alone that can give a man patience, dignity, and courage, when called to lead the life of a slave.

One there was who, a little apart from the rest, was tending a splendid charger, black as jet, and with large, gentle eyes. The beautiful creature stood patient and still, as slowly, as if from fatigue and weakness, but with no apparent reluctance, and with more than one gentle word and caress, his delicate-handed attendant washed the sand from his hoofs and gave him food and drink. As the prisoner turned somewhat feebly to lift a heavy skin of water, one of his fellow slaves flung down his own burden, and, lifting the skin, held it to him on his knee, kissing the hand that took it.

'My lord, my lord, to see you serving that accursed brute!'

'Nay, my friend; thanks for your help; but do not call the good horse names. My brother, the king, has none such in his stable. I think I have something of his love for noble horses,' said Fernando, with a smile. 'But finish your own task, Manoel, or Moussa ben Hadad will give you the rough words you like so little.'

'No matter, if I can aid your highness.'

'I have finished,' said the prince; 'and our hour of rest is coming.'

As he spoke, a tall Moor came up and struck young Manoel a rough blow, bidding him not to linger, but to bring him the water for his horse at once. Fernando did not interfere; perhaps experience had taught him that it was useless; but his brow contracted, and he bit his lip hard.

A little later, and while the Moors were taking their evening meal, the Christians, with whom of course they might not eat, sat together apart, eating the coarse black bread provided for them. It was their most peaceful moment, for they could then talk freely with each other.

The prince was one of the last to join them, and as he came up slowly and wearily, several sprang up to meet him, trying to form a couch for him with their rough garments, and offering to bathe his feet, which were bruised and dusty.

Fernando accepted their services gently and gratefully, asking them how they had fared during the day.

'As ill as usual, my lord,' said one, sulkily; 'and small prospect of anything better at Fez. But the infidel dogs might beat my brains out ere I would consent to fawn and crouch and feign compliance, as Dom Francisco did but now. I scorn it!'

'Scorn will not give us a better supper than black bread; see, here are dates, to flavour it,' said Dom Francisco, while the first speaker, an older man, snatched the gift from his hand and flung it away; and there was a disproportionate outcry of annoyance and vexation. Worn-out nerves and tempers were easily ruffled, and the men who had resigned themselves to lose their freedom could ill bear the loss of a handful of dates.

'Ah, hush, my friends,' said Fernando; 'worse than blows without are quarrels within.'

'Now, now, my sons,' said Father José, who had come up unperceived, 'that was ill done. Now, if my lord of Vireo will not fling them away, here are oranges and a piece of dried goat's flesh, given me by that lad in a green caftan, who has, methinks, a less hard heart than the rest. And it has struck me, my children,' proceeded the good father, 'that the blessed Paul and Silas would not have converted their jailor had they bickered with each other, or grumbled at the prison fare, instead of singing Psalms in the darkness of the night. Wherefore, as singing causes the Moslems to blaspheme, I propose, while we divide the goat's flesh, to recite a portion of the Psalter.'

Father José was a powerful though elderly man, and as he had never been accustomed to a luxurious life, he was able to endure the privations and hardships of his captivity better than most. He was good-tempered, too, and cheerful, and was without the heart-ache that almost all the others carried about with them for near and dear ones, lost, it seemed, for ever. And, more than all, his faith was strong and clear, and a real support to the failing hearts of others.

Fernando's weak health caused him to suffer far more physically than any of his companions: he had been very ill at Arzella, and was even now hardly able to bear the fatigue of each day's journey. Nor did the blood either of Avis or Plantagenet run so tamely as to make insults easy of endurance; he pined for his brothers, and felt every trouble of his comrades as if it were his own. But then, too, he was able to feel the comfort of their love and devotion. As he lay on the ground, too weary to eat or to take much share in the conversation, his face, worn as it was, had not its old restless look, and his eyes, as they watched the sunset, were full of peace. It was not only that he had lost the sense of an unfulfilled desire; not only that he felt that his sufferings *did* serve the cause that he loved so well; better still than this, the passionate will that could see but one way of serving had learnt to submit at last, till he could take each trial patiently as it came from the Hand that sent it, and—completest victory of all—accept also each alleviation. The evening air and the fair landscape, the interval of rest and quiet, were really soothing to him, and there was something in this peacefulness which drew all his comrades to his side, each with his tale of trouble, or with the offer of some little service as comforting to himself as to the prince.

'We are still together,' was a consolation even in the midst of their suffering.

Alas! it was soon the only one left them. Too soon they looked back on that hard journey as a period of comparative happiness. When they reached Fez their masters changed. Whether the seaport towns had been considered as too unsafe in case of a siege, or whether the African Moors had been enraged by the strong representations of the Moorish king of Granada—that, under all the circumstances, the heavy ransom ought to have been accepted, Zala-ben-Zala sent his prisoners into the domains of Abdallah, the young king of Fez, whose prime minister was named Lazurac, and was one of the most savage monsters of history.

The unhappy prisoners were driven, with stripes and curses, through the streets of Fez, the dark-faced Moors flinging rude words, and even stones, at them as they passed.

'*One* bore His Cross through a raging multitude, and for us!' said Fernando to Manoel, who was near him; but as he spoke they came close under the frowning towers of the Darsena, a kind of castle, which guarded the town. Here they hoped at least for rest and

shelter; and it was with almost a sense of relief that they were driven through the gates and into the inclosure of the castle, and on—through a long passage down—down a sort of rough slope, through some great doors, which were locked and barred behind them, leaving them, in an utter blank of darkness, they knew not where.

Utter darkness—not a ray of light penetrated their prison. As they sank down, wearied, they could not see each other; when they put out their hands they could feel nothing near; all was silent and black as the grave.

'Let us pray,' said Father José, and began, 'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord.'

It was the deep indeed—the very depth of misery; and as they began to recover from the fainting weariness of their terrible march the horror of the darkness struck them more forcibly, and they were afraid to move, lest they should lose each other in unknown depths, till Fernando proposed that the least exhausted should try in a body to reach the wall of their prison, but never going beyond easy recall from himself and one or two others, who were completely spent.

They found that their dungeon was of considerable extent, but they were afraid then to penetrate all across it. It was damp, too, and bitterly cold, and no provision of food or drink seemed to have been made for them. It seemed like the intentional ending of their sorrows; and numb, stupefied, and utterly hopeless, they crowded together on the cold floor of their dungeon, unknowing whether minutes, hours, or days passed over them, till suddenly their door was opened, and a man with a basket and a dim lantern in his hand was allowed to enter.

'Prisoners,' he said, in broken Portuguese, 'I am a Majorcan merchant, and am allowed to sell bread to the prisoners.'

'For the love of Heaven, a light,' cried Manoel, 'that we may see our misery.'

The merchant came towards them, and turned his flickering light on the face of Fernando, who lay, almost senseless, in Father José's arms.

'We have no money to buy of you, good friend,' said the priest; 'but if of your charity you could give us a drop of wine for our dear Lord——.'

The Majorcan knelt down, put his lamp into the hand of Manoel, and pouring out a little wine, held it to the prince's lips; and as it touched them he opened his eyes and looked round, as if bewildered. The merchant had a good, grave face, and, when they repeated that they could not buy of him, he smiled and said, 'Still, he came there to trade with prisoners,' and put his provisions down beside them; and he also left them the means of making a light; but this he advised them to use secretly and at rare intervals, as for that he had no leave. He showed them the extent of their prison, and left them two or three sheepskins to form a bed. Whether at this time Lazuac

really cared if his prisoners perished or not, or whether he intended to force the prince into intreating his brother to deliver him at any cost, certain it is that the few visits of this good Samaritan were all that kept hope, nay, life itself, in the wretched prisoners. The hopeless darkness, the terrible inaction, and the damp, dark atmosphere, broke down both health and spirits. Some, to add to the misery, were seized with fever, and lost their senses, raving wildly; and though Fernando was saved from this, he was never able to raise himself from the ground, and suffered terribly from pain and weakness. But through the three long months of that terrible trial he never uttered a complaint, save of his companions' sufferings; and little as he could do for them, there was an influence of peace in the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice. There were times when, treated like brutes as they were, the animal nature awoke within them, and they were ready to tear each other to pieces in the bitterness of their despairing fury; other times, when they sought a kind of relief in wild ribald jests, and many long intervals of sulky, faithless despair; when even Father José's prayers and encouragements were unavailing. Then the voice that was always gentle, the words that were always pure, the faith that saw beyond the dungeon walls, would woo them to a better mind; and the love they bore him helped them to hold to the love of God; and when, now and again, by the faint light of their little lamp, Father José took of the good Majorcan's bread and wine, and celebrated the Holy Eucharist, as long ago It had been celebrated by martyrs and confessors in dens and caves of the earth, they felt the power of that Holy Presence, and attained to something of the martyr's spirit as well as the martyr's fate.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

'Go, bring me showers of roses—bring.'

FLOWERS—flowers everywhere; one blaze of colour through the royal gardens of Fez. Was not the young King Abdallah about to marry the Princess Hinda, daughter of a neighbouring potentate, and had he not vowed that since she loved flowers better than anything in the world, flowers she should have, specimens of every flower in his dominions? Lazurac might rule over people and prisoners as he would, but he must provide flowers for his boy sovereign, and workmen to plant, deck, and wreathe his gardens within the space of a few hours with every flower under heaven. Round every column and arch were twined ropes of roses, oleanders, and arums, in limitless profusion. Crowds of girls tied the wreaths, while the slaves brought them by hundreds and festooned them from tree to tree. And so, because hands were short, or perhaps to insult them still further, the Portuguese

prisoners were released from their dungeon and brought out once more into the light of day, to hang up rose wreaths for the king's *fête*.

But although food had been given them and somewhat more decent clothes, and they had been allowed to wash off their prison-stains before meeting the eyes of their fellows, they sat blinking at the light and staring at each other, feeling as if they were the ghosts of the men who three months before had entered that gloomy dungeon, so terrible had been its effect on them. As the slave-drivers perceived that even the strongest of them were really incapable of any active exertion, they were desired to sort the great heaps of flowers that had been thrown down in a shady spot, 'and to feast their eyes on their master's magnificence.' Soon they were told their work would be daily in the royal gardens.

At another time all would have chafed bitterly at so effeminate an occupation; but now air, light, and employment of any sort were so enchanting to them that these bearded European nobles picked away contentedly at the flowers, and Father José sorted the red roses from the white with positive pleasure, while young Manoel, who had failed much of late, fell asleep with a smile on his face; and Fernando, twining the flowers round his fingers, told how his mother, Queen Philippa, had described to him and to Joao how the maidens of England would dec a pole with flowers and dance round it on the first of May.

Suddenly rushing out towards them from an inner court, laughing and chattering, their veils pulled carelessly half over their faces, came a party of young girls.

'More flowers—flowers! Slaves, bring them hither,' cried the foremost, imperatively; then as the prisoners rose to comply, she recoiled with a scream at the ghastly figures that sat among the gorgeous summer flowers.

'Make your obeisance to me,' said a Moor, coming up, as he struck Fernando across the shoulders with his staff; while Manoel, weak as he was, sprang at him like a wild-cat.

'Ho, fetters here!—villains, you resist?'

'No no!' cried the lady. 'They cannot work so fast in fetters. The princesses want flowers—more flowers;' and the girls flew back to their garden, followed by some of the Portuguese.

The seclusion of the Moorish women was not so complete as to forbid occasional intercourse with the other sex, slaves especially; and presently the foremost girl came scudding back again to where Fernando lay, holding something in both her hands.

'Poor Christian,' she said, 'here is some milk for you. Muley is cruel to strike you. Shall I ask Princess Hinda to beg the king to cut his head off?'

Fernando had acquired enough of the Moorish language to understand her, and negatived this alarming proposal decidedly, while he thanked her for the milk, saying—

'I would not be so discourteous, lady, as to sit in your presence, but that I cannot rise.'

'I suppose that is because they ill-use you,' she said sorrowfully. 'Look,' taking a heap of flowers and laying them beside him, 'now Muley will think you have sorted those. What do they call you?'

'Selim,' said Fernando; for though it was well known who he was, like all the rest, he had a slave's name.'

'Perhaps you will work for my princess,' said the girl; 'she will be kind to you.'

'Leila, Leila!' cried a voice, and, snatching up a handful of flowers, she ran off in haste.

The preparations were soon made, and the *fête* proceeded, like a dream of eastern splendour and profusion. Thousands of lamps, as the twilight fell, shone among the flowers. The slave-girls danced wonderful and graceful figures before the guests, and the Portuguese prisoners, with other slaves, held long garlands in a circle to inclose a space for the dancers, their pale, haggard faces showing in strange contrast to their surroundings. Zala-ben-Zala was the chief of the guests. As he walked round to survey the dancing, he paused opposite to Fernando and addressed him—

'So, slave!' he said, scornfully; 'how like you this work? Is this fit service for a Prince of Portugal?'

'No,' said Fernando; 'nor fit treatment for a hostage, or even for a prisoner of war, if so you choose to regard me.'

'Will you now write and urge on your brother to deliver you—that loving brother who has let you pine in a dungeon rather than yield a fortress for your sake?'

'I will urge nothing on the King of Portugal,' said Fernando, steadily; 'nor are the sufferings you choose to inflict on me worthy to change the policy of a nation.'

'You know not yet what those sufferings may be.'

'Well,' said the prince, calmly, 'the worse they are, the sooner they will end in death, when your power ceases. You fear not death, Zala-ben-Zala, neither do I.'

'There are those here that will break your proud spirit yet,' said the Moor, fiercely, as he went on.

But the prince's words had not been altogether without effect. If he died from the cruelties practised on him, the power of his captors was over, and their last chance of winning Ceuta was gone. Therefore it became their aim to make his life as wretched and degrading as it could be, but still a life possible to live; and none of the party could have borne many more days in their terrible dungeon. A wretched lodging was assigned to them in Fez, their food was of the coarsest bread, their clothes of undressed sheepskins, and all day they toiled as common labourers in the royal gardens, with multitudes of other

slaves, Christians of all nations, degraded by their miseries till their Christianity and even their manhood was forgotten; while, mingled with them, were dark-skinned natives from other parts of Africa, ignorant heathens.

Miserable as this life was, in that beautiful climate it was so great an improvement on the Darsena, that the poor prisoners, except Manoel, regained much of their health and strength, and Fernando was usually able to get through the amount of toil required of him, and even not seldom to help his unhappy comrades. For the only use he made of the consideration, which, as far as they dared, all the other slaves showed him, was to persuade them to live peacefully with each other, to bear each other's heavy burdens, and not, as some of the poor wretches were apt to do, curry favour with their masters by complaining of each other. When they saw Fernando endure blows and curses for neglected work rather than betray the weakness of those who worked with him, they were ready to listen to the words he spoke to them of One Who also had endured insult and cruelty, and Who was with them through all their weary days, and the first gleam of hope came to many of them from his voice and smile.

One day Fernando, with several others, had been carrying stones and earth for an embankment near the ladies' garden. Father José at some little distance was sturdily heaping up the burdens brought by the rest, murmuring Psalms to himself the while, Manoel slowly helping him. The times were good, for the mildest of their overseers was in charge of them, and they had passed the whole day without a blow to hurry their footsteps.

Presently Fernando beheld, leaning over the garden-wall, the same maiden who had given him the milk.

'Selim,' she called, and Fernando put down his load of stones and came towards her.

'What is your will, lady?' he said, with an involuntary smile at the fair childish face before him.

'My little green parrot has flown away over the wall; it is there by your working place; I want it back.'

Fernando bowed, and returning, caught the parrot with so much ease as to surprise him, and brought it back to its mistress.

'It is safe, lady,' he said.

'I am not a lady, I am a slave too,' said the girl, fixing her eyes upon him.

'But your fetters are but chains of roses,' said the prince.

'Tell me,' she said, 'which of the Portuguese prisoners is Dom Fernando?'

'He speaks to you now,' said Fernando, a little surprised at her accurate repetition of his title.

Leila, for she it was, coloured deeply, a whole world of memories waking in her. She put her hand to her bosom and drew out a little

ornament which she laid on the wall before the prince. It was a gold cross set with jewels, and Fernando recognised it at once.

'You are Catalina Northberry,' he exclaimed, and at the sound of the name so long unheard, the slave girl burst into tears.

'Oh, I had forgotten. I had forgotten," she cried. 'But after the flower feast I heard the king tell how the Prince of Portugal was now his slave. And I can remember the fountain, and my lord Dom Fernando, who gave us the crosses, and Nella—Nella—a little girl like me.'

'It is true, Senorita,' said Fernando; 'long have they wept for you.'

'Hush! I am called. I will speak again with you,' cried Catalina, running away hastily, while Fernando hurried back, lest his absence should be discovered, rejoicing at the discovery; for surely he could manage that some intimation might reach Lisbon of Catalina's existence. Certainly if deliverance ever came for himself and his friends she might be included in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEWS FROM HOME.

'And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

THE days passed on until October. Fernando saw no more of Catalina, though he still laboured in her neigbourhood; and no incidents broke his life of toil, till one day the Portuguese were sent for to the presence of the prime minister. It was part of the humiliation laid upon him that he was now and then forced to appear in the midst of the splendid court in his slave's dress, his hands stained with toil and fettered as they always were, except when actually engaged in working. But spite of all this, and though his stiff limbs moved slowly and feebly, there was no air of embarrassment, no consciousness of degradation. He walked up the great hall, and looked Lazurac firmly in the face, bowing to him with the courtesy of a superior, neither shrinking nor defiant.

Lazurac burst out in sudden accents of fury.

'Now, slave,' he cried; 'now you are wholly in our power. What is to prevent us from flaying you alive, beating you to death in revenge for the perfidy of your countrymen? And now no fleets will sail to deliver you; we need fear no more from the vengeance of Portugal.'

'And why?" said Fernando, as soon as Lazurac paused.

The Moor came and stood over him, his dark face convulsed with rage, a strange contrast, with his splendid dress and infuriated aspect, to his prisoner, whose clear calm eyes were raised to his without fear or falter.

'Because the king, your brother, has died while shilly-shallying over his intentions of freeing you. Here is the news of his death, and no word of keeping the treaty. Ha! I have moved you now!'

For Fernando staggered, and would have fallen but for Lazurac's rough grasp.

'My brother—my brother!' was all he could utter.

'Ay, there is a letter for you also; but the news is enough for you, rest content.'

'I pray you give me the letter!' said Fernando, faintly.

Lazurac laughed scornfully.

'Have you no mercy—no pity?' cried Fernando. 'Offer me any insult you will, but *give* me the letter.'

It was the first time his calm dignity had been moved to intreaty or anger; but now he flashed out suddenly—

'You do not dare to withhold it from me! Nay, nay, I would not anger you; only give me the letter.'

Lazurac drew out the letter, with Enrique's writing above the great black seal on the cover, and held it before his eyes.

'Kneel to me then; kneel to your master, and beg him of his favour to grant you your boon.'

Fernando drew himself up for a moment, while the other Portuguese rushed forward and threw themselves on their knees.

'Give us the letter,' they cried; 'but spare this insult to our Prince.'

'Rise, friends,' said Fernando, who had regained his self-control. 'The shame lies not with me; and to my Master I kneel;' and he knelt, and for a moment raised his eyes to heaven.

Lazurac flung him the letter, with a sense of gratified spite and hatred, and the prisoners were suffered to withdraw. What mattered the scene that had passed to Fernando; what mattered insult and hardship, compared to the sorrow and anguish of heart of reading of the beloved brother's illness and death? Tears such as all his suffering had never wrung from him flowed fast as he read, and for the first time he was unable to comfort and support his followers, who all knew that a much blacker cloud had fallen on them, and that their chances of deliverance were lessened by this blow.

'My son,' said Father José, tenderly, 'our beloved king suffered much grief and anxiety. We may think of him now in the rest of Paradise.'

'Grief and anxiety which I helped to cause,' sighed Fernando. 'Doubtless it is well; but now submission is hard.'

And when the prince was thus cast down, the spirits of the whole party failed utterly, and one after another fell into disgrace with their tyrants, and suffered accordingly. At last, after a second night of tears and anguish, Fernando regained the mastery over himself, and before they started on their day of toil he called his friends around him, and thus spoke—

'My friends, I think we must put hope away. It was my dear brother's earnest wish to free us by ransom, by force, or even by the yielding of the Christian city, for which, for my part, I think our poor lives were a bad exchange. But what he could not do, our bereaved country in its hour of trial will fail to accomplish. So pardon me my share in your sorrows, my rashness first, and now that I cannot bring myself to beg our freedom at the price they ask. Could I but bear it all—could I but make in our own land such a home and rest as you deserve! But there remaineth a rest for us all, where my brother is gone before. So let us pray, my friends, that the will of the Lord may be perfectly fulfilled in us; let us in utter submission find peace at last. For there is an end to our trial, and a home from which we shall not be shut out.'

And so Fernando wholly, and the others as far as they might, gave up the restless hope of freedom, and set themselves to bear the suffering of each day as it passed, not looking to the morrow. And so there came to them in the midst of their toiling, driven lives, some still and peaceful moments, some inward consolations that carried them through.

Their lives were very monotonous, chiefly varied by the sickness of one or other, often of Fernando himself, which held them solitary prisoners in the miserable airless lodging where they dwelt, or by a different overlooker at their toil, or a change in the part of the gardens where they pursued it. Now and then, too, they saw their old friend the Majorcan merchant, who brought them little comforts; on which occasions Fernando's appetite was often found to fail, and he would beg some other to take his share.

They had very little opportunity of intercourse with the other slaves, by whom a chance word or look from Fernando was highly valued; but since the Moors were not all fiends incarnate, Fernando's faultless life and ready performance of all that was allotted to him won him some favour from his masters, and with some of them a little courteous intercourse. Their lot, with its toil, squalor, and hardship, was bad indeed, but endurable when not made worse by wilful cruelties.

Soon after the news of the King's death, Fernando and Manoel, alone of their party, were digging out the ground for some new fountains in the ladies' garden. Their overseer was a certain Hassan, the mildest of his race, and he was superintending the other prisoners at a little distance, sitting cross-legged on a bank, smoking his hookah.

Princess Zarah and her maidens were seated at some distance, watching the alterations. Manoel worked slowly, and paused often for breath.

'Rest, now,' said the prince, 'there is nothing to do here but what I can finish easily.'

'I would gladly save your Highness from doing one stroke of it,'

said Manoel, wearily; 'but sometimes I think, sir, my sorrows are nearly over.'

'If so, dear lad,' said Fernando, with a smile, 'the rest of us might envy you, sorely as I, at least, should miss your face.'

'But for you, my lord, I could not have held out so long,' said Manoel, as, weak and faint, he sank down on the ground. The prince raised him in his arms, and looked round for help.

'Princess! princess!' said Leila, who was stringing beads for her mistress, 'one of the slaves is fainting.'

'It was very stupid of Hassan not to send men who can do their work. He should whip them when they are idle,' said Zarah, indolently.

'Oh, princess! let me take him water; he will die!' cried Leila.

'If you like,' said Zarah, putting a sweetmeat between her lips.

Leila seized a jar of water, and some fruit and bread, and came towards the prisoners. She looked frightened and shy; but held out the jar of water to Fernando, who bathed Manoel's face with it.

'He does not revive,' said the girl.

'Yes! his eyes open!—Manoel, dear friend!'

But as Fernando looked in his face, he saw that the last hour was come, and Father Josè far away on the other side of the gardens. He laid Manoel down, with his head on a heap of turf, and kneeling beside him, made the sign of the cross over him, and repeated the Pater Noster, while a smile of peace passed over the face of the dying boy.

Beside them knelt Leila, brought there by her sweet impulse of pity. She clasped the cross still hanging within her dress, and the long forgotten words of the prayer taught in her childhood rose to her lips. The words were hardly said, Fernando bent down to kiss Manoel's brow, when the end came, and with a long, gasping sigh, *one* prisoner was free.

'*He* is at rest,' said Fernando, in thankful accents, though his lips quivered as he thought how much he should miss the special love which this poor boy had borne him.

Leila stood trembling beside him, hardly knowing that she looked on death, and Hassan, seeing something amiss, came hurrying down to them, and not unkindly summoned some of the other Portuguese to bear away their comrade, allowing Fernando to follow, while he called other slaves to finish their work.

Leila was surrounded by her companions, who pressed her with a thousand frivolous questions, more amused at the exciting incident than horrified at it.

Leila shrank away from them, and as soon as she found herself alone, sat down under a tree and tried to think—tried to remember.

Long ago a strange pang had shot through her, when she had recognised in the toiling slaves her fellow Christians. And the sight of Fernando had awakened in her a whole world of recollections; had

made her suddenly feel, as well as know, that she was not of kin to the soft luxurious life around her—her kindred were these wretched toiling slaves—her faith should be their faith—in their sorrows she, too, ought to suffer.

Leila could not have clearly explained this to herself; she could only feel the strong impulse that twice had carried her to the aid of a Christian slave in distress. And now an odd sort of instinctive respect for the prince, who had been the hero of her babyhood, rose up in her mind. She had been taught but little religion to put in the place of the forgotten faith she had learnt with her sister so long ago; and the only result of being a Christian that could occur to her was miserable slavery. A great terror came over her, she tried to wake as from a dream, and ran back hurriedly to her companions.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVING SERVICE.

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind doth take
These for a hermitage.'

THE streets of Fez presented often a motley mixture of passengers—merchants and traders of all nations mingling with the Moorish inhabitants and with the numerous slaves.

One morning, bright with all the glory of a southern spring, a tall young man, sunburnt, and carrying a merchant's pack, was standing in one of the chief streets watching the passers-by. First was a dark Ethiopian, heavily fettered; then several of the lower-class Moors themselves; then a pair of slender, long-limbed Italians, trudging wearily beneath a burden too heavy for them. The trader accosted them—

'Can you direct me to the lodging assigned to the Portuguese prisoners? I would speak, if permitted, with the Prince Dom Fernando.'

'Softly, signor,' said the Italian; 'it is not so we obtain speech with friends. There is the lodging for your compatriots; but all day they toil in the royal gardens.'

'That wretched hovel!' ejaculated the stranger.

'Ay, and now I recollect one of the Portuguese told me sadly, but now, that their prince was sick, so he will be within. May be a bribe to their warder will gain you an entrance.'

Like one in a dream, the young man moved towards the entrance of the low stone building which his acquaintance had indicated, and accosted a Moor who stood before the door.

'I am servant to Paolo, a Majorcan merchant,' he said, 'who is

permitted to visit the prisoners. Will the King of his grace permit me entrance?' and he dropped a purse into the warder's hand as he spoke.

'Well, may be, if you leave your pack behind you. Who knows what it may contain?'

'Willingly, so I may take these few dried fruits to my compatriots.'

The warder sullenly unlocked the door, and ushered the young merchant into a small low room, with no furniture save a few sheepskins thrown on the floor. On one of these, in a corner, lay a figure, worn and wasted, and dressed in a torn ragged coat of the commonest serge. His eyes were closed as if asleep, and only the delicate outline of the features, and the fair hair, still tended more or less carefully, bore any resemblance to the Infante Fernando.

'Wake!—rouse up!' said the Moor, with a rough push. 'Rouse up, slave!—here's a visitor for you.'

The prisoner opened his large blue eyes and looked up languidly.

'Just a draught of water,' he said, faintly, 'for my lips are parched with this fever.'

'My prince!—oh, my prince! My lord, my lord!—oh, wretched day, that I should see this! Curses on the ruffians. Oh, my dear master!' and down dropped the young merchant on his knees, sobbing, and covering the prince's hand with kisses.

'What!—Harry Hartsed! Not a prisoner too?'

'No, no! Alas, alas!'

'Hush!' said Fernando. 'Come, good Moussa, thou knowest I am to be trusted. Withdraw but for a few minutes.'

'Well—'tisn't much harm can be done. I'll get you that draught of water, since a tamer set of birds I never had in cage.' And locking the door behind him, Moussa went out.

'That man is often kind to us,' said Fernando; 'but oh, Master Hartsed, what brings you here?'

'I come—I have sought your Highness for months—that a word from you might right me. But oh! what are my wrongs to this? Oh, my lord! let me but share your prison, that I may wait on you and tend you. Alas, alas!'

'Nay, nay,' said Fernando, 'I have no lack of loving tendance, and to-morrow I hope to be at my work again, for this is but a passing sickness, and at night my poor friends return to me. But when were you at Lisbon? My brothers!—oh, Harry, you come from home!' and the gentle eyes grew wistful, and filled with tears.

'I come not now from Lisbon,' said Harry, 'and I know not what is now passing there. My lord, when you were sick formerly, you would sometimes rest on my arm—so——'

'Thanks—thanks!'

The poor prince closed his eyes; the familiar voice and touch, unknown for so long, brought back a dream of home. Could he but

sleep so, and know no waking in his dreary prison! It almost seemed for a moment as if, when his eyes opened, he should see Enrique leaning over him, and hear his loving greeting. Ah, never—never! till they met in Paradise! With a great effort he roused himself, for time was passing.

'But these wrongs of which you speak?'

Harry was silent. The boiling indignation in which he had quitted Lisbon, the rage and hate that had proved his own undoing, sank away ashamed; and it was very meekly that at length he told his tale—told of the false accusation, the quarrel with Alvarez, the anger of Sir Walter, the hasty banishment, adding, as he had never done before—

'My lord, had I been patient, it might have been otherwise with me.'

'Ah, dear friend, there is no remedy but patience for all the evils brought on us by our own rash folly. Repentance and patience. But now, have you tablets?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Then—your arm again for a moment, and I will write—for Moussa will soon return.' So saying the prince wrote—

'I, Fernando of Avis, declare that Harry Hartsed was my most faithful friend and servant, and that no charge of treason can be proved against him, and I beg my dear brother, Dom Enrique, to look once more into the matter.'

'Go, Harry,' said the prince, 'at once to my brother. And now I have a matter to tell you. I have found Catalina Northberry, Sir Walter's lost child.'

'My lord! Where?'

'Here, in the royal palace of Fez. She is the slave of the Princess Zarah; but happy and tenderly nurtured. Alas! I know not whether escape is possible for her; but she knows her name, and has a kind heart. I dare not write of her; but you might, through Paolo, obtain speech with her, and take welcome news to Sir Walter,' said Fernando, concluding with a smile.

Harry looked as if he could hardly believe in so startling a coincidence.

'But oh, my dear lord! your sufferings—this wretched place.'

'I can but thank our blessed Saviour, and those holy saints who have followed in His steps, for the grace that has been given me so to meditate on their examples, and to remember their far greater sufferings, as to bear with somewhat less repining *my* share in the blessed cross. For what is it that *I* should bear rough words, or now and then a blow, when for my sake, the Lord Himself was mocked and scourged?'

'And oh,' thought Harry, with bent head, 'what is it then that *I* should be misjudged?'

'And yet,' said Fernando, 'since our dear Lord knows how weak I am, and how hard it is to hold a firm heart amid slavery and cruelty, and without those whom I love, He holds me up with such a frequent consciousness of His Presence, and such a blessed sense of His goodness, as is better than freedom and friends; so weep not, dear Harry, and bid my Enrique not to weep for one who has blessings of which he is all unworthy.'

Harry could only bend down and kiss the wasted hands that held his.

'My lord, I have sinned in my fierce anger,' he said; 'I see it, now I know what my prince has to bear.'

'You did always know, Harry, what was borne by the Prince of Peace,' said Fernando. 'But here is Moussa; may be we shall meet again in the royal gardens; if so, pay me no respect—treat me as a slave.'

Moussa here entered with a skin of water, with which he permitted Harry to bathe the prince's face and hands before quitting him, as he lay grateful and smiling, with a word of thanks to Moussa for his kindness.

When Harry found himself in the free air again, he staggered as if he would faint, and, hardly recovering, hurried away out of the streets of the town into a quiet spot, where he threw himself down on the ground, able to think of nothing but of the condition in which he had found the prince. When he quitted Lisbon, full of resentment and anger, he had at once resolved to seek the prince in his imprisonment, and obtain some evidence from him of his innocence. He was far too proud to go back to England with a dishonoured name, and though he believed Nella lost to him for ever, he could not bear to think that she should be taught to disbelieve in him. He was too angry to consider that his violent quarrel with Alvarez, rather than the vague charge against him, had been the cause of his banishment. After a long series of adventures, and some hardship and difficulty, he finally encountered the good Paolo, who undertook to obtain him speech of the prince, and provided the bribe for the warder. But not all the merchant's descriptions had prepared Harry for what he saw, and he could not recover from the impression. He hung about the place where the slaves were employed, and obtained speech of one or two of the Portuguese, who were all eager to hear a word from home. They were all more patient than the other poor slaves, and had evidently learnt something from the example of the prince, who after a day or two appeared again among them, working feebly at his humble toil; a sight that nearly drove Harry crazy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RESTORED.

'Laila rushed between
To save ————.
She met the blow, and sank into his arms.'—*Thalaba.*

MEANWHILE Leila mused much over the death of Manoel. The dim visions of her childhood were too far away to be attractive. Even Nella, though a tender thought to her, was vague compared to the maidens by whose side she had played for years. The notion of a father was utterly strange to her—too strange to be attractive. She loved the princess, who had been on the whole kind to her, with the devotion of a loving nature; and she shrank timidly from the unknown world without the palace walls.

'To be a Christian' hardly came before her in the light of an obligation; she knew nothing of Christianity but a few words of prayer, which she did not understand, and the sign of the cross, made instinctively, to which she could scarcely attach a meaning. She was frightened by the call to become something so new and strange. Her feelings were dormant and uncultivated. She was happy enough; why should she change?

Then there rose up before her the one figure who had come to her out of the mists of darkness, the enslaved prince. *Her* friends oppressed *him*, and she thought with a shudder of the ill-treatment she had witnessed. If she was a Christian too, was it not a shame to lie there on her soft couch, to eat sweetmeats, and play with flowers, while he suffered such cruel pangs? Strange contradiction!—it was not freedom, a father or a sister's love, that made her feel that she was a Christian, but the stripes and the fetters of her fellow-slave.

Still this was but a feeling; and this poor child was no heroine, no deliverer of her race, but a little soft, spoiled, tender creature, who had lived all her days on sweetmeats and caresses.

But a great desire possessed her to hear what the prince would say to her about that unknown world of which she had been lately thinking; and with a view to getting an interview with him, she set herself to watch the slaves as closely as possible. She soon perceived that it was a bad time for the Portuguese. The mild Hassan had been succeeded by an overseer named Jussuf, whose cruelties were frightful, and the poor prisoners could do nothing so as to escape his blows.

One day, as she stood by the garden-wall watching, with a fascination that grew every moment more painful and more intense, Fernando detached himself a little from the others, and, unobserved for a moment, rested the heavy load under which he staggered

against the wall. The little gate was unfastened, for some work had been going on within; and, with sudden courage, Leila, pulling her veil over her face, pushed it open, and touched the prince's arm.

'They are not looking. Come inside and rest,' she said.

Fernando was almost fainting; he yielded unthinkingly, and putting down his burden of heavy stones, dropped down on the grass.

'Oh, you will die, as the other slave did,' cried Leila, in terror.

'No, lady,' said Fernando, recovering himself; 'this rest has revived me. I have sought to speak with you to tell you that I have been enabled to send home a message to your father, telling him of your safety; and I doubt not that he will find means to offer such a ransom as may restore you to your friends.'

Leila trembled.

'My lord,' she said, 'I am afraid to be a Christian.'

'Ah, do not think,' said Fernando, 'that the cross would bring on you such suffering as you see in these poor slaves; or, if so, it is in the service of a Master Who endured infinitely more for His followers.'

'Like you,' said Leila.

'Nay,' said Fernando; 'yet if I could reach that likeness——'

The prince had risen to his feet, and stood leaning against the gateway. Leila sat on the grass. She had pushed aside her veil, and was looking up at him with her clear blue eyes shining through half-shed tears. Suddenly Jussuf's heavy hand fell on Fernando's shoulder, striking him down to the ground again.

'Dog of a Christian!—what do you here?' he cried, striking blow after blow.

With a sudden impulse Leila rushed forward, and threw herself on her knees beside them.

'I too am a Christian!' she cried, and before Jussuf could stay his hand, the heavy blow intended for his victim, fell on Leila's head, and stretched her senseless on the grass.

'Coward and villain!' cried the prince, all his knightly manhood roused, as with sudden strength he sprang up, and for once returned the blow.

All passed in a moment. Leila's screams had brought both the other women and the slaves and overseers without to the spot, and Fernando's hands were pinioned, and he was dragged away before he had time to see whether Leila's senses returned to her. He bitterly blamed himself for having yielded to her proposal, for the incident brought far severer restrictions on himself and his companions, and he feared much suffering on the poor maiden herself; and many were the prayers he offered that she who had been impelled to so brave a confession might not be forced into denying the Faith which she scarcely knew, and that this tender, innocent child might not have to endure such suffering as tried the uttermost strength of grown men.

Leila, when she revived from the stunning blow, was dizzy and faint but when her princess questioned her, she answered boldly, that she knew the slave Selim to be the Prince of Portugal, and that she herself was a Christian lady—she could not bear to see him beaten.

Whereat the princess angrily reminded Leila that she too was but a slave, and sentenced her to a whipping—not very severe—for her disobedience and folly. Leila *was* a slave, and she took the stripes as her due, and cried at their smart, then kissed her mistress's hand, and begged for pardon; and the princess indolently forgave her, and bade her go and work at her cushion.

'But do not weep,' said she, 'for Ayesha is growing prettier than you, and if you cannot laugh and sing to amuse me, I shall let Jussuf marry you as he wishes. I told him you entertained me, and I would not spare you.'

'Oh, princess!' cried Leila, in an agony, 'I love you; let me stay with you.'

'Well, sing then, and learn some pretty dances; you are tiresome when you cry.'

But Leila's efforts failed to please. She was no longer a little soulless plaything. Thoughts of her distant home, of her prince's sufferings, yearnings after that unknown Saviour, Whom he followed, filled her heart, and her eyes grew absent and her lips sad. She fretted, and her feet were less light, her voice less ringing.

'I shall let Jussuf have her,' thought Zarah; 'they are not so pretty and amusing as they grow older. Ayesha is only fourteen.'

In the meantime Harry Hartsed left Fez in company with Paolo, and before many weeks were over found himself on the stormy promontory of Sagres, telling his tale to Dom Enrique himself.

There Enrique had retired, and amid plans for navigation, observations of the heavens, and constant efforts to improve the mathematical instruments with which they were carried out, endeavoured to forget the distracting disputes between Dom Pedro's party and that of the queen. Nevertheless he was never deaf to the call of duty, and succeeded on the whole in keeping unimpaired both his brotherly love and his loyalty to his young nephew, through all the petty spite and false accusation of that miserable time.

He listened with great attention to Harry's story, and then said—

'I think, Master Hartsed, that in the soreness of our hearts we neglected to inquire sufficiently into the vague story that so angered you. But it is ended; for a wretched soldier not long since made confession that he, and he only, was aware of the traitor's intention on that fatal night, and being sentry, permitted him to pass the outposts. But I will come with you to Sir Walter Northberry and confirm this tale.'

'I thank you, my lord. Dom Alvarez is doubtless—is doubtless——'

'Dom Alvarez and Sir Walter are no longer friends, since Dom Alvarez, with his family, has joined the party of the queen. Sir Walter is one of those who wish for my brother's regency. His betrothal therefore is at an end.'

'Oh, my lord, I never hoped—I never dreamed of hearing this,' cried Harry so ecstatically, that a smile broke over the prince's grave face.

'Well, Master Hartsed, you shall come with me to Lisbon. I offer you again a place in my household, and doubtless Sir Walter will understand how matters have sped, especially when you bring him such good news.'

'My lord, I can never thank you.'

'I ask but this, this precious writing,' said Enrique, sorrowfully, as he laid his hand on the tablet.

'Oh, my lord, is there no hope of a deliverance? I would give the last drop of my blood to save him!'

Enrique shook his head.

'Sometimes,' he answered, 'I am thankful that he does not know the intrigues and the meannesses that have kept him where he is, and all the light of my life with him. Well,' added the prince, as if to himself, 'he is winning a martyr's crown, and I must do that work in the world to which I am called. But you love him.'

And with a smile of exceeding sweetness Enrique rose and held out his hand to Harry, as if that love was to be a bond between them.

He kept his word. When they came to Lisbon, he took on himself to tell Sir Walter how completely he considered Master Hartsed's character to be cleared from the doubt cast on it. He showed Fernando's precious writing, and prepared the father for the revelation of Catalina's existence.

And so it came to pass that one day Nella was called away from her embroidery, and found herself once more in the presence of her old friend, and heard that he had found her lost sister.

Nella had passed but a dreary time of late; but she was of a hopeful nature, and certainly had found it hard to regret the quarrels that parted her from her unwelcome suitor. She had learned too, by the endurance of a real grief and loss, to be more patient of the rubs and the dulnesses of daily life, just as Harry had learned patience by the sight of suffering so far exceeding his own.

Both were changed from the impetuous boy and wilful girl, who had laughed and disputed little more than a year ago. But their hearts were unchanged towards each other, and Dom Enrique's influence soon induced Sir Walter to consent to a union which ensured his daughter's happiness and gained a faithful adherent to the Regent's cause.

But first there was great joy at hearing of Catalina's safety, and Dom Enrique aided Sir Walter in offering a ransom large enough to

insure her freedom, and it was sent to Fez by trusty messengers. It came at the right time; Leila had been bidden to consider herself the promised bride of the terrible Jussuf, and all her tears and intreaties had availed nothing.

The princess was tired of her, and when a sum of money large enough to purchase a ruby on which she had set her fancy was offered, Jussuf having at the same time fallen into disgrace for neglecting some trifling order, Leila, with hardly a farewell, scared and half-reluctant, was handed over to the unknown Christians who were to conduct her to Lisbon.

She was passive in the bewilderment of change and novelty; her few words of Portuguese failed her utterly; her father's welcoming kiss made her tremble and hide her face; and though she returned Nella's embraces, and smiled when her sister dressed her in clothes like her own, and called her Kate, it was with a bewildered surprise.

Dom Enrique asked to see her, knowing enough of the Moorish tongue to question her as to all she could tell of his dear brother; and when she saw him she threw herself at his feet and kissed his hand, with an abandonment unlike indeed to Nella's stately greeting.

But Enrique won from her the story of the blow she had borne for Fernando's sake, and thenceforth she was to him an object of entire admiration and reverence.

In order that she might learn the duties of her religion, and accustom herself a little to the life of a Christian lady, she was sent to a convent, and there she was far more at home than in her father's house, learned to speak Portuguese slowly and with difficulty, and practised with great docility all the observances required of her.

The nuns would fain have kept so apt a pupil altogether, and Catalina was not unwilling: the outer world was too strange to be a happy one.

But she went home on the occasion of her sister's marriage, and there her beauty, equal to Nella's, and the soft gentleness that distinguished her manner from the bride's gayer, franker air, attracted the notice of Nella's old suitor, Dom Alvarez, whose friendship, in some new turn of court intrigue, was now sought again by Sir Walter.

Here was Nella's face, without Nella's untamable English spirit, and the young Portuguese thought the face none the less fair for the deficiency. He asked Catalina in marriage, being assured, he said, that she was a good Christian and a gentle lady; and Sir Walter, glad to be quit of this perplexing maiden, at once agreed.

Catalina showed no unwillingness, and perhaps her gentle passiveness agreed better with Portuguese notions than ever Nella's lively will could have done. She was loving and dutiful, and in the love of her children she was happy, knowing little and caring less for the political ambitions and intrigues which formed her husband's life, simply believing that his part must be the right one.

Eleanor Hartsed looked differently on life, and perhaps her clear and steadfast nature helped to point the right path to her husband in the troublous days in which their lot was cast, for Harry was too much attached to Dom Enrique to desert his adopted country, and the great prince never ceased to mark with a peculiar favour those who had been among the last to love and serve his beloved brother.

But Catalina never forgot to pray for the captive prince who had taught her what it was to be a Christian; and Harry Hartsed, amid civil strife and political passion, cherished to his dying day the precious memory of having seen in the very flesh the 'patience of the saints.'

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTORY.

'It is not exile—rest on high;
It is not sadness—peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.'

In the meantime the slow years went by for the prisoners of Fez and brought no change in the main features of their lot. One or two, like the poor young Manoel, sank and died, and for these the survivors could but give thanks; but still Fernando lived on, and endured. Perhaps the voluntary self-denials to which he had accustomed himself in earlier years made him better able to bear these later hardships; but certainly for seven long years he bore his cruel lot so firmly and so calmly as to win the respect even of his jailers, while his fellow captives loved him with such entire and devoted affection that they could hardly be miserable in his presence. They leant on him with a dependance strange towards one who indeed could not defend them 'from the least insult of the meanest foe.'

Long years of hopeless slavery did not as a rule raise the character or ennoble the life. Many of the poor Christian slaves were degraded by the tyranny under which they suffered to a lower level than the masters who oppressed them, and became faithless, cowardly, and brutal. For oppression does not of itself make men heroic. It is much to say of the Portuguese that as the years went by they grew more patient, more manly, and more Christian; while to Fernando the blissful end of his sorrows shone ever nearer and more bright, till his daily trials seemed hardly felt for the inward light that shone on them.

Perhaps this strange content defeated the intentions of Lazurac, or perhaps Fernando's increasing weakness and helplessness made him fear that he would soon lose his captive, and with him his hold over the Portuguese nation; but Fernando was one day suddenly separated from his companions and confined in a separate prison, the reason alleged being that he was unable to perform the toil exacted from him.

This was the cruelest stroke that had ever fallen on them. They felt

utterly lost and forsaken, and for days could have no news of him, till at last the more compassionate Hassan pointed out to them the dungeon where he was imprisoned, and showed them a grating through which it was possible, not indeed to see him in the darkness, but to hear him speak, and then they heard his, 'Ah, dear friends, this is joy indeed. You are still free to move, and well, I trust, and patient?'

'But you, my son, my dear son,' cried Father Josè, for once inconsiderate, as he pushed aside Dom Francisco and pressed his face to the grating, 'have you food and tendance?'

'My father, I think I have not much more to suffer; I think I have never yet been grateful enough for the love that has been with me all these years. To-morrow you will come again?'

For trial had not changed the loving, clinging nature; it was the same Fernando who, long years ago, had wept at the thought of life without the beloved Enrique, who now, while he uttered no murmur and patiently endured this last, worst suffering, felt that the loss of his dear companions would kill him.

'Our Blessed Saviour was forsaken by His friends, while I am but separated from mine,' he thought, and rays of comfort stole into his soul; but he was very ill, and growing weaker every day, and his heart, though never rebellious, was very faint. Yet every day he had a cheerful word for his visitors, rejoicing in their comparative freedom, while to them the moment at the grating was the one point in the whole day.

At last one day his door was opened, and two figures entered instead of one, and in a moment Father Josè knelt beside him.

'My son, I am here,' he said, in a trembling voice.

And Fernando answered—

'My father, oh my father, pray for me, for my spirit fails me. I am unworthy, weak and unworthy still!'

'Well, my dear son, our good Lord knows your weakness, for He has sent me to be with you to the end.'

He raised Fernando in his arms, shocked and grieved at the change since they had parted, at his wasted frame, and face burning with fever; while, wretched as had been the food, air, and accommodation of their former lodging, they were comfortable compared to what he found in this dark and dismal place.

But Fernando looked up with the old sweet smile.

'See,' he said, sadly, 'how my faithlessness is rebuked. I feared to die alone, not trusting in my Saviour, and He sends my best earthly friend to be with me.'

The sufferings of those weeks of loneliness had evidently been most severe, for the fever that had attacked him frequently confused his senses and peopled the lonely dungeon with frightful visitants, while he was troubled by a sense of the failure of the trust and faith that had hitherto supported him.

But the good priest's care lessened somewhat his physical sufferings,

and his prayers and words of comfort brought back once more hope and peace, and at intervals Fernando had much to say.

'When I think,' he said, 'of what have been the trials of the saints, I feel how little I have had to bear. Never have I been without such loving service as is given to few. Our very jailers have been less harsh than they might be; some, even, have been kind. Our poor fellow-slaves have made me happy by saying that my words lightened their burden, and, though with no choice of mine, my presence here has saved Ceuta to the Church: and this as a reward for the rash folly that would choose my own way of service. And now, when my poor weak spirit failed, I have the blessing of your presence. Our Lord is very merciful; for such trials as I have read of, I think, would have been more than I could bear.'

'God's grace, my son, is strong enough always to support our weakness,' said Father Josè, unable to help believing that there was at least as much saintliness in this humility as in the stern fortitude of a stronger nature.

'Yes,' said Fernando, 'that is my one comfort for those I leave behind. My poor companions! in their love they will grieve for me. You, father, must be their support, as you are mine.'

'My son, they will remember your constancy,' said Father Josè, 'and—and—give thanks for your deliverance.'

'I would I could see them once more, to bid them take courage.'

And when it was indeed certain that the captive prince was dying, this favour was granted, and his fellow-prisoners were admitted for one last farewell, their bitter grief hushed, their anger stilled, by the wonderful peace on his wasted face and the light in his shining eyes.

'My Lord is indeed with me, and has given me the victory,' he said. 'In *this* way, at least, will freedom come to us all.'

And then, with much effort, as each knelt beside him, he spoke a word of the peculiar trials of each, knowing how one shrank from insulting words, another dreaded bodily hardship, a third pined especially for home: commending them all to Father Josè's care; and when he saw that the worst trial for all was grief at his loss, he said, simply, that the life seemed to have been taken from him with the loss of his dear brothers; but he had found a Better Friend still, and so would they. And so, with aching hearts, they left him; and, after a night of restless pain and fever, a great quiet fell on him, till, towards evening, as the end drew near, he lay

'In calmest quiet, waiting his release.
"Lord, now Thou lettest me depart in peace,"
Were the last words which he was heard to say.
Upon his left side turning, as the day
Slow sinking now with more than usual pride,
Streamed through the prison bars a glory deep and wide.

'When the last flush had faded from the west,
When the last streak of golden light was gone,

They looked, but he had entered on his rest;
He, too, his haven of repose had won;—
Leaving this truth to be gainsaid by none,
That what the scroll upon his shield did say,
That well his life had proved—*le bien me plait.*'

So died, on the 5th of June, 1443, Fernando of Avis, the Constant Prince—'So good a man,' said the young king of Fez, 'that it is a pity he was not a true Moslem.'

And a tall tower was erected over his grave as a monument to his patience and to the triumph of the Moors over his countrymen.

Years went by, and at last the few poor survivors of that little band, Father Josè among them, were ransomed and released; but the body of Fernando still rested in an infidel grave.

His brother Joao was killed in battle. Pedro fell in a civil war, after a life which, spite of some errors, had, on the whole, been noble, conscientious, and loyal; and the only survivor of the five loving brothers was Enrique, the great navigator, the first of the discoverers of the modern world. The young Alonzo, Duarte's son, grew up into a brave and prosperous sovereign, and, in another war with Fez and Morocco, took captive two sons of the king of Fez. Long before this the memory of the captive Fernando was reverenced as that of a saint and a martyr by the men whose lukewarmness and indifference had caused his death; and now the only ransom demanded for the Moorish princes was the body that, for thirty years, had been in the hands of his enemies.

And so, in 1473, Enrique sailed once more for Ceuta, and there received from the hands of the Moors the body of the beloved brother of his youth, which, with solemn funeral services, was shortly laid in the Abbey of Batalha, where Enrique has rested beside him for many a long year, while Christian services of prayer and praise have risen from the city of Ceuta, over which the Crescent has never been lifted again.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AN AFTERNOON IN WARCOP.

'The fields were all i' vapour veil'd
Till, while the warm, breet rays assail'd,
Up fled the leet, grey mist.
The flowers expanded one by one,
As fast as the refreshing sun
Their dewy faces kiss'd.

* * * *

* The personages of this tale are all entirely imaginary. The scenery is real, but no character is a portrait.

And pleasure danc'd i' mony an 'ee
An' mony a heart, wi' mirth and glee
Thus fluttered and excited—
An' this was t' cause, ye'll understand
Some friends a grand picnic had planned,
An' they had been invited.'—
Tom Twisleton's poems in the Craven dialect.

It had been arranged that Mildred should form one of the luncheon-party at the vicarage, and that Richard should accompany her, while the rest of the young people were regaled at Warcop Hall, where pretty May Chesterton held a sort of court.

The pleasant old vicarage was soon crowded with gaily dressed guests—amongst them Mr. Trelawney and his daughter, and the Heaths of Brough.

Mildred, who had a predilection for old houses, found Warcop vicarage much to her taste; she liked the quaint dimly-lighted rooms, with their deep embrasures, forming small inner rooms—while every window looked on the trim lawn and churchyard.

At luncheon she found herself under Mr. Delaware's special supervision, and soon had abundant opportunity of admiring the straightforward common sense and far-seeing views that had gained him universal esteem; he was evidently no mean scholar, but what struck Mildred was the simplicity and reticence that veiled his vast knowledge and made him an appreciative listener. Miss Trelawney, who was seated at his right-hand, monopolised the greater share of his attentions, and Mildred fancied that her *naïveté* and freshness were highly attractive, as every now and then an amused smile crossed his face.

Mrs. Delaware bloomed at them from the end of the long table. She was rather more quietly dressed and looked prettier than ever, but Mildred noticed that the uneasy look, of which Richard had spoken, crossed her husband's face, as her voice, by no means gently modulated, reached his ears; evidently he had a vexed sort of affection for the happy dimpling creature, who offended all his pet prejudices, wounded his too sensitive refinement, and disturbed the established *régime* of his scholarly life.

Susie's creams and roses were unimpeachable and her voice had the clear freshness of a lark, but dearly as he might love her, she could hardly be a companion to her husband in his higher moods—the keynote of sympathy must be wanting between this strangely-assorted couple, Mildred thought, and she wondered if any vague regrets for that youthful romance of his marred the possible harmonies of the present.

Would not a richly cultivated mind like Ethel Trelawney's, for example, with strong original bias and all sorts of motiveless asceticism, have accorded better with his notions of womanly perfection, the classic features and low pitched voice gaining by contrast with Susie's loud tuneful key and waste of bloom.

By an odd coincidence Mildred found herself alone with Mrs. Delaware after luncheon; the other ladies had already gone over to the park with the vicar, but his wife, who had been detained by some unavoidable business, had asked Mildred to wait for her.

Presently she appeared flushed and radiant.

'It is so good of you to wait, Miss Lambert; Stephen is so particular, and I was afraid things might go wrong as they did last year; I suppose he has gone on with the others.'

'Yes.'

'And Miss Trelawney?'

'I believe so.'

Mrs. Delaware's bright face fell a little.

'Miss Trelawney is a rare talker, at least Stephen says so; but I never understand whether she is in fun or earnest; she must be clever, though, or Stephen would not say so much in her praise.'

'I think she amuses him.'

'Stephen does not care for amusement, he is always so terribly in earnest. Sometimes they talk for hours, till my head quite aches with listening to them. Do you think women ought to be so clever, Miss Lambert?' continued Susie, a little wistfully; and Mildred thought what a sweet face she had, and wondered less over Mr. Delaware's choice—after all, blue eyes, when they are clear and loving, have a potent charm of their own.

'I do not know that Miss Trelawney is so very clever' she returned, 'she is original, but not quite restful; I could understand that she would tire most men.'

'But not men like my Stephen,' betraying in her simplicity some hidden irritation.

'Possibly not for an hour or two, only by continuance. The cleverest man I ever knew,' continued Mildred artfully, 'married a woman without an idea beyond housekeeping; he was an astronomer, and she used to sit working beside him, far into the night, while he carried on his abstruse calculations; he was a handsome man, and she was quite ordinary looking, but they were the happiest couple I ever knew.'

'Maybe she loved him dearly,' returned Susie simply, but Mildred saw a glittering drop or two on her long eyelashes; and just then they reached the park-gates, where they found Mr. Delaware waiting for them.

The park now presented a gay aspect, the sun shone on the old Hall and its trimly-kept gardens, its parterres blazing with scarlet geraniums, and verbenas, and heliotropes, and its shady winding walks full of happy groups.

On the lawn before the Hall the band was playing and rustic couples were already arranging themselves for the dance, tea was brewing in the great white tent, with its long tables groaning with good cheer.

children were playing amongst the trees; in the meadow below, the sports were held—the hound trail, pole-leaping, long-leaping, trotting-matches and wrestling filling up the afternoon.

Mildred was watching the dancers when she heard herself accosted by name; there was no mistaking those crisp tones, they could belong to no other than Ethel Trelawney.

Miss Trelawney was looking remarkably well to-day, her cheeks had a soft bloom, and the rippling dark-brown hair strayed most becomingly from under the little white bonnet; she looked brighter, happier, more animated.

'I thought you were busy in the tent, Miss Trelawney.'

Ethel laughed.

'I gave up my place to Mrs. Cooper; it is too much to expect any one to remain in that stifling place four mortal hours; just fancy, Miss Lambert, tea commences at 2 P.M. and goes on till 6.'

'I pity the tea-makers; Mrs. Delaware is one of course.'

'She is far from cool, but perfectly happy. Mrs. Delaware's table is always crowded, mine was so empty that I gave it up to Mrs. Cooper in disgust. Mr. Delaware will give me a scolding for deserting my post, but I dare say I shall survive it. How cool it is under these trees; shall we walk a little?'

'If you like; but I enjoy watching those dancers.'

'Distance will lend enchantment to the view—there is no poetry of movement there;' pointing a little disdainfully to a clumsy bumpkin who was violently impelling a full-blown rustic beauty through the mazes of a waltz.

'What is lost in grace is made up in heartiness,' returned Mildred, bent on defending her favourite pastime. 'Look how lightly and well that girl in the lilac muslin is dancing, she would hardly disgrace a ball-room.'

'She looks very happy,' returned Ethel a little enviously; 'she is one of Mr. Delaware's favourite scholars, and I think she is engaged to that young farmer with whom she is dancing; by the bye, have you seen Dr. Heriot?'

'No. I did not know he was here.'

'He was in the tent just now looking for you. He said he had promised to report himself as soon as he arrived. He found fault with the cup of tea I gave him, and then he and Richard went off together.'

Mildred smiled; she thought she knew the reason why Miss Trelawney looked so animated. She knew Dr. Heriot was a great favourite up at Kirkleatham, in spite of the many battles that were waged between him and Ethel; somehow she felt glad herself that Dr. Heriot had come.

Following Miss Trelawney's lead they had crossed the park and the pleasure garden, and were now in a little grove skirting the fields,

which led to a lonely summer-house, set in the heart of the green meadows, with an enchanting view of the blue hills beyond.

'What a lovely spot,' observed Mildred.

'Here would my hermit-spirit dwell apart,' laughed Ethel. 'What a sense of freedom those wide hills give one. I am glad you like it,' she continued, more simply. 'I brought you here because I saw you cared for these sort of things.'

'Most people care for a beautiful prospect.'

'Yes; but theirs is mere surface admiration—yours goes deeper. Do you know, Miss Lambert, I was wondering all luncheon time why you always look so restful and contented?'

'Perhaps because I am so,' returned Mildred, smiling.

'Yes, but you have known trouble; your face says so plainly; there are lines that have no business to be there; in some things you are older than your age.'

'You are a keen observer, Miss Trelawney.'

'Do not answer me like that,' she returned, a little hurt; 'you are so earnest yourself that you ought to allow for earnestness in others. I knew directly I heard your voice that I should like you; does my frankness displease you?' turning on her abruptly.

'On the contrary, it pleases me!' replied Mildred, but she blushed a little under the scrutiny of this strange girl.

'You are undemonstrative, so am I to most people; but directly I saw your face and heard you speak I knew yours was a true nature, and I was anxious to win you for my friend; you do not know how sadly I want one,' she continued, her voice trembling a little. 'One cannot live without sympathy.'

'It is not meant that we should do so,' returned Mildred, softly.

'I believe mine to be an almost isolated case,' returned Ethel. 'No mother, no——' she checked herself, turned pale and hurried on, 'with only a childlike memory of what brother-love really is, and a faint-off remembrance of a little white wasted face resting on a pillow strewn with lilies. I was very young then, but I remember how I cried when they told me my baby-sister was an angel in heaven.'

'How old were you when your brothers died?' asked Mildred, gently. Ethel's animation had died away, and a look of deep sadness now crossed her face.

'I was only ten, Rupert was twelve, and Sidney fourteen; such fine manly boys, Sid. especially, and so good to me. Mamma never got over their death; and then I lost her; it seems so lonely their leaving me behind. Sometimes I wonder for what purpose I am left, and if I have much to suffer before I am allowed to join them?' and Ethel's eyes grew fixed and dreamy, till Mildred's sympathetic voice roused her.

'I should think nothing can replace a brother. When I was young I used to wish I were one of a large family. I remember envying a girl who told me she had seven sisters.'

Ethel looked up with a melancholy smile.

'I wonder what it would be like to have a sister? I mean if Ella had lived—she would be sixteen now. I used to have all sorts of strange fancies about her when I was a child. Mamma once read me Longfellow's poem of *Resignation*, and it made a great impression on me. You remember the words, Miss Lambert?' and Ethel repeated in her fresh sweet voice—

'"Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when with raptures wild,
In our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

"But a fair maiden in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face."

That image of progressive beatitude and expanding youth seized strongly upon my childish imagination.' Mildred's smile was a sufficient answer, and Ethel went on in the same dreamy tone, 'After a time the little dead face became less distinct, and in its place I became conscious of a strange feeling, of a new sort of sister-love. I thought of Ella growing up in heaven, not learning the painful lessons I was so wearily learning here, but schooled by angels in the nobler mysteries of love; and so strong was this belief that when I was naughty or had given way to temper, I would cry myself to sleep, thinking that Ella would be disappointed in me, and often I did not dare look up at the stars for fear her eyes should be sorrowfully looking down on me. You will think me a fanciful visionary, Miss Lambert, but this childish thought has been my safeguard in many an hour of temptation.'

'I would all our fancies were as pure. You need not fear that I should laugh at you as visionary, my dear Miss Trelawney; after all you may have laid your grasp on a great truth—there can be nothing undeveloped and imperfect in heaven, and infancy is necessarily imperfect.'

'I never sympathised with the crude fancies of the old masters,' returned Miss Trelawney; 'the winged heads of their bodiless cherubs are as unsatisfactory and impalpable as Homer's flitting shades and shivering ghosts; but your last speech has chilled me somehow.'

Mildred looked up in surprise; but Ethel's smile reassured her.

'No one but my father ever calls me Ethel—to the world I am Miss Trelawney, even Olive and Chriss are ceremonious, and latterly Mr. Lambert has dropped the old familiar term; somehow it adds to one's feeling of loneliness.'

'Do you mean that you wish me to drop such ceremony,' returned Mildred, laughing a little nervously. 'Ethel! it is a quaint name, hardly musical, and with a suspicion of a lisp, but full of character; it suits you somehow.'

'Then you will use it,' exclaimed Ethel impulsively. 'We are

strangers, and yet I have talked to you this afternoon as I have never done to any one before.'

'There you pay me a compliment.'

'You have such a motherly way with you, Mildred—Miss Lambert, I mean.'

Mildred blushed, 'Please do not correct yourself.'

'What! I may call you Mildred? how nice that will be; I shall feel as though you are some wise elder sister, you have got such tender old-fashioned ways, and yet they suit you somehow. I like you better I think, because there seems nothing young about you.'

Ethel's speech gave Mildred a little pang—unselfish and free from vanity as her nature was she was still only a woman, and regret for her passing youth shadowed her brightness for a moment. Until her mother's death she had never given it a thought. Why did Ethel's fresh beauty and glorious young vitality raise the faint wish, now heard for the first time, that she were more like the youthful and fairer Mildred of long ago? but even before Ethel had finished speaking, the unworthy thought was banished.

'I believe a wearing and long continued trouble ages more than years; women have no right to grow sober before thirty, I know. Some lighter natures go haymaking between the tombs,' she went on quaintly, and as Ethel looked up astonished at the strange simile—'I have borrowed my metaphor from a homely circumstance, but as I sat working in the cool lobby yesterday they were making hay in the sunny churchyard, and somehow the idea seemed incongruous—the idea of gleaning sweetness and nourishment from decay. But does it not strike you we are becoming very philosophical—what are the little rush-bearers doing now I wonder?"

'After all, your human sympathies are less exclusive than mine,' returned her companion, regretfully. 'I like this cool retreat better than the crowded park; but we are not to be left any longer in peace,' she continued, with a slight access of colour, 'there are Dr. Heriot and Richard bearing down on us.' Mildred was not sorry to be disturbed, as she thought it was high time to look after Olive and Chriss, an intention that Dr. Heriot instantly negatived by placing himself at her side.

'There is not the slightest necessity, they are under Mrs. Chesterton's wing,' he remarked coolly; 'we have been searching the park and grounds fruitlessly for an hour, till Richard hit on this spot; the hiding-place is worthy of Miss Trelawney.'

'You mean it is romantic enough; your words have a double edge, Dr. Heriot.'

'Pax,' he returned, laughingly, 'it is too hot to renew the skirmish we carried on in the tent. I have brought you a favourable report of your brother, Miss Lambert; Mr. Warden, an old college chum of his, had arrived unexpectedly, and he was showing him the church.'

One of Mildred's sweet smiles flitted over her face.

'How good you are to take all this trouble for me, Dr. Heriot.'

Dr. Heriot gave her an inscrutable look in which drollery came uppermost.

'Are you given to weigh fractional kindnesses in your neighbour? Most people give gratitude in grains for whole ounces of avoirdupois weight; what a grateful soul yours is, Miss Lambert.'

'The moral being that Dr. Heriot dislikes thanks, Mildred.'

Dr. Heriot gave a low exclamation of surprise, which evidently irritated Miss Trelawney. 'It has come to that already has it,' he said to himself with an inward chuckle but Mildred could make nothing of his look of satisfaction and Ethel's aggravated colour.

'Why don't you deliver us one of your favourite tirades against feminine caprice and impulse?' observed Miss Trelawney, in a piqued voice.

'When caprice and impulse take the form of wisdom,' was the answer in a meaning tone, 'Mentor's office of rebuke fails.'

Ethel arched her eyebrows slightly, 'Mentor approves then?'

'Can you doubt it?' in a more serious tone. 'I feel we may still have hopes of you;' then turning to Mildred, with the play of fun still in his eyes, 'our aside baffles you, Miss Lambert. Miss Trelawney is good enough to style me her Mentor, which means that she has given me a right to laugh at her nonsense and talk sense to her sometimes.'

'You are too bad,' returned Ethel in a low voice, but she was evidently hurt by the raillery, gentle as it was.

'Miss Trelawney forms such extravagant ideals of men and women, that no one but a moral Anak can possibly reach to her standard; the rest of us have to stand tiptoe in the vain effort to raise ourselves.'

'Dr. Heriot, how can you be so absurd?' laughed Mildred.

'It must be very fatiguing to stand on tiptoe all one's life; perhaps we might feel a difficulty of breathing in your rarer atmosphere, Miss Trelawney—fancy one's ideas being always in full dress, from morning to night. When you marry, do you always mean to dish up philosophy with your husband's breakfast?'

The hot colour mounted to Ethel's forehead.

'I give you warning that he will yawn over it sometimes, and refresh himself by talking to his dogs; even Bayard, that peerless knight, *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, could be a little sulky at times, you may depend on it!'

'Bayard is not my hero now,' she returned, trying to pluck up a little spirit with which to answer him. 'I have decided lately in favour of Sir Philip Sidney, as my beau-ideal of an English gentleman.'

'Rex and I chose him for our favourite ages ago,' observed Richard eagerly, who until now had remained silent.

'Yes,' continued Ethel, enthusiastically, 'that one act of unselfishness has invested him with the reverence of centuries; can you not

fancy the awful temptation, Mildred — the death thirst under the scorching sun, the unendurable agony of untended wounds, the cup of cold water, just tasted and refused for the sake of the poor wretch, lying beside him; one could lay down one's life for such a man as that!'

'Yes, it was a gentlemanly action,' observed Dr. Heriot, coolly; and as Ethel's face expressed resentment at the phrase, 'have you ever thought how much is comprehended under the term gentleman? To me the word is fuller and more comprehensive than that of hero; your heroes are such noisy fellows; there is always a sound of the harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer about them; and they pass their life in fitting their attitudes to their pedestal.'

'Dr. John is riding one of his favourite hobbies,' observed Richard, in a low voice. 'Never mind, he admires Sir Philip as much as we do!'

'True, Cardie; but though I do not deny the heroism of the act, I maintain that many a man in his place would do the same thing. Have we no stories of heroism in our Crimean annals. Amongst the hideous details of the Indian mutiny were there no deeds that might match that of the dying soldier at Zutphen?'

'Perhaps so; but all the same I have a right to my own ideal.'

A mocking smile swept over Dr. Heriot's face.

'Virtue in an Elizabethan ruff surpasses virtue clad in nineteenth century broadcloth and fustian. I suspect even in your favourite Sir Philip's case distance lends enchantment to the view; he wrote very sweetly on Arcadia, but who knows but a twinge of the gout may not have made him cross?'

'How you persist in misunderstanding me,' returned Ethel, with a touch of feeling in her voice. 'I suppose as usual I have brought this upon myself, but why will you believe that I am so hard to please? After all you are right; Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney are only typical characters of their day; there must be great men even in this generation.'

'There are downright honest men, men who are not ashamed to confess to flaws and inconsistencies, and possible twinges of gout.'

'There you spoil all,' said Mildred, with an amused look; but Dr. Heriot's mischievous mood was not to be restrained.

'One of these honest fellows with a tolerably tough will, and not an ounce of imagination in his whole composition—positively of the earth, earthy—will strike the right chord that is to bring Hermione from off her pedestal—don't frown, Miss Trelawney; you may depend upon it those old Turks were right, and there is a fate in these things.'

Ethel curved her long neck superbly, and turned with a slightly contemptuous expression to Richard: her patience was exhausted.

'I think my father will be wondering what has become of me; will you take me to him?'

'There they go, Ethel and her knight; how little she knows that perhaps her fate is beside her; they are too much of an age, but that lad has the will of half a dozen men.'

'Why do you tease her so?' remonstrated Mildred. Dr. Heriot still retained his seat comfortably beside her. 'She is very girlish and romantic, but she hardly deserved such biting sarcasms.'

'Was I sarcastic?' he asked, evidently surprised; 'Poor child! I would not have hurt her for the world. And these luxuriant fancies need pruning; hers is a fine nature run to seed for want of care and proper nurture.'

'I think she needs sympathy,' returned gentle Mildred.

'Then she has sought it in the right quarter,' with a look she could hardly misunderstand, 'and where the supply is always equal to the demand, but I warn you she is somewhat of an egotist.'

'Oh, no!' warmly. 'I am sure Miss Trelawney is not selfish.'

'That depends how you interpret the phrase. She would give you all her jewels without a sigh, but you must allow her to talk out all her fine feeling in return. After all, she is only like others of her sex.'

'You are in one of your misanthropical moods.'

'Men are not always feeling their own pulse and detailing their moral symptoms, depend upon it; it is quite a feminine weakness, Miss Lambert. I think I know one woman tolerably free from the disease, at least outwardly;' and as Mildred blushed under the keen, yet kindly look, Dr. Heriot, somewhat abruptly changed the subject.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INDIAN FAMINE.*

PART III.—CAMP LIFE IN THE RAINS.

CHAPTER II.

HELP FROM ENGLAND.

In a few days the weather was bright again.

The change that had passed over the landscape after that night of deluge was magical. The yellow plains had 'flushed' into green, the nullahs were full, the winding course of sand in the ravine was a rushing river, the tank had spread itself into a lake, the banks were already clothed with grass, the leafy crown of the palms had changed from a sickly yellow to many shades of green. The spirits of our party rose in proportion, feeling invigorated by the beautiful change in air and scene, and looking hopefully forward to better times coming for the poor starving multitudes.

* In last month's instalment the following *Errata* should be corrected:—*For* "ciascum" *read* "ciaccun"; *for* "back" *read* "bark"; *for* "tea" *read* "ice."

The hours passed away happily. When business was over they took long rides, or discovered fresh walks, and in the evening passed the time in pleasant talk and music.

One morning, as Kitty was bending over her work, Alice said to her rather anxiously: 'Katrina dear, don't you think that you and Mr. Lambert pair away from us a little too much? You mustn't forget that he is engaged, you know, to a Lady Cecilia Somebody—I forget her name.'

'Never you fear,' said Kitty, demurely, 'that is why I feel so at home with him I suppose. I assure you our friendship is splendidly platonic!' And to avoid further talk on the subject, Kitty rose and went away; and her sister looked anxiously after her.

That evening, after five o'clock tea, Alice and her husband were seated together on the bund of the tank. The palm-grove lay beneath and covered many an acre. The sun's rays glinted through its green shade.

'Sydney,' said Alice, 'only look!—there are Kitty and Mr. Lambert pairing off again. It *is* vexing; for only to-day I warned Kitty. Don't you think they are overdoing it?'

'Not a bit of it,' said Sydney, laughing.

'Why, Sydney! when there is Lady Cecilia?'

'Lady Cecilia is a myth.'

'What *do* you mean?'

'I mean that Lambert is the soul of honour, and as true as steel; so don't vex yourself, Alice.'

'Dear me! and do you really think he cares for Kitty *in that way*?

'Ay, that I do, as much as I care for my little wife, and that's saying something.'

But was it so? Let us join the two in the grove. What are they talking about so earnestly, with long spaces of silence between? They are actually discussing politics—a silence—then, the famine—another pause—next the weather—silence again. Kitty always began the conversation. Presently she was startled by her companion muttering—

'Further from my point than ever.'

'What *is* the matter?' said Kitty, wonderingly. He said suddenly—

'Is not this grove like a cathedral?'

'It is a "pillared shade," and has a "dim religious light,"' said Kitty, demurely.

'Yes. Look at those coloured hues of sunset crossing behind those tall dark stems—half close your eyes—they are like painted windows. What a place for a troth plight!'

And then he stopped suddenly, and looked at her, saying—

'I have loved you from the first. Will you be my wife?'

She looked coyly up into his face.

'I thought there was a Lady Cecilia?'

'A Lady Cecilia! Why, *she* is my "*little wife!*"'

'Oh! indeed!' And a happy smile dimpled her face; but she was silent.

'I have not called my violoncello Lady Cecilia for some time; it was an old college joke, and gave rise to the report that I was engaged.'

And then his words came fast enough; and after honestly expressing all his love for her, he took her hand in his, saying, pleadingly, 'Do you not think I can make you happy?'

One little pause, and she said, very low, '*Yes*, very happy!' And he put his arms round her, and kissed her. And so John Lambert and Catherine Desmond were betrothed in the cathedral-like palm-grove.

After this, it must be confessed, their conversation was less varied: how long they lingered—how much they had to say to each other! The great red moon shone between the dark stems; the fire-flies gleamed on her hair and over her white dress, as the lovers walked on. At last they heard Sydney's voice calling them to the very mundane act of dining, and they entered the tent trying to look quite unconcerned.

A servant was standing as usual behind each chair with folded arms, so nothing was said; and it was certain that Sydney and Alice had to carry on the conversation. But when the chairs were arranged outside in the moonlight, and the servants had 'gone to rice,' Mr. Lambert took Kitty's hand, and led her to Sydney and Alice, saying, 'Congratulate me—she has consented to be my wife.'

How happy they all were, feeling so well suited to each other!

'What about Lady Cecilia?' asked Alice, archly.

'Lady Cecilia must play second fiddle now,' said Mr. Lambert. 'When first I heard Kitty's voice, I said to myself, "There's a chord in it like hers;" but, oh! how superior.'

'Kitty,' said Alice, 'What has become of your friendship so "splendidly platonic"?'

The north-east monsoon at length broke so heavily, that our travellers were obliged to break up their camp and return to K——.

Twenty inches of rain had fallen in the Presidency. Crops were growing, money was pouring in from England, sickness and starvation were on the decrease, coolies were leaving the Relief Works in order to labour in the fields, and prospects were brightening. Mr. Lambert had forced himself away for a while to go on with his volunteer work of relief. Kitty read with much delight in the papers of the Queen's telegram to the Lord Mayor, expressing her pleasure at the way in which her people were sending out help to their starving fellow-creatures in the East.

'Well, I do say,' said Kitty, 'that she is worthy to be Empress of India, as well as Queen of England. She has a motherly heart of her own, for wherever there is sorrow she has sympathy for it, whether it be for buried miners or for starving Indians.'

'Hear, hear,' cried the voice she loved; 'I shall put that into my first speech on the Indian Question next Session. I'm sure it will bring down the house!'

'Now, John, you are not to laugh at my loyalty!'

'Laugh at it! Not I, indeed! But, Sydney, I have learnt one thing beyond what you have taught me; that sight of bales upon bales of rice lying on the M—— beach useless, for want of sufficient means of carriage into the interior, has convinced me that more railways are as necessary for the prevention of famine as further irrigation. On inquiry it has been found, that during years of plenty the natives won't pay for the water, and so the irrigation works become useless expense.'

'But still, the great Anicuts on the Godavery and Canvery rivers are standing proofs that these works convert deserts into fruitful fields,' answered Sydney, unwilling to forego a tithe of his favourite theory of the storage of water, so ably advocated by some of our best engineers. 'But still, I quite agree with you,' he added, 'on the desirability of doubling the lines of rail, and opening out all the resources of this grand country, especially as our Astronomer predicts that we may expect a scarcity every eleven years; absence of spots in the sun evidently causing dearth in the tropics.'

Kitty had slipped away during this 'State talk,' as she called it; and came back presently with a little pink bundle in her arms.

'Do look, John, isn't she a darling? See her brown fluffy hair! I declare she is greeting you with a smile.'

He looked first at one, and then at the other, with great admiration, and kissed the infant as gently as if he feared his touch would break it to pieces.

'Don't you know,' said Kitty, exultingly, 'I am to be godmother, and you her godfather, and she is to be christened in the M—— Cathedral?'

'Where we are to be married, darling, directly afterwards,' said John.

'Yes,' said Alice, who had just entered. 'Will not the beautiful white pillars of the Cathedral recal in contrast the dark pillars of the palm grove?'

* * * * * *

The rains had done their beneficent work on the famine-stricken land; perhaps years of plenty may now succeed the past year of drought. But has all the suffering—has all the dearth, been for nought? Will not God's usual work of bringing good out of evil still hold true? One issue of good is already seen. It is said that about 500,000 children are now thrown on the protection of Government, and a quarter of these are supposed to be orphans. It does seem as if it were an opportunity, not to be lost, for breaking through caste in their case, though such a step must be taken wisely and discreetly.

An Orphanage has lately been established by the 'Madras Ladies' Association,' Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Sullivan's Gardens, where a hundred orphan girls are to be trained as Christians. And another for boys, it is hoped, will soon be established by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It takes about 5*l.* a year to support and educate one girl.

In a political point of view, it must be acknowledged that the famine has brought out and developed powers of ruling, exemplified in schemes of finance, organization, and opening out the resources of the country.

Honour to the noble workers, from the highest in the land to the army of civilians who toiled on through that long season of drought and difficulty, often in discouragement and disappointment, as well as in sickness and peril of death. It is in such troublous times that men show of what stuff they are made.

And another consequence of good surely may be seen in the noble sympathy and help from the Golden Land,—Old England, illustrating the words of the Prophet—'When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.'

K.

NOTE.—Since writing the foregoing tale, the following Missionary intelligence has been received from Southern India:—'Bishop Caldwell, assistant to the Bishop of Madras, writes, "There have been accessions from heathenism in almost all the congregations already in existence, in addition to the new people in the congregations newly formed; and the number of souls added to the roll in both classes of congregations since the 30th of June last has now reached 16,000." This is the fruit of Christian love and beneficence (may we not add, of Christian prayer?) in one district in the east of Tinnevelly during the late season of famine and distress.'

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

VI.

AFTER his uncle's death Christopher was a frequent attendant at the Royal Society, where several experiments were made of raising weights by means of gunpowder, a matter which Wren was anxious to investigate before trying to remove the mass of ruins round S. Paul's. Improvements in building naturally occupied much of the Society's attention. Mr. Hooke produced a better method of brick-making, new models for the London granaries were required, and Christopher Wren gave an account of those at Dantzic.

As the year advanced and the days grew longer Wren's time was taken up by his architectural work; there was much to be moved,

levels to be taken and readjusted, before any building could be commenced.

In spite of Wren's previous statment, and that of Evelyn and Sancroft, and the immense additional damage which the conflagration had caused, attempts were still made to patch up S. Paul's.

Sancroft wrote from the Deanery in April, 1668, to Wren, who was at Oxford giving his astronomy lectures :—

'What you whispered in my ear, at my last coming hither, is come to pass. Our work at the west end of S. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendiculars, and I believe other defects too, which are now exposed to every common observer. . . . . In fine it is the opinion of all men that we can proceed no farther at the west end. What we are to do next is the present deliberation in which you are so absolutely and indispensably necessary to us that we can do nothing, resolve nothing, without you.'

Wren seems to have been unable to come up to London and to have written an answer to Dean Sancroft reiterating his opinion, while the attempt at repairs continued.

At the beginning of July Sancroft wrote to him again :—

'Yesterday my Lords of Canterbury, London, and Oxford met on purpose to hear your letter read once more, and to consider what is now to be done in order to the repairs of S. Paul's. They unanimously resolved, that it is fit immediately to attempt something, and that, without you, they can do nothing. I am therefore commanded to give you an invitation hither in his grace's name, and the rest of the commissioners, with all speed, that we may prepare something to be proposed to his majesty (the design of such a quire, at least as may be a congruous part of a great and more magnificent work to follow) ; and then, for the procuring of contributions to defray this, we are so sanguine as not to doubt of it, if we could but once resolve what we would do, and what that would cost ; so that the only part of your letter we demur to, is the method you propound of declaring first what money we would bestow, and then designing something just of that expense : for quite otherwise, the way their lordships resolve upon is to frame a design, handsome and noble, and suitable to all ends of it, and to the reputation of the city and the nation ; and to take it for granted that money will be had to accomplish it : or, however, to let it lie by till we have before us a prospect of so much as may reasonably encourage us to begin.

'Thus far I thought good to prepare you for what will be said to you when you come, that you may not be surprised with it : and, if my summons prevail not, my lord the Bishop of Oxford hath undertaken to give it you warmer, *ore tenus*,* the next week, when he intends to be with you ; if, at least, you be not come towards us before he arrives, which would be a very agreeable surprise to us all, and especially to your very affectionate humble servant,

W. SANCROFT.'

Wren came up from Oxford, made another examination, and stated that 'what time and weather had left entire in the old and art in the new repaired parts of this great pile of S. Paul's the calamity of the fire hath so weakened and defaced, that it now appears like some antique ruin of two thousand years' continuance, and to repair it sufficiently will be like the mending of Argo-nairs, scarce anything at last will be left of the old.' He gave his reasons for this opinion,

* By word of mouth.

describing the 'first ruins,' *i.e.* those previous to the fire, and the 'second ruins,' which had 'put the restoration past remedy,' particularly that of Inigo Jones's portico, which he said regretfully had been deprived of its 'excellent beauty and strength,' many tons of stone having scaled off and the columns being flawed quite through.

When Wren had, as he said, 'shown the deplorable condition of his patient,' he next mentioned 'a palliative to give respite for the better settlement of the patient,' in plain words, to make a new choir for present use. The only place in the Cathedral where this could be done was at the east end of the nave, and here he proposed to make it, saying that if he 'cannot mend this great ruin, at least he will not disfigure it.' And that 'while they considered of a more noble and durable fabric that might be built when the wealth and prosperity of the city was restored, it would be best meanwhile to begin something to derive, if not a stream, yet some little drills of charity that way.' Many meetings and much discussion ensued, and Wren's opinion at last prevailed; the King issued an order in council for taking down the walls of the east end, the old choir, and the tower, and clearing the ground for a new foundation. While this was being done Wren prepared sketches and designs for a new S. Paul's.

During this time Wren had been occupied in the plans for the city, and had laid before the King and parliament a model with explanations; the model probably does not exist, but the ground-plan has been preserved and suggests a London very different to the present one. The street leading up Ludgate Hill, instead of being the confined, winding approach to the Cathedral that it now is, gradually widened as it approached S. Paul's, and divided into two great streets, ninety feet wide at least, which ran on either side of cathedral, leaving a large open space in which it stood. Of the two streets, one ran parallel with the river until it reached the Tower, and the other led to the Exchange, which Wren meant to be the centre of the city, standing in a great piazza, to which ten streets, each sixty feet wide, converged, and around which were placed the Post Office, the Mint, the Excise Office, the Goldsmith's Hall, and the Ensurance, forming the outside of the piazza. The smallest streets were to be thirty feet wide, 'excluding all narrow, dark alleys without thoroughfares, and courts.'

The churches were to occupy commanding positions along the principal thoroughfares, and to be 'designed according to the best forms for capacity and hearing, adorned with useful porticoes and lofty ornamental towers and steeples in the greater parishes. All churchyards, gardens, and unnecessary vacuities, and all trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells, to be placed out of town.'

He intended the churchyards to be carefully planted and adorned, and to be a sort of girdle round the town, meaning them to be an ornament and also a check to the growth of the city. To burials

within the walls of the town he strongly objected, and the experience derived from the year of the plague confirmed his judgment. He had provided, as he thought, sufficiently for the healthiness of the town by his wide streets and numerous open spaces for markets. Gardening in towns was an art little considered in his days, and other descriptions show us that 'vacuities' were speedily filled with heaps of dust and refuse.

The Northern bank of the Thames was to be lined with a broad quay, along which the halls of the city companies were to be built, with suitable warehouses in between for the merchants, to vary the edifices.

The little stream whose name alone survives in *Fleet* Street was to be brought to light, cleansed, and made serviceable as a canal one hundred and twenty feet wide, running much in the line of the present Holborn Viaduct.

Such were the main features of Christopher Wren's scheme, and had he been allowed to accomplish it, we can imagine the effect of the city without its noisome smells, without its dark crooked lanes, without its worst smoke, its river honoured, not only with the handsome quay it has at length obtained, but with a line of beautiful buildings, and fair spires, and a view of S. Paul's giving free play to its grand proportions. Wren, with his perfect knowledge of his own powers, which he considered as dispassionately and knew as accurately as any problem of mathematics, was ready to undertake and perform his scheme to the uttermost; but in the hurry of rebuilding, the reluctance to part with an old site, and the quarrels about property, much of his scheme was frustrated; and a chance, which one can but hope may never recur, for making London remarkable among the beautiful cities of the world, was in a great measure lost. Important sanitary improvements were however made; the houses were not built of wood; the principal streets were less narrow, and above all, the lingering contagion was burnt away. Nothing less than such a conflagration would probably have availed, but the fire was a cleansing one, and left this blessing behind it, that the plague has never reappeared.

In 1668 Wren was asked by the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Ward), who had been long his friend and an active member of the Royal Society, to survey his beautiful cathedral, which had suffered much in the civil wars, and lately by lightning and tempest. Though the architecture of the cathedral was not of the kind which he considered the best, Wren had too fine a taste, too quick an eye for beauty of form, not to admire it heartily, and in his report he pronounced that 'the whole pile was large and magnificent, justly accounted one of the best patterns of the age wherein it was built.' He made a thorough examination of the whole, especially the spire, which had declined to the south-west, and had caused great alarm. Wren considered that the architect had not laid sufficient foundations, especially under the pillars, considering the marshy nature of the soil and the great weight that they had to

bear; that the pillars themselves were too slight, particularly those under the spire, also that the foundations had suffered from inundations.

To prevent further mischief to the spire, he ordered some timbers in it and in the tower to be cut away, some iron bands to be put in, and then had a plummet dropped from the highest possible part of the spire (whose height he reckoned at 404 feet from the ground) to the pavement, to see exactly what the decline was, and this trial to be repeated at certain times to see if the decline increased.

When Mr. Wyatt made the trial 200 years later, he found the decline was unaltered, so true had Wren's science proved. It may have been at the same time that he repaired Chichester spire which had suffered in a similar manner. Here he adopted a different plan, taking down the top of the spire and fastening to the finial inside an immense pendulum of yellow fir wood, which in great gales preserved exactly the balance of the spire. This lasted till 1813, when the pendulum was repaired by Mr. Elmes, and so remained until, after a great gale in 1861, the spire fell in. It has since been rebuilt.

In the course of this year, Sir J. Denham died, and Wren was appointed surveyor-general. He was now well known as an architect, not only in London but throughout the kingdom. In the summer of 1669 Wren completed the theatre at Oxford, which he had built for Archbishop Sheldon. The 'acts,' which had formerly been kept in S. Mary's Church, were now to be kept in the theatre, and it was opened with great splendour and solemnity. The founder's grant was read, and a long speech made by Dr. South, the University Orator, which, Evelyn says, though eloquent, 'was not without some malicious and indecent reflections on the Royal Society as underminers of the University, which was very foolish and untrue, as well as unseasonable. But, to let that pass from an ill-natured man, the rest was in praise of the archbishop and the ingenious architect.'

The theatre was the object of great admiration, the roof especially was reckoned a marvel of construction. Ayliffe, in his account of Oxford, says of this roof, 'What is most admirable therein is the contrivance of supporting the same without the help of any beam, it being entirely kept up with braces and screws, and is the subject of an excellent mathematical treatise by that prodigy of the age, Dr. Wallis. Dr. Plot, the historian of Oxfordshire, in his quaint book, gives an elaborate description of the theatre and its building by Wren and 'Richard Frogley, an able carpenter.'

Soon after this Wren rebuilt the Royal Exchange, restoring it as much as possible to what it had previously been, replacing the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, the only thing in the building uninjured by the fire.

Next came Temple Bar, which was begun in 1670, and now alas! adds another to the long list of the interesting buildings of London

ruthlessly destroyed. Wren attempted to prosecute his design for the quay along the northern bank of the Thames; the ground was rapidly being encroached upon by buildings, some few of which were tolerable, but the greater part unsightly; various interests, the pressure of business which would have been interrupted by the works, and we may well believe, the uncertain support afforded by the King, combined to defeat his plan. Could he now walk along the embankment which has at length been made, what would not his feelings be in looking at the buildings that line the site!

His office of surveyor-general entailed upon him endless work. Besides the city, which was now, as Evelyn says, 'beginning a little to revive after its sad calamities,' there was not a street laid down, hardly a house built, in any other part of the town without the surveyor being first consulted; now about 'a parcel of ground bought by Colonel Panton' (the present Panton Street, S.W.); now about the fields adjoining to 'Soe Hoe;' now about the houses pulled down for the safety of Whitehall during the fire. Into every case Wren made careful inquiry, visiting the places himself, and insisting on the buildings being of stone or brick, and having a due regard to health. He must have been glad to exchange this drudgery for a brief interval of his beloved philosophy at the Royal Society, or for his astronomy lectures at Oxford. The increase of his work at length obliged him, no doubt very reluctantly, to resign in 1673, the Savilian professorship.

In 1670, the futile attempt to repair S. Paul's was finally abandoned, and the ground began to be cleared for new foundations; the remains of the old buildings were still so strong that their removal occupied nearly four years. Wren determined to make use of the experiments with gunpowder tried at the Royal Society. The first attempt which he himself directed upon the tower was entirely successful, though it caused some alarm; but the second time, in his absence, the person in charge doubled the quantity of powder, caused the death of a man, and an explosion which terrified the city, all the more for an old superstition that the tower of S. Paul's and the City of London would fall together. In consequence, Wren forbade the further use of gunpowder, and invented a kind of gigantic battering ram, with which he succeeded in beating down the walls. In November, 1673, Wren, who was now architect of S. Paul's with a salary of 200*l.* a year, had been knighted at Whitehall by King Charles, and had prepared designs for the Cathedral, which he laid before the King. Of one, which was Sir Christopher's favourite, the King specially approved, and desired a model to be made. The accounts of this design differ; in *Elmes' Life* the central dome is described as surrounded by cupolettas, and with a cupoletta at the west end of the nave. In Mr. Longman's elevation there is only the great central dome and a smaller one at the entrance to the nave. Preparations were made in May, 1679, for a

building after this design; but the clergy were startled by the novelty of the plan, the circular east end, and the absence of aisles. The Duke of York insisted upon there being side chapels as in Roman Catholic Cathedrals, and the architect was compelled to give way, though so greatly annoyed as to have shed tears while attempting to convince his opponents.

It appears to have been early in the spring of this year that Sir Christopher married, though strangely enough, neither the exact date, nor where the marriage took place are now known. His bride was Faith, the daughter of Sir John Coghill, of Blechingdon, Oxfordshire. It seems likely that Sir Christopher made the lady's acquaintance while visiting his sister, Mrs. Holder, at Blechingdon Rectory, and that the wedding took place there, performed by Dr. William Holder; possibly there may be an entry in the register which might show whether this was so. The city churches were in the meantime rising steadily, and upon them all Sir Christopher bestowed considerable thought and care, so as best to adapt each alike to its particular site and the general effect. The first finished was S. Dionysius, or 'S. Dionis, Backchurch,' as it was more commonly called, in Fenchurch Street, a plain, handsome stone church, now destroyed, and its site desecrated by order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. He was then engaged upon S. Stephen's, Walbrook, generally considered the gem of all his churches. The meetings of the Royal Society continued to be his refreshment; he contributed often to their discussions, was their referee on difficult points, and cordially welcomed Isaac Newton, who was admitted in 1672, presenting a model of his invention of á refracting telescope, which Sir Christopher highly praised.

Several designs for S. Paul's, none equal to the first, were produced by Sir Christopher, the large central dome appearing in each of them. At length, in May, 1675, King Charles approved of one as being 'very artificial, proper, and useful,' he issued a warrant for its erection, which stated that the sum realised by the tax of three shillings on every chaldron of coal brought to the city (of which one-fourth went to S. Paul's) was now considerable, and that the new cathedral was to be built and finished in parts, beginning with the choir. The architect was left liberty to make variations 'rather ornamental than essential,' as he saw fit, and the whole was left in his hands.

This design is wholly unlike the present cathedral, and is inferior to any of Wren's other buildings. 'Artificial' it is in the modern sense of the word, and it seems as if the architect must himself have wondered at the King's acceptance of it. However, when matters were once fairly in his hands, and the annoying interference had for the time ceased, his genius was roused, and by a series of alterations, which certainly reversed the King's order, being rather essential than ornamental, he by degrees worked out the beautiful S. Paul's, which is now the crown of London.

He had a large staff of workmen under him; an assistant surveyor, John Oliver, who directed the workmen, measured the mason's work, bought in materials, and examined accounts; a clerk of the works, Laurence Spenser, who overlooked the men, saw that they did their work as directed, and made up the accounts; a clerk of the cheque, Thomas Russell, who called over the labourers three times a day, and kept them to their business. Besides these, there was the master mason, Edward Strong, and the master carpenter, Richard Jennings; all were carefully chosen, and were devoted to Sir Christopher, whose great genius, gentle disposition, and steady equable mind made him much beloved and respected.

The foundations were of course the first care, and here, as Sir Christopher had foretold, there was much 'to be done in the dark;' the old foundations were not to be trusted, and immense excavations had to be made. In the course of this work, Sir Christopher discovered 'graves of several ages and fashions, in strata or layers of earth, one above another, from the British and Roman times.' Below this was hard pot-earth, which would, he thought, be sufficiently firm to bear the great weight about to be laid upon it, but to ascertain its depth he had dry wells dug, and found it very unequal, in one place hardly four feet; he searched lower and found loose sand, then sand and shells (he speaks of them as sea-shells, but it is now thought that they were probably river ones) below hard beach, and then London clay. He took great precautions when he laid any foundations here, fearing lest the sand should slip. When the north-east part of the choir was reached, in digging the foundations a pit was found, from which all the pot-earth had been taken, containing many fragments of vases and urns, all of Roman pottery. This pit was a very serious difficulty, occurring as it did at the very angle of the choir.

Sir Christopher's assistants suggested to him to drive in piles of timber, but he knew that though timber lasted well under water, yet in this case, where it would be half in dry and half in wet sand, it would rot in the course of time, and 'his endeavours were to build for eternity.' He dug down more than forty feet, till he came to the hard beach, below which was the London clay, and upon the beach built a pier of solid masonry ten feet square, till within fifteen feet of the ground, and then by turning an arch brought it level with the rest of his foundation. All his studies in his boyhood and early manhood, all that his quick eye had perceived, and that had been stored up in a mind which nothing escaped—all were now poured out upon the great work of his life. As S. Paul's grew in beauty under his hands, he became more anxious that it should be perfect in every respect. Out of his small salary, when the subscription-books were opened, he contributed fifty pounds, and spared no pains that every detail should be done in the best possible manner. He enlisted in his service Cibber, the sculptor; Gibbons, whom Evelyn brought to him as a wood-carver

of wonderful talent; Bird, another sculptor, whom he had probably known at Oxford; and Tijou, a celebrated worker in iron.

In February, 1675, Sir Christopher's eldest son was born, and baptized Christopher. Lady Wren seems to have died soon afterwards, perhaps living long enough to see her husband lay, on June 21, the first stone of S. Paul's, assisted by Strong, his master-mason.

THE AUTOS SACRAMENTALES OF CALDERON.

We have already mentioned the directly historical Auto, to which class, however, no first-rate one by Calderon belongs; and which includes one of his poorest, written in celebration of the Swedish Christina's conversion. One of these, not named in our earlier enumeration, records the miraculous escape of the Archduke Maximilian (afterwards Emperor) from the apparently inaccessible rock, down to which he had fallen in the chase. Amid all the strange veils of allegory cast around the central figure, we discern in this play an image of youthful piety and heroism, probably more like that ill-fated namesake and descendant of the first Maximilian, whose story is the saddest tragedy of our own times, and who fell from the height he had scaled so nobly daring, with no angelic wing visibly unfolded to save him, than the hero of the tale himself. But with this exception there is not much to say for Autos, which generally bear only a very distant relation to the great truths they are meant to enforce, and which are not capable of the same defence which has been made for Calderon's classic legends spiritualized (of which the lessons are equally far-fetched) that by such treatment he vindicated their claim to be regarded as 'unconscious prophecies of Christian truth.' We would rather seek an illustration of what this great poet could make of the most unpromising materials in the strange Auto which bears the title of 'The Matrimonial Suit.' Its subject is the temporary union of the Soul and Body; their diverse origin, aims, and desires, their disagreement ending by the separation of death, and their hope of a reunion in eternity.

After a prologue spoken by Sin and Death, who are waiting to lay hold the one of the celestial, the other of the terrestrial, partner in the alliance, a cave opens on the stage and discloses the *Body* lying fast asleep, with five forms slumbering at his feet,—his five dormant senses. A throne is seen prepared for their coming ruler, and the Soul descends, richly adorned, from on high to take possession of it. But she comes against her own will, forsaking her native habitation with regret, and approaches her destined spouse with the utterance of the following protest:—

Soul. Country fair where I was born,
Though by force to earth now sent,
Wheresoever I be pent
Never shall from me be torn
What my birth-hour did adorn;
Me for endless life God wrought
Though He made me out of nought;
Banished from the heavenly sphere
Me, to spouse who waits me here,
I protest, 'tis force has brought.
I protest that, prisonèd
While I in the Body lie,
Wings to my true home to fly,
Each hour I shall long to spread.
Body (*beginning to awake at the Soul's approach*). When shall this confusion dread
Leave my sense, with blindness pressed?
Soul. When to thee, dear native nest,
Country mine, shall I go free?
Body. I am nought, and nought shall be.
Soul. Endless being fills my breast.

As the Soul draws nearer to the Body, she stumbles and falls into the arms of Sin, waiting to intercept her; the Body, awakening and rising up to meet her, falls, in like manner, into the hands of Death, and cries out:—

Body. Whither go I?
Death. Mine to be.
Body. Woe, alas!
Death. Come, follow me.
Body. Risk of death assaults my frame
At the first step I can take.
Soul. Me a slave can base power make
When I here as mistress came?
Death. Yes: 'tis thus that I proclaim
Of thy state the miseries dread.
Sin (*to Soul*). Thine is guilt inherited.
Body. Mortal, hearken.
Soul. Heed, oh man!
Body. Thy first step in death began.
Soul. Sin in thee with life was bred.
(*approaching the Body*)—
Humble cot where I must live
As a prisoner for a while,
Now betwixt a tear and smile
Light of day to thee I give.

Life advances, bearing a lighted torch. As the Body becomes conscious of its powers, its five senses first arise, quickened into movement; and after that, Memory, Will, and Understanding come forward and offer their services to it, as the handmaids of its spouse, the Soul. But the marriage proves an unhappy one, richly endowed as are both the contracting parties. They cannot agree; for while the Soul seeks the things that are above, the Body only cares for the things of earth; its delight is to feast on dainties, but the Soul's longing is for heavenly sacramental food. Thus things get worse and worse, till the Soul, impatient at seeing her celestial dowry wasted by

her husband on base and unworthy objects, lodges a formal complaint against him, and threatens a separation. Death (in Sleep's company) gives the Body warning of her purpose; but he despises it, and suffers *Sin* to draw from it this evil conclusion:—

Man, while shines thy happy star
Think not on mortality;
For life only life can be
While enjoyed from sad thought far.
Body. True; nor is my heart afraid,
Thinking life is but a flower
Budding in the morning-hour,
Vanishing with evening's shade.
No, since brief our term is made,
Let this short life joy supply
Ere from out our hand it fly;
Let us each desire obey,
Let us eat and drink to-day,
For to-morrow we must die.

* * * * *

Memory. Man, awake! nor careless fall
Thus from thought; instead take heed
That death then is death indeed,
When by it man loses all.

The Body hesitates for a short time between the two opposing councillors, but finally resolves the wrong way. The outraged Soul protests against her consort's evil choice; and, in an eloquent harangue, garnished with citations from Scripture and the Fathers, demands a divorce from him. The appeal is heard; and Death enters, bearing a flaming torch, to pronounce the sentence of the High Court. The Body shivers at his entrance, but awaits him, clinging to the Understanding, which he had too long neglected, and professing repentance with his latest breath. The Five Senses have already ceased to do their office; when, as Death extinguishes the torch, Life vanishes away, and the Body becomes his prisoner. Memory, Will, and Understanding follow their mistress, the Soul; Sin waits to seize her on her departure from, as at her entrance into, the Body; but her prayer is heard, she escapes his grasp, and, after a brief purgatorial suffering, finds in her true Lord eternal life to replace the earthly life she has lost. Restored to her former throne, she gazes on her ancient spouse, as he lies awaiting a final and indissoluble reunion with her, under better auspices than their first, and listens to his prayer:—

Body. See me here, oh Lord, expecting
My last change, and to regain
My lost Spouse, the day tremendous
When this Marriage Suit again
Thou shalt yet review and sentence;
Bidding her mine own remain
When Thou judgest quick and dead men
For eternal joy, or pain.

El Pleyto Matrimonial.

[3] This allegory is not free from the reproach of being incorrect as to one of its principal figures, since it ascribes actions and resolutions to the Body alone, the chief responsibility for which must have belonged in truth to the Soul. But it is finely conceived, and presents us with a remarkable example of how far a strong dramatic power can go in transforming things into persons. For we sympathise here with the Soul in her temporary degradation, and listen to her indignant complaints with the same feelings as those excited in us by the wrongs of some high-born heroine of tragedy or romance. The death-scene resembles a grand passage in the works of the most poetical of divines, Jeremy Taylor; painting as both do, with overpowering grandeur, the consternation of all man's varied faculties and powers at the 'last summoner's' approach.

It may be thought by some readers that, like other Romanists, Calderon ascribes in his sacred dramas too much efficacy for good to the contemplation of death. It will be seen, however, in one of the passages just cited, as in some of the earlier, that he was alive to the fact that a man may derive bad lessons, as well as good, from the consideration of his mortality. Still it is, for the most part, the image of Death the Converter with which Calderon's Autos present us. There is no finer example of this than in the play, *There is no Fortune but God;* worthy as it is, in its opening and final scenes, to stand beside its author's best efforts, such as *The Great Theatre of the World*, or *The Year of Grace at Rome*.

The theatre at the opening of this Auto displays the two mystic trees, that of Knowledge, and that of Life. The Demon issues forth from the former; and, in a long discourse with *Malice*, contrives how to divert men from trust in Divine Providence by persuading them that Fortune is a real person, and that to her they owe all the good and evil of this life. At the foot of the other tree (of Life) are seen human forms asleep. From its branches are suspended a cross for all, a sceptre for the *King*, a mirror for the *Beauty*, a sword for the *General*, a book for *Learning*, a mattock for the *Labourer*, and a staff for the *Beggar*. *Distributive Justice* shakes the branches with her wand, and the befitting insignia fall on the personages below, and awaken them each from sleep to a consciousness of the station allotted to them. Justice summons them to begin life in these words:—

In the stations I ordain
All men equalled you shall see,
Since no station ill can be
If man well its part sustain:
Whether full of joy, or pain,
Seek not other lot to take;
Entrance, exit, all men make
Equal in their birth and death.
Mortals wake to draw life's breath;
Unto life awake, awake.

The crown and sceptre fall upon the King. He starts up, saying :—

What is this that falls on me?
Weight that nowise little seems
Has awakened me from dreams
Which I dreamt half sleeplessly!
Can it crown and sceptre be?
Mine was birth in happy hour,
Since it places in my power,
Labouring not, so great a thing.
What to be am I born?
Demon. King.
The King. Who willed that?
Malice. 'Tis *Fortune's* dower.

The lie told by *Malice* gains belief; and in like manner he persuades each personage of the drama on awakening to life to ascribe to Fortune, not to God, their high or low station and its opportunities. They are all on the point of setting off to follow the supposed goddess, when *Learning** espies the Cross, last of all the gifts, fall from the branches of the tree.

Learning. Wait, a gift amongst us thrown
Lies here, even as it fell,
Unappropriate; none to tell
Who should have it for his own.
All. What gift is it? make it known.
Learning. 'Tis a Cross, if right I see.
King. Then it was not meant for me;
Since for empire I was born,
Not to suffer pain or scorn.
Beauty. Neither mine can that Cross be;
For my beauty to maintain
And enjoy, by fears unchilled,
Is what Fortune for me willed.
Labour. I too say: Not mine! my pain,
Sweat and toil oft spent in vain,
Are a Cross enough to bear.
Poverty. All the grief and anxious care
Caused by poverty, my lot,
Other source of woe need not;
Hunger, thirst, if nought else were
Vexing, yet to beg each day
Make for me sufficient Cross.
The Military State. Born to risk of life the loss
I need seek none.
Learning. To essay
Study's steep and toilsome way,
As I do, is Cross enough.

Nor does the apparition of *Justice* (come to explain that the Cross is offered to every one of them as a blessing, not a curse, to be taken up by free-will, not imposed by force) alter the determination of rich and poor alike to reject it. It is in vain that she says :—

To his lot let each man add it;
Once by this great staff supported,

* Or, the student.

He shall see that with like sweetness
It can prop the saddest mourner
And uphold the noblest victor.
Come, then, start not back with horror,
Seeing red enamels tinging
Where one line the other crosses,
For on no man weighs this burden
Heavier than his strength of shoulder.
For Christ's word was not: 'Let all men
Take my cross, and be my followers.'
But He said: 'Let each his own cross
Take;' thus pityingly showed He
That He at our hand expects nought
But what we to give have power.
Therefore come, come hither quickly,
Thou of men the earthly sovereign;
Let unto thy sacred laurel
This tree's stem from henceforth joined be.

* * * * *

Beauty, thou, ere Age's sere wind
Mar thy lovesome garden's flowrets,
Hide beneath this tree's safe shadow
From the blasts that would despoil thee.

Power and Beauty both refuse; declining to acknowledge that distant and invisible power, to which Justice has claimed their allegiance, who might mar their enjoyment of that Good Fortune which is the only deity they will own. Sword and Gown make a like reply. Nor are Labour and Poverty any wiser. They prefer complaining of their Bad Fortune to submitting to the decrees of Heaven. Thenceforward all pass their time bewildered in the pursuit of *Evil* disguised as *Good;* while they keep despising and rejecting *Good*, who is obliged perforce to approach them in the garb of *Evil*. There is a farcical element in this portion of the Auto rather discordant with the solemnity of its opening, and the tragic gravity of its closing scenes. When *Evil* contrives to change cloaks with *Good*, and walks proudly about afterwards in his borrowed plumes; when poor *Good*, in consequence of having appearances so much against him, gets rudely pushed out of all companies as an objectionable person; or when finally, in their last struggle, he succeeds in regaining his stolen property, we feel as if we were spectators of a moderately amusing pantomime. But it is far otherwise when the tragic element re-asserts itself at the conclusion of the drama. Death is sent to teach the unthinking crowd what they refuse to learn from any other monitor. They are dancing, and singing Fortune's praises, when suddenly the Beauty disappears from their midst. Dismayed and affrighted, they search the dark pit where she has sunk from sight; but nothing is left of her but a ghastly skeleton, which, rising, thus admonishes the terrified beholders, and reveals to them the error in which their joint lives have been spent:—

In the place of vanished beauty
'Tis a skeleton you see near,

In whose hands behold, grasped firmly,
There united as their centre,
Beggar's staff and marshal's truncheon,
Labourer's mattock, monarch's sceptre;
Hence let that dead beauty's mirror
Be to all a mirror lent here;
And learn mortals, learn, and tremble
That 'twixt Good and Ill there never
Can be Fortune save God only.

Then begins a touching lamentation over the charms which have perished and the brittleness of all earthly hopes:—

King. In such grief, such sad distress,
How am I the tale to tell
That 'twas here the bright Day fell,
Since hereout dark night doth press?
That most perfect loveliness
Which my vain mind did adore,
Now is hideous, dust, nought more:
Who so foolish this can know
And to beauty longer bow,
Or kneel down king's thrones before?
Labourer. That green tree, whose flowery crown
Lent us shade through many Mays;
That fair verdure which sent rays
Bright like flamelets darting down,
Lightless, lifeless, has turned brown;
And affrighted and dismayed,
We must own it useless shade:
Yet who loves, nor thinks it meet
Both to warm him in this heat,
And 'neath boughs like these be laid?
Beggar. That rich, beauteous vase of gold,
Which for worth of rarest price
High-born spirit could suffice
In its trusty charge to hold,
Now has lost its goodness old;
Now the golden vase contains
Poison that its beauty stains:
Who so mad as to desire
Drinking poison, to acquire
All that treasure for his pains?
Soldier. That same life, whose flowery pride
By the World was idolized,
Smoke, dust, wind, mere nought now prized,
(Lustre dimmed, its verdure dried,)
As his very faintest sighed
Death upon it, turned it straight
Into ashes: woeful fate!
Who will now his doom forget,
Still his heart on this life set,
Nor with trembling death await?
No ay mas Fortuna que Dios.

The eyes of each speaker are opened: the whole company discern, at last, the true Good and Ill of man; and, encircling the Tree of Life, they do homage to the Cross they have despised, and embrace the salvation they have disregarded.

None of Calderon's allegories are more ingenious than that of this

play; while we must search the sermons of some of the greatest ornaments of the French pulpit during his latter years for an adequate parallel to his picture here of man reminded by adversity of the God forgotten by him in his days of prosperity, or to his brief and touching funeral oration over the Beauty cut down in her prime. As we read this last, we cannot forget the history of a noble countryman of the poet's, constrained by the duties of his office at court and by the merciless laws of Spanish etiquette, to lift the covering from the dead face of a beautiful young Queen of Spain just before the grave received it. He gazed for a moment at the ghastly sight, to which the nature of the disease of which she died had added tenfold horror; and then, as organ pealed and funeral chant arose around him, formed the resolution to forsake a world whose sweetest fruits turn to ashes on the lips; and, carrying it out, became one of the most deservedly canonised of the saints of modern times.

We can find space for no more extracts; and we offer those already made with much diffidence, alike from a general sense of the inadequacy of select passages to convey any idea of a dramatic whole, and from a more particular consciousness of our own failures in our humble endeavours to *transpose* the exquisite music of the original. What notion can a few stones (however well carved) give of the glories of the sculptured *façade* of a marble palace? How, with such slender assistance as these pages afford him, expect the most discerning and sympathetic reader to accept Schack's experiences of the Spanish *Auto* as genuine, where he says that by it 'We feel ourselves carried past the bounds of earth, beyond space and time, into the kingdom of infinity and eternity. Here no discords are heard; hither mount the voices of man's world only as solemn hymns borne upwards by the organ's swell. We stand in a gigantic cathedral not built by human hands, in whose venerable aisles no profane voice dares to sound: above its altar rests, enthroned in light, the mystery of the Triune God; beams of all but insufferable brightness dart thence, and light up pillar after pillar with a wondrous glory. Here every being is plunged in the contemplation of the Everlasting; looking with amazement into the unfathomable abyss of the Divine Love. The whole creation joins in one harmonious chorus to the glory of the source of its being; even dead matter gains speech; the stars and elements, the stones and plants, show mind and consciousness; the most hidden thoughts and feelings of men spring to light; heaven and earth shine forth with a symbolic radiance. Even apart from the deep inner meaning of these poems, we are enraptured by the splendour of their execution. On scarcely any of their other works have the Spanish writers so concentrated, as on these, their matchless poetic riches. Our every sense is intoxicated by a melting loveliness of colour, a scent as of many flowers, and a magic of the most enrapturing music.' *

* Schack.

To the greatness of Calderon's powers, to the impression which they make when fully and fairly exhibited, words such as these are a convincing testimony. We may smile at them as exaggerated and enthusiastic; but then, can those be weak spells which have excited such raptures in a thinker of another age and country, and of habits of thought so different to the magician's own? Make full allowance for every drawback; acknowledge (which is the truth) that the foregoing extracts, alike in their introduction more than once of the same allegorical personage, and in their reiteration of the same moral lesson, exemplify a tendency to repeat himself, which is one of Calderon's faults; give their due share of blame to traits of bigotry to be condemned in some, of superstition to be deplored in many of his *Autos;* speak as harshly as you will of the tedious length of some of his harangues and the quaint absurdity of some of his conceits: in short, blame freely all that there is to be blamed in these marvellous productions, and then see what a vast residuum there is left for praise. Nor must we in apportioning the blame forget that much which justly offends us now in Calderon's *Autos*, was needful to establish that sympathy between himself and his vast audience, which is essential to a national poet; while his elevated moral standard, his faith in God's goodness, his raptures in the contemplation of the Divine Love, have a just claim to be considered as his own.

Calderon's *Autos* were not, like Racine's plays, merely the entertainment of a brilliant court; still less were they, like those of the great German dramatists, addressed to a select and highly-educated circle of literary amateurs; rather were they, like the tragedies of Eschylus, the expression of the patriotism, of the pride, and of the religion of a whole nation. Like the Greek poet, Calderon stands forth the expounder of no new creed, the herald of no new civilisation; but rather as the exponent of the beliefs and thoughts stirring in the myriad spectators' breasts, which he can express better than they, not feel more intensely.

As the great trilogy of Eschylus set before Athenian eyes the maiden protectress of their city in her most engaging aspect, so over Calderon's *Autos* floats that Virgin form to whose intercession popular Spanish belief ascribed the triumphs of the Cross over the Crescent, and the gift of a new world to subdue to the true faith. And yet in the Spanish, as in the Hellenic poet, there are deeper and truer things than they could have learned from the popular mythology.

As the plays of Eschylus, in spite of alien additions, have their real foundation in the great truths of natural religion; so, though similarly marred as to their superstructure, rest those of Calderon on the truths of revelation. Even minds which care not to discern this feel, without owning its source, the charm of the playful strength, the reposeful calmness which the *Autos* have drawn from thence. In praising them they may only choose to notice their skilful construction,

their fertility of resource, their power of impersonation, their dignity and pathos, their beautiful imagery and harmonious verse; but the sense conveyed by Calderon's sacred dramas of a solution found to the mysteries of life, a balm for its wounds, a haven from its storms, is, to our own mind, the best reason for saying of them, as Cowley said of the works of a far less deserving contemporary :—

> 'To things immortal Time can do no wrong,
> And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.'

SUNDAYS AND HOLY SEASONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER XII.

CHOIR PRACTICE AT SEA.

I CANNOT take leave of my readers in the *Monthly Packet* without laying before them a few farewell reminiscences of my last—and, in some respects—most enjoyable phase of 'Church-going in the New World.' The feasts of the 'Presentation' and of S. Mathias, together with Sexagesima, Quinquagesima, and the two first Sundays of Lent, were spent last year upon the ocean; and of the earlier feast, and the two first Sundays, at any rate, it may safely be asserted that I was still beyond the limits of the Old World. Let me, therefore, take you back with me to a certain halcyon evening at the beginning of February, upon which a friend and I sat in a secluded nook of the quarter-deck of her Majesty's ship *Cotopaxi*, discussing the ship-board 'news of the day,' amongst other matters, and chief therein, the announcement that there was to be held that night a choir practice, preparatory to the offer being formally tendered of our assistance in the forthcoming Sunday's services.

One of the first evenings of February, observe, and *halcyon*. Does not that vindicate its claim to have been spent in another hemisphere? And could you have beheld us, habited in the thinnest dresses a voyage outfit could produce, with never a shawl on even to protect shoulders from evening breeze, you would have known that no second month of the year, even in Southern France, ever permitted such delightful independence of wraps after sun-down. His solar majesty had indeed sunk well below the horizon, though a streak of fading light marked where he had disappeared; while we sat on in our lofty 'coign of vantage' on the raised portion of the stern, perched cosily upon some of the boxes of 'cargo' deposited there, while others screened us slightly from the gay and busy promenade which the rest of the quarter-deck was wont to become at this hour. There, behind us, rose the clamour of threescore voices in divers languages, as they walked or sat in

groups, or chatted in lively pairs: a merry Babel to watch and listen to, but less attractive than the scene to which *we* had turned our faces in preference. Spread before us was the wide, wondrous semi-circle of Atlantic and southern heavens; to the west, a mighty bank of clouds, sailing in distinct strata, and their heavy purple or pearly-grey tints tinged with fast-fading orange and gold: there, we knew, lay South America—out of sight, indeed, but not very far off, since to-morrow our ship would steer an inland course once more, and touch at Pernambuco; to the east, an intensely clear sky, wherein the stars were growing rapidly brighter and more numerous to count, while perhaps the uppermost two of the Southern Cross were just beginning to show themselves above the south-eastern horizon. And as the waves plashed past (with that low murmur which seems to grow into one's life when heard day and night for miles together during an ocean voyage), we could discern innumerable tiny globes of fire floating just below the surface, while every now and then a great sphere of agglomerate phosphorescence, large enough to be visible for many yards, went by, and could be traced, by its lamp-like glow, for several minutes even of our rapid onward progress; while, in the wake of the screw, shone, like a broad pathway, a belt of luminous foam, rustling and glittering and bubbling away into the far distance behind our stern. . . . . I fear I have very feebly pictured it all to you, reader: there was 'a great calm' in that twilight scene of sea and sky that no words *could* quite reproduce, I think. . . . . We were 'talking' amidst it, did I say? At intervals, yes; of all we held the deepest or most treasured in thought; of the dear ones left behind, where yonder dying gleam of light still marked where our transatlantic homes had been; of those with whom we so joyfully anticipated meeting in England at the end of this journey; of some (and for each of us who spoke *one* parent) who no longer dwelt on either shore, but were already waiting for us in that land where all is eternally more calm and beautiful than even the repose of earth around us. . . . And then we would be silent again, gathering up whatever was too precious of these lookings back and forward into the yearnings, and purpose, and resolve, naturally born of such an evening time for meditation. Surely, among those intervals of quietude, which A. K. H. B. has so fitly named 'the enforced pauses of life,' none are comparable, for refreshment of mind and body, to the undisturbed leisure of 'those that remain afar off upon the broad sea!'

I have called it 'twilight,' but the expression is inaccurate, since in these latitudes the sun is no sooner sunk below the horizon, than darkness comes over the sea with a rapidity surprising to those who have only known our long light evenings at home. But there is always a full hour between dinner and tea-time on board ship when there is not brightness enough for work or book, and which yet continues

far too balmy and delightful to descend to hot saloons in search of a lamp. Many people occupy this interval with a 'constitutional' up and down decks; others spend it seated in merry groups for music or conversation, or quiet *tête-à-têtes* in some breezy corner, like ourselves. The friends to whose travelling party I specially belonged made a practice of taking their walk at a later hour, under the glorious stars, when the decks were nearly clear; and this plan was so pleasant, that I usually fell in with it, following the good old adage of 'after dinner sit a while, after supper' (for which you must please to substitute 'tea' however) 'walk a mile.' Who among my readers knows what those 'miles' are wont to be like? I don't mean the fun, the frolic, and the companionship that grow up inevitably during a voyage, as to which I would warmly add my testimony that they *are* most pleasant, and the foundation of many a valuable friendship on *terrâ firma;* but *the thing itself*—the wonderful fascination of life at sea, and at night above every other aspect of it! . . . To feel the ship bound and prance, like a live thing, as you walk it, or sway slowly from side to side with a gentle, dignified undulation; to look around at the perfect circle of waters, dark as Erebus, or else transfigured into a field of rippling silver; to watch the cruciform bars of the fore-mast, outlined against the sky before you, until the very wavelets seem to take up the refrain—

'Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!'

and to see, after a certain way passed, the 'Great Bear' rise out of the sea on our port-bows, the herald of the Old World we were daily approaching; and above all, and over all, a great multitude of stars, shining upon us like the benignant eyes of a company of guardian angels. . . .

I cannot stop my pen, recalling these things, especially when I remember how little is told of *them*, how much said of the weariness, the tedium, the '*dulness*' of long voyages. Very 'dull,' if you spend thirty days in the corner of a stuffy saloon, trying to read novels (the most likely occupation to induce a feeling of sea-sickness, since the exertion of eyes and brain are very apt to bring it on), with intervals of flirtation, quarrelling, and gossip, a trifle more scandalous than upon shore! But, if instead of so insulting the majesty of ocean (for I call it nothing better), you use eyes, ears, and even nose (there is a unique perfume in the sea-breezes!), from morning till night, to absorb the beauties of 'the open secret,' I affirm that every one, even a confirmed sufferer from *mal de mer*, may extract deep and lasting enjoyment from a few weeks spent at sea. (Our most cheerful, most industrious, and most companionable among the saloon passengers was a poor lady who had suffered incessantly from that most distressing of maladies

all the way round from the Pacific ports.) And I do not know any phase of life which so brings before the mind in *Whom* we literally 'live and move and have our being.' There is no solemnity of midnight hour, like the waking up on far-off seas to hear their unceasing voices, and remember where one is. In calm weather, it is a soft rustling and murmur; in stormier times, a great roar and hurly-burly; on cloudy, starless nights, a mysterious shrill whistling among the rigging, but always with the same burden to the song that never ends—

> Be still and know that I am God! . . .
> Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!' . . .

And while one lies pondering these things, with the repose of them entering into the very soul, bells strike above, and the watch may be heard calling out the hour, and echoing the kernel of one's thought, '*All's well!*' . . . .

But I must go back to our choir; and the loud clanging of the eight o'clock tea-bell is a fit note of summons to the subject, as not only a necessary termination to Mrs. W——'s and my sojourn aft, but also that the tea-table was *the* area of discussion for matters musical and harmonious generally. *Our table*, if you please, reader, the table of the '*Cotopaxi* tea-club'—it merits a word of introduction, I assure you. An Englishman sat at one end of it and a Frenchman at the other, and the sides boasted of ingredients Portana, Scotch, Irish, and German, as well as Anglo-Saxon. But its special characteristic consisted in the fact that, by the kindness of the ship's purser (who lent his own pretty tea-service for our use), the *chief lady* of the travelling party of which I have already spoken was allowed to have her own private teapot, from which she generously supplied her friends, rescuing them from the necessity of partaking of the simply *horrible* beverage, called by the name of 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates,' on board ship. (N.B. It is a compound only equalled by ship 'coffee!') At three as well as eight P.M. this little coterie of friends were wont to meet and discuss arrangements for forthcoming amusements, not to mention the hundred-and-one concomitant small jests, good stories, and hotly-contested 'philopenas' which enlivened its merry *séances*. And custom was, the evening meal over, to assemble round the piano for music, choir practice, or rehearsals for a concert we had agreed to give on board for the benefit of the Liverpool Orphanage. Sometimes the programme would be varied by round games, joined in with great spirit by a large number, and a few of us were zealous chess and bezique players; but the evenings rarely finished without some music; and to-night was to be our first formal 'church practice.'

We boasted of two sopranos, an alto, three tenors, and two basses, besides the kind lady-president of the tea-club, who undertook the

accompaniment. There were several "*Hymns, A. and M., with Tunes*," amongst the belongings of our company, and a fair number of the hymn-books without music; but chant-books there could be found none of any sort, size, or description—*y que hacer?* (to use our own current phrase). Then I remembered a childish fancy for accumulating by heart every chant I heard at S. Paul's Cathedral lang syne, and combining it with a later habitude of copying much music, had a keen pleasure in consecrating both memories to one such present use. Some old friends were quickly noted down and laid before the choir, who chose 'Henley' and 'Randall' as the easiest whereby to chant 'Te Deum,' 'Jubilate,' and 'Glorias.' Another lady copied suitable hymns, while I was engaged in doing the chants; and so we were liberally supplied both for ourselves and the whole congregation likely to be present. The foreigners took a lively interest in our proceedings, gathering in the saloon to listen while we practised. An old Spanish priest from Chili came too, so I supplied him with the words of the hymn we were then singing, 'A few more years shall roll,' and soon saw him explaining them to the eager group gathered round him for information. This old man, by-the-bye, was called upon to perform a christening during the voyage: for a baby was born, among the steerage-passengers, early in the voyage. We also had a death, soon after leaving Rio de Janeiro: but it was that of a Protestant, an Englishman, and the captain read the Funeral Service over him. To my great disappointment, I missed attending both these really interesting rites. The death was kept a secret, until a few days after, for fear of casting a gloom over the spirits of the other passengers: well meant, no doubt, but, to my thinking, a great mistake, as it was the result of an accident and not of infectious disease. Of the baptism I was promised due notice by one of our ever-obliging officers; but upon inquiry it turned out that, the infant being delicate, this also had taken place at once, before we even knew that it was arranged.

But to return to our music. Our rehearsals were so successful, that upon three successive Sundays, Captain —— allowed us to assist in the service; and can you fancy anything more delightful than thus to be permitted to lead the Common Praise of travellers on their homeward voyage? A goodly number assembled each Sunday morning in the saloon, immediately after 'parade' on deck. The worthy commander read prayers slowly and impressively, and canticles and hymns went cheerily, with—when the tune was well-known—a good body of voices joining in. I shall never forget 'Rockingham' to 'When I survey,' thus sung upon the first Sunday in Lent, nor the repetition of the 'Hymn for those at sea,' on our last Sunday before the end of the voyage; and when we were already upon the rolling waves of *the* 'Bay' of famous memory, with channel gales and fogs looming in the possibilities of the final few hundred miles between us and

home, and that in the stormiest season of the whole year almost! Past and present met in that hymn, in an utterable rush of softened feeling; memories of singing it, safe on dry land, before travelling had given deeper meaning to its beautiful words and music—of singing it when friends were setting sail for the Abyssinian campaign; and again, oftentimes at the church at Rio de Janeiro, whenever an English mail steamer weighed anchor, homeward-bound, upon the Sunday morning; and then of one special Sunday evening, at a Monte Videan *quinta*, in fulfilment of promises made to dear ones upon the seas near home, just as *we* now were, while they, safe in quiet inland day of rest far away, might be thinking in their morning prayers of us. . . . Hearts as well as voices went forth in the closing appeal to the 'Trinity of love and power,' and S. Chrysostom's Collect, followed with comforting appositeness, after the closing 'Amen.'*

Once more that day we met for sacred music. We had always made a habit of doing so on Sunday evenings, and this last meeting was prolonged to unprecedented lengths, each choir-member choosing a favourite hymn in turn, until about one-third of the whole collection had been gone through. It was getting late, and yet we knew not how to break-up our pleasant gathering, and so admit that one aspect of its happy times was ended, and that the whole party must soon scatter hither and thither, far and wide, in many cases never to meet again 'until the sea give up its dead.' Someone suggested 'Days and moments quickly flying' as an appropriate finish; but, when sung, the conclusion seemed *too* dreary for those who had spent such innocently happy days together, and thereupon 'Sun of my soul' was added. Still we lingered; and I shall always gratefully remember the good-natured readiness with which my suggestion for a finale was last of all adopted. 'Let us sing Ken's Evening Hymn to the old-fashioned tune; all of us have known it from very babyhood up; and what could more suitably conclude our happy times round this piano together?'

And, in very truth, few words could so aptly have met both the desires and the fears of every heart there, I think, as the good Bishop's

> 'Teach us to live, that we may dread
> The grave as little as our bed:
> Teach us to die, that so we may
> Rise glorious at the Judgment-day!'

It sufficed. There were thoughts comfortable even at such a farewell-point in life; and every voice rose in heartfelt chorus in the Doxology, which has been our nation's anthem of public praise and thanksgiving for so many a long year.

By common consent, good-nights were then exchanged, and our party dispersed, a few of us repairing on to the moonlit decks for a customary last walk up and down. For myself, I could think of

* Our second hymn was inserted between the 'Prayer to be used every day in Her Majesty's ships' and the Collect of S. Chrysostom.

nothing but the verse we used to sing long ago in my father's church at home:—

'By Thy Hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come—
Safe, O Lord! when life is ended,
Bring me to my Heavenly Home!'

אמן ו אמן.

(*Concluded.*)

A LETTER FROM A 'BEE' TO A BEE.

BY L. G.

Some of my readers may perhaps be wondering what a 'Bee' means, so before they read my letter, I will try my best to explain what it is by giving as an illustration a short account of the 'Bee' to which our letter was addressed. The word 'Bee' is an American term given to 'those industrious ladies who meet together regularly to work so many hours on a particular day for some charitable purpose.'

At a pretty little country house belonging to a widow, ten or twelve ladies (or our 'Bee' as we call them), meet at three o'clock every Friday afternoon, each paying a small amount monthly (which money goes towards the buying of materials); they are welcomed in a bright room by the Queen Bee, the hostess, who sits at the head of a large table, on which are placed neat little bundles, each ticketed with the worker's name; all settle down, and then the humming begins, the subject of which is the 'doings' of the past week. When the Queen Bee thinks they have hummed sufficiently, she reads some nice book, or if she has received a letter from the 'Childrens' Hospital, Rhyl,' for which they are now so busily working, she interests them with its contents. As they had been expecting a full account of this hospital from one of the Bees, who had been working there for three months, they were all glad when one Friday a letter was brought in directed 'To the Bee,' in the well-known scrawly hand of the old fellow-worker. It ran thus:—

'Children's Hospital, Rhyl, N. Wales,
'*March* 12, 1875.

'Dear Fellow Bees,—I have now been at the Hospital three months. You will be anxious to hear all about it. It is a very large building on the sands where the old baths used to stand, and nearly opposite is a little whitewashed cottage, which, until the last three years, was the only representative of "The Hospital," holding about eleven beds. Through the energy of a kind lady and gentleman, this large establishment, holding eighty beds, was raised; it is now full, and under the management of a very clever lady, who was at one time

head of the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street, for three years. The greater part of this Hospital is devoted to convalescents.

'Three sick wards are occupied with girls of from two to nineteen years, and boys from two to fourteen. A charming balcony reaches nearly all round the house, where stretchers and couches are placed for those sick children who cannot go downstairs. The ward for the worst cases holds eight beds, each covered with pretty red and white counterpanes; pictures hang all round, and large windows open upon the balcony, opposite to which are two windows which slide up, opening into the pretty little chapel, so that our poor children can join in the prayers, or "Children's Service," which the chaplain gives every week. It is indeed a sad sight to see the benches filled with little sick children and rows of boys and girls with crutches, and it does one's heart good to hear those happy voices singing the Hymns Ancient and Modern. Shut your eyes and you could never fancy such strong, happy voices came from those poor feeble little bodies. Then the merry clatter down to meals; how it would astonish you to see the amount of bread, butter, and toast, which disappears in an hour. You would say the Rhyl air certainly agrees with our children, especially in the morning, when each devours a great basin of bread and milk, after which they go to the sands; some bathe and others dig. Whilst the little ones are on the sands, the sick wards are attended to, where are found the lady pupils, helping and learning all they can under the Lady Superintendent. One little boy aged four, by great care, may be cured from hip disease: that child was taken from a wretched home, and placed at this hospital by a kind lady for two months. We know the child must stay longer, but the father cannot or will not pay for it. The very idea of it going home, to a bed where five other children sleep, is dreadful; picture to yourself ten little legs in the same bed with this poor child's hip, which for some weeks has been guarded by a cradle, to keep any weight off the suffering limb. No, that child must be kept at the Children's Hospital, as long as the fund lasts, for which our "Bee" work is sold, and donations are given which enable us to keep on such especial cases. Then we have the baby of the place, two years old. When I first came here he lay all day on his back, generally crowing to a bird fastened to his bed; now he is up, crawling upon the floor, much to the delight of the other children in their cots, who peer at him through the bars. One of their great pleasures is to hear some nice story book, like *The Basket of Flowers*, or *Alone in London*. If any of you wish to get rid of children's books, do send them to these little ones, who lie day after day so patiently. When the weather permits, the beds are moved close to the open windows, where the sick children can see the convalescents going to the pier, which is a great treat; girls and boys with crutches, and others wrapped up very carefully in blankets, lying in easy perambulators. I must not forget to tell you how we spent last Christmas: every child

was up for that glad day, except our baby boy; those who could not walk were carried into our pretty little chapel, which was decorated as brightly as possible. Our Chaplain read us the happy Christmas Service, the children sang carols and an anthem very sweetly. Then all had tea and dessert in the play-room; on each plate was placed a present and Christmas card, from a kind lady, who had not forgotten a single child. They then had games; some read their new books; the little ones wishing their new dolls a happy Christmas; each joyous with its new toy or present. A few days after we had a Tree, one of the party dressing up as Father Christmas with a long tow beard and wig; for days after many of the children expected to see him return, some I believe think even now he was a real old man.

'In the evening we had a magic lantern of Christmas scenes, which caused shouts of laughter; children begging for "the mouse which ran down the sleeper's mouth." Many who had never been from home at that season said they had never spent a happier day. I must now finish describing our Hospital. We have rooms in part of it for the children of the clergy and professional men; they have a large sitting-room opening on the balcony, where they can have sea air all day. We are very anxious this Hospital should be better known. I have done my best to describe it to you, my dear, industrious Bees. I should like much to publish a short account of it in some magazine, but there are so many difficulties.

'Good-bye, my fellow-workers.

'Your affectionate,

'L. G.'

A LIFE WORK.

Seventy years ago, in the careless days at the beginning of this century, a young girl used to frequent the smoke-blackened cathedral, in the busy heart of a great commercial city. She was not at all what is called 'High Church,' but she loved God and music, and found a home in the cathedral.

There were others who frequented it also—others to whom it was not a home or a place of worship, but a workshop where they earned their daily bread.

The poor little choristers were mere singing instruments, for whose souls no one cared. They were taught to *sing*, but as long as they could, and did do that, no one inquired what else they did. They sang morning and evening, and were paid for it, and the rest of the day they might run the streets as they pleased, there was no care for body or mind.

The girl's soul was stirred within her; she could not love God without loving her neighbour; she felt the dangers to which the poor

children were exposed by running at will about the streets of a great city, and she set her heart upon saving them from the ways of sin.

She was no genius, no great one to whom men would listen when she spoke; she was not even in a high class of society, but no one else spoke for the boys, and therefore she determined she would do it, not stopping to ask whether or not it was her business.

She wearied the authorities with importunities, she wrote pamphlet after pamphlet on the subject, but still the boys were neglected, and therefore she did not desist. Girlhood past, early womanhood, middle life, she was a commonplace old maid, but her cause was still young, and she wrestled on. For nearly seventy years she assailed Heaven and earth with entreaties, and for the greater part of that time earth turned a deaf ear to her.

When old age came on, when she was threescore years and ten, and had been at work half a century, her protests were still unheeded; but constant dropping will wear the rock, and the humble old maid's insistance had done its work. A change came at last; she had been a thorn in the side of the authorities, but she was too troublesome a one to be disregarded.

The first boys who had moved her compassion were old men now, and generation after generation of those choristers had since grown up, to sing God's praises in the great cathedral, and then to go forth into the crowded streets to meet the worst temptations, and perhaps to break those Holy Commandments which they so often prayed musically to have written on their hearts.

It was very gradually that the cathedral authorities began to take heed of the boys. First, one of the clergy engaged to give them two hours schooling a day, and the next step came as it were by accident. A chorister fainted during the service one day, and the incident led to inquiries, which brought out the fact that these poor sons of poor homes often came to work and went away from it fasting, their wages perhaps, in many cases, wasted in improvident or vicious homes, so as to do them but little good.

All this is set right now; the choristers do not come daily from their homes, whatever those may be, and they are not now allowed to make a mere source of income of singing God's Praises. They have now a school of their own, where they are carefully fed, taught, and shielded, and their old friend lived to see and rejoice in the answer to her long years of prayer.

Every Sunday she was allowed the pleasure of dining at the Choristers' School, and seeing the safe happiness of those over whom her soul had yearned. And they were not ungrateful—a great love had begotten an answering love in them, and she had not lived for them without their feeling it.

Those who have seen it have told me how pretty it was to watch the boys (one or two of whom used to escort the infirm old woman

to her own home in the evening), helping her tenderly over the crossings, and taking care of her.

She is gone now. Last November I first heard her name, when it was given out as one to be prayed for in her last sickness, by the congregation of that cathedral which she had loved from her youth up; the next day we heard that she was gone to her rest, laden with more than ninety years.

Is not the lesson of this our sister's life, prosaic, unrefined, unnoticed by the busy city where she lived and died—

'She hath done what she could'?

DE CRUCE DOMINI.

Translated from the Latin of Thomas of Celano ("*Crux ave benedicta!*").

Hail! blessed Cross, on which the Saviour died!
The bonds of Death by thee are cast aside,
Thou Queen of trees! from thee for ever flows
A living stream to heal our griefs and woes.
Most holy Wood! our standard in the fight;
On thee was hung our hearts' most dear delight,
The Son of Man: to Whom from day to day
On bended knees most earnestly we pray
That He will keep us true to thee alway.

ACANTHUS.

LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS, BREAD STREET HILL.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

Would some one kindly give me the name of an *advanced* English and German translation book, with key? Address—*Miss E. G. Gibson*, 9, *Powis Gardens, Bayswater, W. Stewart's Students' Magazine* supplies such translations, with a key in the ensuing part. You had better procure the first volume for last year. They begin with easy exercises, but have more difficult afterwards.—ED.

M. E. D. wishes to know how she can procure the poem, by Miss Muloch, called 'Living.'

M. B.—The 'Houlate,' or 'Howlet,' is a very old poem on the deeds of the house of Douglas by Sir T. Holland, A version of it is published by the Bannatyne club. 'O Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,' is a sort of refrain at the end of each verse. —*L. D.*

Query.—Madame de Witt's *Scènes Historiques;* Alphonse's Karr's *Autour de mon Jardin, Fleurange.* Works of Ottilie Wildemuth. Works of La Motte Fouqué. Hauff's *Lichtenstein, Die weise Frau.*

Will any of the writers on harvest customs tell me why the last bunch of corn gathered is called, in Devonshire, a 'knack,' in Cornwall, a 'neck'?—*Query.*

I should be glad of any information about Singapore. Whether there is a church, where there is Daily Prayer and Catholic Services, &c.? Address—*Pascarel, Compton, Petersfield, Hants.*

G. E. C. wants information how to form and keep up a class of labouring men, with names of suitable books, pictures, &c.

The *Muffin-Man* is anxious to know if there be anywhere, besides in Bucks and Herts, the custom of going round with a lighted-up turnip on St. Katharine's Day, begging for money for a feast called Katharining. It is there said to be in memory of a Queen Katharine, who patronised lace-making, and was lost in a fog, and found by means of lanterns. She was also beheaded. Is this a confusion between the two Katharines of Henry VIII. She of Aragon may have brought in Spanish lace.

'Away tripp'd little Mabel,
With her kerchief by her side.'

Will any reader kindly tell me where I can get a copy of the pretty nursery tale which begins with the above lines? Address—*W. H. S., Yaxley Vicarage, Suffolk.*

Letters are waiting for *A. L.* and *E. D.*

Declined with thanks, *Christmas, The Eagle.*

J. S.—These are points from which reverence and reserve shrink from giving definite details. Besides, such never satisfy cavillers. But two public instances may be referred to, the Prince of Wales's recovery, and the increase of missionary effort since the Intercession Day has been appointed. In Bishop Patteson's life, is a remarkable instance of his preservation from danger, at the moment (as it proved), a friend in England was praying for him. Many more might be collected in biographies, and surely personal experience needs not to ask.

QUOTATIONS.

Whence come :—

1. 'Rouse to some height and holy work of love,
And thou an Angel's happiness shalt know.'
2. 'If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speak'st, and *how*, beware!
Of whom—*to* whom—when—and where!'
3. 'For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.'
4. 'Be the day,' &c.

—*Fleda.*

Skelton's epitaph—

1. 'Strength is promised, strength is given
When the heart by God is riven;
But foredate the day of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow.'
2. 'And nature, the old nurse took,' &c.

—*H. P.*

Wanted, the words of a song, supposed to be by Barry Cornwall, containing the words—

'The admiral grew paler and paler as we flew,
Still talked he to his officers, and smiled among his crew.'

—*Mrs. Burkitt, Buttermere Rectory, Hungerford.*

Kate.—Your quotation is slightly inaccurate. It should be as follows: 'So, when everything was ready, down came the Trolls. Some were great and some were small; some had long tails, and some had no tails at all; some, too, had long, long noses; and they ate and drank, and tasted everything.' It is taken from *The Cat on the Dovrefell*, one of the Norse Tales, edited by Dr. Dasent.—*Turtle.*

G. F. L.—The oldest complete existing Hebrew MS. of the Old Testament, only dates from the twelfth century. But the Samaritan Pentateuch is of immense antiquity, and the Septuagint dates from the century before the Christian Era. You will find information in Hartwell Horne *On Holy Scripture.*

Can any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly tell me of any old English, or other quaint rhymes or mottoes, relating to the sun-flower, or any flowers suitable for crewel work? Also any rhyme or motto suitable to embroider on the cushion of a very old oak chair?—*Lady Betty.*

The Blessed Damozel.—The legend, if so it may be called, being solely due to the inspiration of the poet-painter (Mr. Dante Rosetti), tells us that the *Damozel*, dying in the fulness of youth and before her lover, waited for his coming in heaven, while her earthly companions, maids and men, were united in perfect bliss. Time passed, and still the lover came not; but she waited continuously.—*S. J. B.* Taken from the *Athenæum*, No. 2,581, April 14th, 1877.

If *Barbara* or the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* would like *S. J. B.* to send the *Athenæum* containing an account of the poem, and several extracts from it, also a description of the picture of the *Damozel*, by Mr. Rosetti, *S. J. B.* will do so on receipt of address.

'In peace thou art the gale of spring,
In war the mountain storm.'
Fingal, Ch. vi., *Ossian.*

—*John A. Blagden, Petworth.*

ANSWERS.

C. S. White, Crowle Vicarage.—Girls, their Influence and Work (Skeffington); *A Letter to the Guild of St. Agnes* (Mozley and Smith).

Miss Mary Waring, Woodlands, Chelfield, Chislehurst, begs to inform *Shrimperina* that the origin of 'Darby and Joan' is to be found in *The Amulet* for 1829, edited by S. C. Hall, printed by R. Clay, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate. If *Shrimperina* would carefully return the book in a week from the time of receiving it, Miss M. Waring would lend it.

CHARITIES.

W. H. N.—Perhaps the South Coast Medical and Surgical Home would suit the case? There will be one or two vacancies next week. The Home consists of two houses, communicating with each other. In one, 1*l.* 1*s.* a week is charged; in the other, 10*s.* 6*d.*—*W. H. Claford.*

I am making scrap-books to send out to orphanages on some of our mission stations in India and elsewhere, and shall be very grateful to any one who will kindly send me any scraps, coloured or uncoloured prints. I will gladly pay the postage or carriage. Address—*Mrs. Wells, Reading.*

Has any reader of *The Monthly Packet* an old bath chair that could be given to a poor woman, a cripple from childhood Carriage would be paid. Address—*Miss B. Lewin, The Bourne, Widford, Ware.*

Beatrice wishes to know whether some small missionary periodicals will be of any use at either of the hospitals? if so, she will be happy to forward some monthly. Address—*Miss Saller, Heavitree, Exeter.*

A lady is anxious to get a parrot's cage for a poor woman, who is an invalid. Will some one kindly send one? It need not be new, but *safe*. The parrot is a love-bird, or grass paroquet. Address—*Charity, The Hill House, Templecombe.*

Will any one help a small lending library for a guild of sixty young women, chiefly factory girls? Address—*Rev. J. C. Hordern, Holy Trinity, Bury, Lancashire.*

Is there a 'home' anywhere in London, or South of England, where an invalid Swiss lady, many years resident in this country, could be received at comparatively small cost per annum? She is highly accomplished, and has been governess in good English families, until increasing deafness and ill-health have obliged her to discontinue. Address—*M., Edburton Rectory, Hurstpierpoint.*

Answer from *G. Ellacombe* to *E. D.'s Query* in November *Monthly Packet*. *The Sister in Charge, St. Anne's House, Westbury Road, Paddington*, will most gratefully receive plain and fancy needlework, &c., towards their yearly sale (in February), the proceeds of which will go towards the Native Industrial School, Bloemfontein.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell me where articles, made by members of a Ladies' Association for the S.P.G., can be sold? Address—*A. S.* 62, *Hamilton Terrace, N.W.*

The inhabitants of Ventnor and its neighbourhood have long felt the need of a Home for Patients in an advanced stage of Consumption. Many persons suffering from this disease (thinking themselves stronger than they really are), undertake long journeys from various parts of England, to Ventnor, in order to be received into the Royal National Hospital for Consumption there; but when they arrive, are often so much upset by the journey, that they are considered too ill to be admitted; or, if admitted, gradually become worse, and when obliged to leave the institution are unable to return home to their friends; consequently, go into some small, close lodgings, where they are often entirely neglected. It is for such patients as these that a Cottage Home is needed, in order that they may receive good nursing and spiritual care, until their suffering in this world is ended. A row of model cottages in the little village of Whitwell, near Ventnor, can be obtained for the purpose; and the patients will be required to pay a small sum weekly: but funds are needed to furnish the cottages, &c., and commence the work.

I inclose a list of some homes which may perhaps suit *M. A. B.* for the child in whom she is interested The Princess Mary's Homes, Addlestone, Surrey, are especially intended for children of this class. They are managed on the Trinity system, there being ten children of different ages in each house. Application must be made to either *Mrs. Meredith* or *Miss Cavender, at the Home*. The Girls' Industrial Home, 3, Lewis Place, Hammersmith Road, W. To another, apply to *Sister Maria*, 17, *Warick Road, S.W.* St. Barnabas Orphanage, 7, Bloomfield Place, Pimlico. (In connection with Clewer.)

Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* assist a clergyman's daughter, an invalid, who is striving to help towards a 'Christmas tree' for some 'raggeds,' and a sale of work, in aid of funds for building a much-needed orphanage? She has time to give, but no materials, and would be indeed grateful if she were enabled to go on working. *Any* scraps for dressing dolls, or for making little frocks, petticoats, aprons, school-bags, &c. *Any* odd wools for using up into little shawls, comforters, socks, cuffs, &c. *Any* soiled pictures, photographs, outlines for illuminating, &c., would be most gratefully received and acknowledged, and their kind donors remembered by *Miss T.* By post—*Swallowcliffe Vicarage, Salisbury*. By rail—*Tisbury Station, London and South Western Railway. To be left till called for.*

Donations of new and old books are urgently requested for a parish library, about to be set on foot in a poor agricultural parish. Communications to be addressed to *Miss T., Withington Rectory, Cheltenham.*

Royal Asylum, St. Ann's, December Election.—The readers of *The Monthly Packet* are earnestly entreated for their votes and interest in favour of Ada Nicholls, aged eleven years, one of eleven orphans, whose father, a civil engineer, was murdered at Texas, in 1874, leaving his widow and children totally unprovided for. Proxies will be thankfully received by the Rev. W. Lambert, Firehead Taunton; R. Watts, Esq., Regent Works, Birmingham; Miss Nicholls, 21, Montpelier Square, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

Any copies of *Helmore's Plain Song*, however old, would be thankfully received by the clergyman of a country mission, in the Diocese of Fredericton. They could be sent by post, addressed to the *Rev. Cecil P. Wilson, Campobello, New Brunswick.*

Will any one give a harmonium to a poor church in Leicestershire. Address—*Rev. A. W. Booker, Sproxton Vicarage, Melton, Mowbray.*

Miss E. Thompson, 58, *Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, London*, would be very grateful for old toys and children's clothes for a *Crèche*, in a very poor parish in the north-west of London, also old story-books for a lending library in the same parish.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* give an old altar cloth or dossal, &c., to a poor mission chapel? Address—*A., care of Miss Alston, Lydney, Gloucestershire.*

G. D. will find any information concerning the Bloemfontein Mission, from *Miss Buckle*, 15, *Heathcote Street, London, W.C.—Miss E. Cripps.*

Is there any home or institution where a cripple girl (who has lost a leg, finger, and thumb, but is otherwise in good health), could be received and taught to earn her own living for a small weekly payment? It is most advisable to remove her from home influence; she is ineligible for the Marylebone Cripples' Home. Address—*Miss Esther Nicholson, Oaklea, Wimbledon.*

Miss Hulsee, a lady, residing at 7, *Bouverie Square, Folkestone*, is kind enough to receive work for the Bloemfontein Mission, and sales take place once or twice a year in that watering place. She will, no doubt, gladly receive any you may be pleased to send.—*Emma.*

Collier Boys' Library.—Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly assist the above? The members are chiefly collier lads of the Sunday School and Choir, and any books, old or new, would be thankfully accepted, especially any containing church teaching, and likely to give the poor boys a greater reverence for God and holy things.

BOOKS WANTED TO BUY, BORROW, OR SELL.

Will any one buy or exchange books suitable for a village library? if bought, they will be sold at one-third the original price. Address—*Miss Hancocke, S. David's Vicarage, Carmarthen.*

The Mount, King George's Sound, Western Australia.—Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet*, or the Editor, or the Publisher, let me have pages 175 to 190, of Part 110, Vol. xix? My copy was wanting in these pages, but had duplicates of 111 to 126, which I shall be happy to give away. I wrote about this soon after receipt of the number, but did not get any reply.—*Ethel Clifton.*

E. M. would be glad to buy vol. xii. of *The Monthly Packet*, old series, also November, 1868; April, 1869; and February and April, 1871. Will any one who has these numbers to dispose of, kindly let her know, and state the price required? Address—*Diss Rectory, Norfolk.*

M. Naftel has ten story books, *Countess Kate* and others, suitable for a lending library, for sale. She will be glad to send a list of the books. Address—*Miss Naftel*, 4, *St. Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park.*

Wanted, two bound vols. of *Magazine for the Young*, for 1861 and 1866. Will exchange four vols. *Sunshine*, bound in cloth, good as new (last four years), or *German Popular Fairy Tales*, edited by Ruskin, cost 6*s*. *Quite new.* Address—*Mrs. Molini*, 57, *Gloucester Road, Peckham Grove, S.E.*

I have ten vols. *Churchman's Companion*, from 1866 to 1871, in good condition, I wish to exchange them for *La Terre*, or *Le Ciel* (Guillemin), in French or English; or *Handbook to the British Flora* (Bentham). (Either of these must be *complete* and *illustrated*). Address—*Miss F. Donne, Bell Vue Lodge, St. John's Common, Burgess Hill, Sussex.*

Mrs. H. N. Freeman, Affpendle Vicarage, Dorchester, has forty books, suitable for a lending library, which she will sell cheaply. They are in perfect condition.

I have a copy of *Aunt Charlotte's Stories from English History*, quite new, bought by mistake. Price 6*s*. What offers in exchange? I want either *Aunt Charlotte's Stories from Roman, Grecian*, or *French History*. I am anxious to obtain, bound or unbound, volumes of *Magazine for the Young*, from 1842 to 1853. I should be glad to hear from any one who has them to dispose of. Address—*Mrs. Blandford, Spondon, Derby.*

Mrs. S. W. Simmonds would be glad to buy, at full price, Volume ix. of the first (or small), series of *The Monthly Packet*. Address—132, *York Road, Lambeth, S.E.*

I have *The Clever Woman of the Family*, by Miss Yonge, which I would be glad to exchange for the first six numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for this year. Address—*E. M. B., Polwithen, Penzance.*

B. M. will be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* will lend her *Cecilia*, by Miss Burney. Care will be taken, and postage paid both ways. Address—*B. M., Hillside House, Crystal Palace Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.*

Miss Mabel Taylor, 8, *Camden Crescent, Dover*, wishes to dispose of the numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1875, 1876, and 1877, all in good order, for 1*l*.

Will any one exchange the reading of *The Monthly Packet* for the *Churchman's Companion* with me, both to be posted on the 12th of the month, and *not* returned? Address—*Miss Newill, Lydbury North, Shropshire.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend *Faith of our Fathers*, with the music, to *Miss D. Jefferson, Thicket Priory, York?* She will gladly pay postage both ways.

Will any one kindly lend me *Fawcett on Pauperism*, which is out of print; also *Miss Hill's Homes of the London Poor?* I will take the greatest care of them, and will gladly pay the postage both ways. Address—*Mrs. Bailey, Oakfield Lodge, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.*

Want to buy a second-hand copy of *The Life of Bishop Patteson*, for the use of villagers. Address—*Mrs. G., Over Whistane Rectory, Birmingham.*

L. Rose is willing to lend *Lancashire Weaver* a copy of *Sintram*, if she will kindly forward her direction to *Miss L. Rose, Norcliffe, Babbicombe, Torquay.*

E. G. has all *The Monthly Packet* for 1877 to dispose of. She will sell them for 8*s.*, or exchange them for either of the following books: *Kenneth*, *The Little Duke* (Miss Yonge), or *Sydney Gray*.—Address—*E. G.*, 20, *Granville Park*.

SOCIETIES.

I should be glad to hear of a German Class for Girls, not too advanced. Please state what books are used. Address—*Miss L. Ashdown, Uppington, Wellington, Shropshire.*

Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* join an Amateur Manuscript Magazine, issued monthly and quarterly, and contributed to by members only? Contributors pay 2*s.* 6*d.* half-yearly, non-contributors, 1*s.* 6*d.* Prizes are given. Members contribute essays, tales, poems, drawings, and music. Particulars will gladly be sent by *R. H. D.*, 226, *Camden Road, N.W.*

A Drawing Society wanted, where the drawings are sent in monthly, and are criticised by an Art Critic. Subscriptions, 5*s.* to 10*s.* a year. Address—*Vaux, Bacton, Hereford.*

Madge would be obliged to anybody who could tell her whether there is a society for practising singing; and, if there is such a society, to whom she could apply for admission?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Will the friends, who have so kindly sent parcels for New Zealand, accept thanks through *The Monthly Packet*, as, during Miss Bathie's absence from London, several were received which she was not able to acknowledge. All who have joined in the work will like to know that a most useful supply was collected, and, with very grateful thanks, may I beg for continued support.

So much kind help was obtained from readers of *The Monthly Packet*, for the Convalescent Home at Lympsfield, Surrey, that its supporters hope for more under present circumstances. They are forced to build, as the house they now occupy is let over their heads. To do this, they must raise funds. Their work they know is valued, for most gratifying letters are received, speaking of the educating influence on those who are admitted. Any information will be gladly given by *Mrs. Jones, The Rectory, Lympsfield*, or by *Mrs. Paget*, 28, *Boltons, West Brompton.*

The Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of 10*s.* from *E. S. C.*, 1*s.* from *Margaret Edwards*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* from *Miss Philips.*

Rubia thanks the two ladies who kindly forwarded her parcels of list, &c., in answer to her appeal in the October number of this magazine.

Miss L. gratefully thanks *L. M. H.* and *E. A. J. C.* for their kind parcels, which are most acceptable.

Miss M. Hunt thanks *M. A. P.* for a parcel of pictures.

L. C. Davidson begs most warmly to thank *L. M. S.* for her generous contribution of books for district lending, for which *L. C. D.* is sincerely thankful.

Miss Guillod acknowledges with many thanks parcels of scraps, pictures, &c., from *Miss G. L. Quins, Miss Ayrton, E. L. P.*, and others.

Brown paper lined Church, Back Woods of Canada.—Rev. Philip Haraing, in a letter to *Associate*, begs her to express to all those helpful and sympathising friends who have responded to her appeal for S. George's, Apsley, Ontario, how very grateful he is to them. He trusts, and is sure, that our Blessed Lord will not forget their work and labour of love which they have done in his cause. *Associate* also begs to return her thanks to *Experto Crede* for his valuable suggestion which she acted upon, and was rewarded with success.

Spider Subjects.

Iñez and Bath-Brick have both hit the point chiefly worthy of observation in *The Light of Stars*, but why does the latter speak of a *cynical* philosopher. Does she not rather mean a Stoic? Lauriston, Spinning Jenny, Aunt Bessie, and Don Quixote are good; Firefly rather odd in her observations on the moon. Nobody seems to have remembered that Dante has placed the souls of happy warriors in Mars.

'THE LIGHT OF STARS.'

THE general structure of this poem is somewhat similar to that of *The Beleaguered City*, though not so completely developed; and may be defined as consisting of two parts—the first containing a simple narrative or description, and the second reproducing that description in much the same words, but giving it an allegorical and moral interpretation.

First, then, we have the statement of the fact. The poet is standing, gazing on the evening sky, just as the twilight deepens into night; the young crescent moon is sinking below the horizon, following fast in the footsteps of the sun, and the innumerable stars alone still afford a faint and uncertain light. Among these smaller luminaries one planet at once fixes the attention of the watcher—not Venus, 'the star of love and dreams,' but something stronger and firmer—a star whose ruddy glow seems to gleam like the armour of some hero-warrior watching alone in his tent while others sleep. So far the poem has been occupied with the simple description of a starry evening. This description is contained in the three first verses; then follow four of *personal* moral application, of which the last but one is an almost verbal repetition of the *second* stanza of the first part; and the piece concludes with two verses of *general* moral application to the reader.

In the four verses before referred to, the poet, who is apparently suffering under some trouble or disappointment, shows how he receives encouragement and a renewal of firmness from the thoughts suggested by the sight of the star; and, personifying it, represents Mars as looking down on the weak, crushed mortal with the smile of one who has overcome, and signing to him to do likewise. He resolves then to take the quality which he imagines to be expressed by the planet, and which he defines as being strength of will, as his chief support; and in two fine stanzas recommends the same course to the reader when trouble shall come upon him in *his* turn.

Such, briefly, is the plan of the poem; it remains to see whether or no the moral it conveys is a really good one. And in this respect it seems to me to be defective; all the more dangerous because the temptation it holds out is so subtle, that it is not till after some reflection that we observe a deficiency. And the danger lies in this: that there is something so delightful to human nature in the feeling of self-supporting strength of mind—of a sort of innate force which bears down opposition and overcomes sorrow by the mere unaided strength of man's will—that we are apt to forget that there is something better for us, and it is this feeling which is so strongly excited by these lines.

The fact is that the sentiment, grand though it seems at first sight, is more heathen than Christian. There is a good remark in Trench's *Study of Words*, which may serve better than words of my own to express my meaning. Speaking of the change of meaning words have undergone in course of time, he says of the word 'self-sufficiency,' that in Greek it was a term of honour, and adds: 'It was the glory of the heathen philosophy to teach man to find his resources in his own bosom . . . . and seeing that a true centre without him and above him, a centre in God, had not been revealed to him, it was no shame for him to seek it there. . . . But the Gospel has taught us another lesson.' Yet here we find a Christian poet, to all appearance seeking his strength and support in trial in no other manner than that which would have occurred to any noble heathen of the best days of old Greece.

He seems not to feel that there is something higher and better now than the '*unconquered will*'—the grandest height to which a pagan could aspire—even the *submitted* will, the childlike spirit, not trusting in its own strength, but content to lean on the well-proved support of its Father's arm, safe then, even though walking in the dark. Yet this alone is *true* strength, this the highest nobility, though it may seem, and is, a hard thing for human pride to receive. But let the lesson once be learned and then we may indeed be calm, calm with a peace of which the silent rigidity which the self-centred spirit tries to consider so, is a miserable mockery of imitation.

Calm, but resolute too, strong to do our duty through troubles, in the spirit of the grand old French motto, '*Aides-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*;' fearless just because

standing in a strength *not* our own, while feeling the sublimity and *privilege* of suffering as no heathen could ever do.

And is not the example of such as *have* thus conquered by submission truly a star to guide and encourage us? Walking in their steps, may we not one day, looking back with what is indeed a *victor's* smile, hope to see how the troubles and sorrows borne here with that truest courage which springs from unquestioning faith, have been no mere trials of our strength, but rather, as in the dream of S. Perpetua, steps in that ladder which was indeed guarded by a dragon at the foot, but the summit was in Heaven.

INEZ.

Cape Jasmine has the most information on Dancing in a short compass possible to to insert; but Spectator's and Thistle's are both so good that ARACHNE wishes it were possible to send them the round of the Spiders. Turk is also good.

DANCES THAT HAVE BEEN POPULAR IN ENGLAND DURING THE LAST THREE CENTURIES.

THE most original dance of the English people is the so-called Country Dance, more properly *Contre Danse*, as its name is supposed to be derived through the French, from the fact of the dancers standing in rows, face to face. The old method was for the ladies to stand on one side, the gentlemen on the other, and for them to advance, retreat, cross and recross, at proper intervals, each movement occupying the time of four bars of music. It is of very ancient date, and has been popular in England for centuries, a tune for it being found in the Bodleian Library, dated 1300. There were many varieties of it, which were popular at different times under different names. In fact Dr. Stainer identifies all such dances as rounds, measures, corontos, &c., with country dances; the explanation being, that as these dances ceased to be the peculiar property of the lower orders they became more elaborate and complicated, both in melody and movement, more dignified and stately, for court ladies and gallants could not be supposed to delight in the swift movements and rapid jumps and twirls that delighted the rustic mind. Country dances were popular at Queen Elizabeth's court, and survived until late in the reign of George III., as we find by the court newspapers and records.

Among the varieties of it prevalent at different times may be mentioned the *Hay*, or *Ray*, also called a Round, from the dancers standing in a circle, and one going round and giving his or her hand to each in turn. This dance is said to have been popular in 1678, at least a copy of one of that date has been found.

Dargason is also a name given to a country dance, but, I think, in times previous to the period I am now considering.

The *Morrice Dance* is well known, by name at least, to us all, from being mentioned by many old poets and dramatists. It was essentially a rustic dance, and received its name from its supposed Moorish origin.

A *Measure*, on the other hand, was a very slow, stately dance, performed at court, and by persons of the utmost gravity. It is said to have been like the Minuet.

The *Galliard* was 'a swift and wandering dance, with passages uncertain to and fro, with lofty turns and capricoles in air' (Davis). It was frequently danced at court in the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles I. It was danced by only one couple, and received its name from its 'gay' rhythm and motion.

The *Paspy* was another dance of the same kind, a precursor of the Minuet, which it much resembled; it was also called passa measure, or passing measure.

Brawls and *Corontos* were also of the same class, and were constantly performed at court previous to the introduction of the Minuet, and were merely modifications of the country dance.

The *Pavan* is another dance of the same character, of Italian origin. It is said to take its name either from Padua, where it was invented, or from *pavo*, a peacock, from its stately and dignified character. It was generally followed by a quick movement, such as a Gaillarde.

The *Minuet* dates from the seventeenth century, when it is said to have been invented in Poitou, the first tunes for it being composed by Lully. It was introduced into England in the time of Charles II., and continued popular at court until the reign of George III. Its name is said to be derived from *menu*, small, from the small steps; it consists of a *congée*, a high step, and a *balancé*.

Another old English dance was the *Cushion Dance*. It is evidently the ancestor of our Cotillon, as each lady selected her partner by placing a cushion before him, and in still earlier times he showed his gratitude by kissing her.

Quadrilles may be called modern and very mild versions of the old country dances, in which the peculiarities of its ancient prototype, such as advancing and receding, grand-chain, &c., are retained.

The *Lancers* is another arrangement of the same country dances.

Among the offshoots of the Country Dance may be mentioned the *Reel*, the *Jig*, and the *Hornpipe*, in all of which, the time being accelerated, the pace becomes more and more brisk, until we scarcely recognise them as belonging to the same category as the stately Quadrille or Minuet. Yet authorities on the subject trace them all to the same origin. The *Jig* and *Hornpipe* are said to derive their rather peculiar names from the instruments that usually accompanied them, namely, the 'geige,' or fiddle, and the pipe and tabor.

The *Bourrée*, a dance said to have had its origin in Auvergne, is well known, by name at least, to all musicians, and is a kind of jig.

Salterello is the Italian form of the jig, which was indeed a very popular one with all nations, and received a variety of names, as *La Matelotte* (French), *La Seguidilla* (Spanish), *Czardisch* (Hungarian), the *Reel* (Scottish), and the *Rant* (old English). They are all alike distinguished by an abrupt, jumping movement, and form one portion of the country dance. The *Bolero*, of Spanish origin, and the *Chila*, supposed to be Moorish, are also kinds of jigs.

I do not know if the *Saraband* was ever much danced in England; it is a Spanish dance of Moorish origin, for one performer, who accompanied himself on the castanets. The name is supposed to come from the Persian *serbend*, a song.

The *Gavotte* is lively, but at the same time dignified. It is said to be of French origin, and to have received its name from the Gavots, a people inhabiting the mountainous district of Gap. It seems to have resembled a brisk kind of country dance, and was at one time much danced, but is now principally remembered for the musical compositions written in this form by many of the old masters.

Loure is by some thought to have been a predecessor of the Valse. It is of French origin, and was much danced at the court of Louis XIV.

The *Polka* is an exceedingly modern dance, as it only dates from 1830. It was invented by a farm-servant near Prague, and was called, from the smallness of the steps, *Pulka*, or half-dance.

The *Mazurka* is of Polish origin, and is there danced with a variety of figures.

The *Shottische*, or literally the Scottish dance, is a slow dance of modern introduction.

The modern dance *par excellence*, however, is the *Waltz*, said to have originated in Bohemia. The time is triple measure.

CAPE JASMINE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

Describe the most beautiful thing you ever saw (not human, and actually, no morally, beautiful).

Write the life of Sir Francis Drake.

Stamps acknowledged: Thistle, Spectator, Miss Flight. Let us remind the Spider of their stamps.

Notices to Correspondents.

CHARITIES.

Mrs. Maxwell Hogg will be very thankful for some Bibles and Prayer-books such as *A. L.* offers to give away, for use in a chapel built for fishermen and their families in Lower Brixham. There is a Mission carried on in Lower Brixham among the fishermen, and the Chapel of St. Peter has been built for these fisher people. The Mission is badly off for funds, and any help in the way of books is most welcome. If the parcel is sent by train, it should come by Bristol and Exeter, and be directed to *Mrs. Maxwell Hogg, Berry Head, Brixham, S. Devon.*

F. P. having some hours at her disposal on several days of the week for the next few months, will be glad to hear of any Church work in London in which she could take a part.

A. G. F. S. Associate will be very grateful for a gift of books in fair condition, suitable for girls' reading. Address—*Miss S. Hodson, The Vicarage, Croydon.*

Who will give me books for a village lending library? Address—*Miss J. Pardoe, Boxworth Rectory, St. Ives, Huntingdon.*

Will any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly send *E. H.* any books or magazines for a lending library situated in a very poor parish in Battersea? Books of travels, or works published by the S.P.C.K., would be gratefully accepted. The *Bishop's Little Daughter*, or early numbers of *The Penny Post*, might be bought at a low price. For any gift of books the cost of the carriage would be paid. Parcels of books to be sent addressed to care of *E. H.* 4, *Glynde Terrace, Lavender Hill, S. W.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly send me old books, of any sort, suitable for a children's lending library? No matter how shabby, if complete. Address—*F.*, 13, *Chantrey Road, Stockwell.*

Mrs. Mac Donnell, Wagmore Rectory, Northampton, is trying to get up a reading and coffee room in a poor village in Northamptonshire, where there is a great need for one. She would be deeply grateful for help in the way of rules for the purpose; also for illustrated papers and suitable books, sent monthly, as her funds are entirely taken up paying the rent of the room.

If you apply to *Miss Chapman*, 20, *South Street, Thurloe Square*, Secretary to the Working Ladies' Guild, you will probably hear of some employment for your decayed lady.

E. S. has unbound numbers for several years past of the *Illustrated London News*, which she will be glad to send to any hospital or charity where they may be acceptable. Address—*E. S. Burghfield Rectory, Reading.*

I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly tell me of a nice Home where a girl of seven years of age can be taught and trained for domestic service for a small yearly payment. Address—*Miss Seymour Clarke, Northcotts, Walthamstow.*

Can any one inform me if there is any Home or Hospital where a boy of fourteen, who is paralysed below the waist, could be received? A small payment could be made. He is considered incurable, so the Paralytic Hospital will not receive him, and he is too old for the Kilburn Home, too young for the Incurable Hospital, and too great an invalid for the Kensington Industrial Home. Address—*Miss Le Marchant, Shanklin, I. W.*

L. Gresley, having been training a year as nurse at the Children's Hospital, Rhyl, North Wales, wishes to make known that lady pupils are trained there. Also special accommodation is provided for lady patients and children of gentlemen. For further particulars apply to *The Lady Superintendent, Children's Hospital, Rhyl, North Wales.*

I am anxious to find a home for a dressmaker in delicate health, who is not equal to hard work, but would be willing to give her services as needlewoman for a very small remuneration. She is capable and obliging, and would be most useful in a family where help in dressmaking is required. Best references, and all particulars, on reference to *K. T. W., Aspley Guise, Woburn, Beds.*

Will any one kindly give their remnants of church embroidery and crewel silks, also Honiton lace braids, which will be used to embroider frontals, &c., in a very poor, bare church? Gifts of white, red, or violet materials for frontals and dossel most thankfully received. Letters only to be addressed to *E. M. C., care of Mrs. Hyland*, 42, *London Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.*

Will any one kindly send me any remnants of wools, of any length and quality, to employ some women in a London workhouse infirmary in making balls of, for poor children in a hospital? Address—*Miss Heusman*, 37, *Collingham Place, South Kensington, S. W.*

O. B. will be much obliged to any readers of *The Monthly Packet* for any old Christmas cards, small photos, or coloured scraps, for making hand-screens and scrap-books, which are sold for the benefit of Miss Gilbert's Association for the Welfare of the Blind in Berners Street. If some are rather soiled they are used for children's scrap-books for hospitals, &c. Address—*O. B., Old Place, Whyke, Chichester.*

I am making a scrap-book for S. Saviour's Priory, Haggerstone. Will any one help me by sending old Christmas cards and coloured scraps or prints? Address—*L. A. S., Whatley House, Frome.*

Any one having a chair-bed they could lend to a poor old man would confer a great boon. For full particulars address *Mr. Eames, Post Office, Alperton, near Harrow, Middlesex.*

Will any one help to form a library for a large infirmary in the neighbourhood of London by sending books? Any suitable books or periodicals, however old, will be acceptable. Address—*Miss H. Costeker, S. John's Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.*

A great work of kindness might be done to a little girl aged ten, eldest of a family of seven, whose father, a very poor Welsh clergyman, is but just recovered from a long illness. Any one willing to educate a little girl and give her the shelter of a home would greatly help a case of need.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Belgrave Hospital for Children, 1, *Cumberland Street, Eccleston Square*—I think you may have wondered at my not sending you news of the Daisy Chain Cot for such a long time. It has only had three occupants during the past year, for two had to make such a very long stay. Little Janie M., who was in it in January, had both hips diseased. She was going on favourably when I last heard of her. Her successor was Winifred R. She was brought to us in a sadly helpless state, scarcely able to stand, and with great want of power in the arms. An instrument was made for her under the supervision of our surgeons, which seems likely to be most helpful, for she can already walk about fairly. She was one of the brightest and sweetest-tempered patients we ever had, and we parted from her with great regret about six weeks ago. She had been with us since April, and was quite willing to stay still longer. Her place was soon filled by a little girl we call Daisy, as her name is the same as that of the child in the next bed, who has been there longest. Poor Daisy had to undergo an operation about three weeks ago—amputation of the great toe—and was in a very critical state for several days, but I am glad to say she is now going on well. She has had a great deal of pain to endure since the operation, and has been so good and patient. I have now, I hope, said enough to show you that the 'cot' is still of great use. I only wish the subscriptions to it were more numerous; that they would amount to the 30*l.* a year which is paid for each of the other two special cots.

E. M.—*5s.* for Daisy Chain Cot.

K. Bright thanks her kind friends for the newspapers, which are most thankfully received by the poor in the infirmary.

Miss Gray acknowledges, with many thanks, parcels of pictures from Mrs. Woodman, Miss A. K., Miss Bankes, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Miss Kate Close, S. M. P., E. H. F., G. C., Mrs. Dymond, Miss Williams, and a parcel from Inverness Gardens, Brighton.

A parcel of clothing received by *Sisters of the Poor, Moor Street, Finsbury*, with many thanks, from *K.*

E. C. T.'s best thanks to her unknown friends for their Christmas cards. She has received several hundred, and has made a beautiful book for her hospital children.—*Whyke House, Chichester.*

Mrs. N. Tomkinson thanks Miss Garrard, F. C. A., H. A. B., F. L., and two others for their kind gifts of old clothes and Christmas decorations for a London Hospital.

SOCIETIES.

Will any one kindly tell me of an Amateur German Class for Girls, conducted by correspondence? Address—*Miss Helen Gordon*, 3, *Courtfield Gardens, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S. W.*

Miss C., 18, *Guildford Road, South Lambeth*, would be glad to hear of a Society for the study of Political Economy, or instruction by correspondence. [N.B. from Ed.—

Unless the director be a really wise and competent person, young ladies will only bewilder themselves in vain.]

C. G. D. would be glad to join a French Class and a German Class conducted by correspondence, not far advanced.—*The Elms, Maidenhead Thicket.*

I should be glad to hear of a French Corresponding Society for girls over seventeen.—*Mrs. Hill, Romanby, Northallerton.*

Any one wishing to join an Amateur Illuminating, Flower Painting, and Etching Society, with professional criticisms, is requested to send a stamped envelope for Rules to *Miss M. Kennaway, Campden House, Weybridge.*

I am reorganising my Illuminating Society, without a critic, and the annual subscription 3*s*. The rules can be obtained by inclosing a stamped envelope to *Miss B. Rooper, Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor.*

Will any one kindly tell me of an Essay Club in which prizes are given? Address—*Miss F. E. Hancock, Harwarden, near Chester.*

Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* care to join a Working Society? A copy of the rules may be obtained by applying to *Miss Jones, Mission House, S. Peter's, Plymouth.*

A Working Society for making clothes for the poor of S. Peter's, Plymouth, is directed by *Miss Sophia O. B. Riddell, Harrietsham Rectory, Maidstone*, from whom rules may be obtained.

Miss Moberly and *Miss Rust*, two ladies highly certificated, offer instructions by correspondence to candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations—Higher, Senior, and Junior; and also to ladies studying independently of examinations. Occasional oral lessons offered to pupils living in or near London. Subjects taught—Divinity (Group R); English History, English Literature, Arithmetic (Group A); French, German, Anglo-Saxon, (Group B); and History (Group D). Fees moderate. Address—*Miss Moberly*, 11, *Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, W.*

A Drawing Society, for *advanced* amateurs only, is in course of formation. Subscription 2*s*. 6*d*. For particulars, address, *L. R. Floristan, Torquay*, inclosing an envelope, stamped and addressed, for the reply.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

E. L. and other inquirers:—

'Though lost to sight to memory dear,
A saying all too true we fear;
Though of the poem there's no sign,
Men never will forget the line,
And Editors are wishing sore
It was quite lost, not gone before.
Their day is weary and it is long,
For 'tis always ringing to evensong,
And much they wish that lamb forlorn
For ever had remained unshorn.'

—*The Ghost of Ruthve Jenkins.*

A poor lady would be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly tell her the price of the *Kalendar of the Anglican Church?*

Will the Editor or any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly tell *M. E. R. E.* the names of good books to read aloud to poor blind persons in a Home, to a class chiefly composed of young women and little boys? Stories about the blind preferred, their life and labours, and what they can accomplish.

Perhaps the *Muffin-Man* may feel interested in the following notice regarding S. Catharine, taken from Hone's *Every-Day Book*, November 25th:—'S. Catharine was esteemed the saint and patroness of spinsters, and her holiday observed by young women meeting on this day and making merry together, which they called "Cather'ning."' Something of this still remains in remote parts of England. Anciently women and girls in Ireland kept a fast every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, and some of them also on S. Catharine's Day; nor would they omit it though it happened on their birthday, or they were ever so ill. The reason given for it was that the girls might get good husbands, and the women better ones, either by death, desertion, or reformation of their living ones.—*C. E. H.*

Lady Betty—

'The golden sunflower to its lord inclineth,
Alike in gloom and when the day-god shineth;
So through all fates the heart serenely clingeth
To the fond covenant which Christmas bringeth.'

—*F. Y.*

A. H.—

CHARLES EMANUEL,
D. OF SAVOY.

VICTOR AMADEUS	THOMAS OF CARIGNAN
CHARLES EMANUEL.	EUGENE.
VICTOR AMADEUS,	P. EUGENE.
m.	
ANNE MARIE OF ORLEANS, D. OF HENRIETTE STEWART.	

A reader of *The Monthly Packet* would be glad to know what flower is meant by

'That tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice it hears.'

in Shelley's beautiful *Dream of the Unknown*.

BOOKS.

Will any one kindly lend *The Catechist*, a religious tale (it is a small book, probably printed in Ireland, and of the same date as *Father Clement*) to *M. B.*, 92, *Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea*, who will return it in a month, and pay postage both ways?

Euodias has duplicates of the June, July, August, and September (1877) numbers of *The Monthly Packet*. Any one wishing for them please give address in the next number.

Will any one sell a copy of the Rev. A. Brinckman's sermon on *Love Beyond the Grave*, which is out of print. Address—*Mignonette, Rock Hill House, Dartmouth, S. Devon.*

I have for exchange the following books, all quite equal to new:—Twelve separate numbers of *Tales Illustrating Church History* (1*s.* each); Miss C. A. Jones's *Church Stories*, vols. i. and ii. (Advent to Fifth Sunday in Lent), and vol. vii. (S. Andrew to S. Mark); Jelf's *Make Up for Lost Time*; George Herbert's *Poems* (S.P.C.K. edition); and *Thwarted*, by Florence Montgomery. In return I should like Heygate's *Tales for Lads*, second series; *Churchman's Companion* for 1877; *A Maiden of our Own Day*, by Florence Wilford; any volumes of *Aunt Judy*, or other good Church stories. Or I would give any of the above for *The Queen*, posted weekly. Address—*Mrs. Worlledge, 4, Albert Square, Great Yarmouth.*

I have eleven copies of *Questions on the Collects*, by Miss Yonge, which I will send to whoever will pay postage, 2*d.* each copy.—*Miss Howes, Belton Rectory, Great Yarmouth.*

Miss E. Henley is anxious to change some books suitable for a reading-room for village men, for others of the same sort. Address—*Watford, Rugby.*

I want vols. i., xxi., xxii., xxv., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxv., and xxxix., of the earliest series of *The Churchman's Companion*, and shall be very glad to buy any one, or all of them, even if in a bad condition, if the contents are complete. Address—*Mrs. Iles, Barton-under-Needwood, Burton-on-Trent.*

I have *Temple Bar*, unbound, for 1876; also first part of *Ollendorff's German Method* and *Key*, and *Ahn's German Grammar*, all of which I should like to dispose of or exchange. Address—*Miss M. Hill, Romanby, Northallerton.*

A. C. would be glad to know if any of your readers has an old copy of *Near Home, or Europe Deserted*, to dispose of at half-price. Address—*A. C.*, 16, *Boskacell Street, Glasgow.*

D. Y. E., Denbury House, Newton Abbott, begs to know if any one will purchase *The Guardian*, complete, for 1876 and 1877. Price to be agreed upon.

L. B., Spixworth Park, Norwich, has a quite new edition of Miss Yonge's *Golden Deeds* (illustrated) to exchange for *The Life or Letters of S. Francis de Sales* (by the author of *A Dominican Artist*), or for any other book by the same author.

I wish for Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, six vols., in good condition. Will give in exchange four vols. of *Monthly Packet*, new series, cloth, for years 1866 and 1867, containing 'The Six Cushions' and 'Mystery of the Cavern,' and Cassell's *Household Guide*, cloth, complete in four vols., all in good condition. Address—*Mrs. Seymour Smith, 153, Gordon Road, Nunhead, S.E.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* sell it for half-price when a month old, for the ensuing year? Address—*T. C. E.*, 11, *Merrion Street Upper, Dublin.*

Will any one send me *The Monthly Packet* each month (about the 15th) during the coming year, to keep? *I* will send another magazine, or give books to value, or will pay half-price and postage also. I am anxious to obtain a copy of *Ezekiel and other Poems*, by B. M., and will pay half-price, or give in exchange a book of equal value.

I have two volumes of *Golden Hours*, unbound, to sell for half-price; also three vols., unbound, of *Good Words*, and two of *Sunday Magazine*. Address—*L. E. C.*, 1, *Portland Square, Carlisle.*

Will any one part with *The Monthly Packet* from August to December, 1873, for half-price? Address—*Miss M. Denston*, 33, *S. Mary Street, Bridgenorth, Shropshire.*

F. Y., Southfield, Liverpool Gardens, Worthing, is willing to lend *M. E. D.* the volume of poems by Miss Muloch (now Mrs. Craik) containing 'Living,' if *M. E. D.* will pay postage and return the book in a month's time.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me *At Sixes and Sevens*, by Alice Weber, for a short time, in exchange for one of the following books:—*Womankind, Heartsease*, or *The Trial*? I will take great care of it, and pay the postage both way.—*M. Snell, Bournesides Weybridge Road, Addlestone, Surrey.*

I have Schiller's *William Tell*, and would like to exchange it for some of Schiller's or Goethe's poems. Address—*Miss Gore, Rusper Rectory, Horsham, Sussex.*

Will *Mrs. Fraser*, who kindly lent the Christmas number of *The Monthly Packet* for 1871, send her address to *M. B. E.*, as she has lost it, and so cannot return the book? Address—*Miss M. B. Elliott, Daybrook Vale, Sherwood, Nottingham.*

Mrs. Lang wishes to procure all back Christmas numbers of *The Monthly Packet*, and will be obliged to any one having the same to dispose of at half-price communicating with her. Address—8, *Apsley Terrace, Acton, W.*

Mrs. Legard, Clifton Field, York, has *The Parish Choir* for 1846 and four following years, nearly complete, and would be glad to give it to some one to whom it would be of use.

Miss E. J. Vasher Baker, Ludlow, has *The Churchman's Companion* for 1865 to 1875, three years bound, viz., 1865, 1866, and 1869; a few numbers missing in 1873, 1874, and 1875. Also *The Net* for 1871 and 1872, and would be glad to let any one have them all for 1*l.*

Will any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* give *Owl* an old copy of *Theodora Phranza* for new copies of Haydn's Symphonies, Mozart's Symphonies, and Hummel's Compositions, Litolff collection?

QUOTATIONS.

Mrs. Becket.—The *Return of the Admiral* is to be found in Barry Cornwall's Poems (Moxon).—*R. F. L.*

Nita wants to know who wrote *Earth's Many Voices.* Was it by Mrs. Gatty, or, if not, who it is supposed to be written by? Also the author of the hymn, to be found in *Legenda Monastica*, called 'A Thankful Heart,' beginning:—

'Methinks of all the sins that pierce the Heart of Christ anew,
And once again in bitterness bring Calvary to view,
That in those Hands and Feet again the nail-prints deep impress,
The blackest is the loveless sin of dark unthankfulness.'

And another beginning:—

'They are going, only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Swiftly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Gently, where the violets lie,' &c.

Vivian informs *Kate* that the book of poems containing 'The Old Friend and the New,' &c., about which she inquires, is Mary Howitt's *Hymns and Fire-side Verses*, published by Darton and Clark. *Vivian* would lend the book if required, as it is probably out of print.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell me where the following lines occur:—

(1) 'One touch of nature makes all the world akin.'
—*Troilus and Cressida.*

(2) 'Be wise as thou art cruel—do not press
My tongue-tied silence with too much disdain.'

'Evening Prayer.

I.

'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

II.

'All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

III.

'Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

'MARY L. DUNCAN.'

Mrs. Duncan wrote many hymns for her children. She died at the early age of twenty-five, deeply regretted, at the Manse of Cleish, on the 5th of January, 1840.

L. L. R. will be glad if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her the author of a piece of poetry called *The Moss Rose*, beginning—

'The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay.'

The couplet on 'the water blushed,' &c., is said to have been in a poem by Isaac Watts, which gained the prize in a competition for the best poem on the Marriage of Cana, *The Mother of Ten*.

A Constant Subscriber.—There is a much earlier form of the beautiful thought known as having been published in the Latin poems of Richard Crashaw, written abou 1640, in the following form :—

'Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.'
'The modest water saw its God and blush'd.'

I have just taken this from Campbell's *Specimens of British Poets*, but I have seen the story of Aaron Hill's supposed piracy of the idea elsewhere.—*A. S.*

L. B.—The other lines of—

'The musical hounds of the Fairy King,
Who hunt for the golden dew.'

The lines referred to by *L. M. P.* are by Mrs. Malcolm, and are published in *Leaves of Healing*, a book of hymns and texts, by Margaret Maria Gordon. I do not think the poem is more than four verses long.—*Sintram*.

Whence come

1. 'Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say "God be pitiful"
That ne'er said "God be praised."'
2. 'Gentle blood in hour of need
Ne'er yet ran cold or slow.'

—*L. P.*

'And Nature, the old nurse,' &c.
From Longfellow's *Poem to Agassiz*.

'For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.'
From *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Scene i.
—*C. E. R.*

Spider Subjects.

Taking all in all, Bath-Brick's is the best paper on Tact, though G adys has given aspects of the subject which it would be well to have space for, as when she points out that 'though it is graceful, it is not a grace.' Thistle's is also excellent, and nothing is better than F. M. L.'s definition of Tact as refined charity. Alert is not quite to the point. Wild Irishwoman, F. L. M., Don Quixote, Gertrude, Hawthorn, also received.

DEFINE TACT.

TACT (from the Latin *tango, tactum*) literally means 'the sense of touch,' and well describes that fineness of perception which enables those endowed with it to avoid 'rough touching on sore points' in their intercourse with others. This precious and subtle gift will lead a man to speak and act on matters of great delicacy without wounding his neighbour's susceptibilities by 'rubbing him the wrong way;' as the *antennæ* or feelers of a butterfly teach it to shun rude contact with dangerous substances.

Like many other words it has acquired a false and sinister meaning in certain minds. There are persons who despise tact, as being a kind of manœuvring and deceit, confusing tact with *tactics;* but these people are generally those who are most deficient in tact themselves, and seem, from some strange peculiarity of mind, to be unable even to appreciate it. They rather boast of their bluntness and directness of

purpose, and go straight on their way through life, treading ruthlessly on their neighbours' 'mental corns,' and, with the best intentions, defeat their own end, and cause their good to be often evil spoken of.

S. Paul must have been pre-eminently a man of tact (S. Peter apparently was not, nor S. John at first, though he learnt it by close fellowship with his Lord). How carefully in his sermon on Mars Hill, Acts xvii. 22-31, S. Paul deals with the prejudices of the men before him, finding something to praise even in their corrupt system before he corrects it by unfolding to them the knowledge of the Unknown God. A man of less tact would have assailed them at once, and so have alienated and probably dispersed his congregation; but how skilfully does the Apostle touch on those points in Greek theology and literature which would place the minds of his hearers in unison with his own line of thought, and chain the attention even of the fickle Athenians. Throughout his Epistles we trace the same characteristic. He is all things to all men, for his fine tact places him for the time in their position, so that he sees at once how to treat their various cases. But even in those early days there were men, as there are now, who considered it deceitful to gain one's end by any means less direct than those of open attack and defiance, and we must not forget that the reproach constantly cast upon the Jesuits was first directed against S. Paul. Rom. iii. 8.

Sir F. H. Doyle, in his *Lectures on Shakespeare*, calls a want of tact an essentially 'unfeminine quality,' and laments it in the character of Cordelia. Men, however, are gifted with it quite as often as women, but its absence is especially to be deplored among those of our sex, as we often have especial occasion to exercise its influence, and it is more generally expected of us; consequently *brusquerie* and want of consideration for others seem peculiarly unamiable in a woman. Tact may not be a virtue, but it is undoubtedly a grace, and one commended to the earnest seeking of all Christians.

BATH-BRICK.

Autumn Berries is best by L. S. R., being both botanical and descriptive, and the fullest, though she has omitted the laurel and the yew. Quilly is almost equally good, but confuses wayfaring-tree and wild guelder-rose. Wampus is very pretty and interesting; Flotilla good; the Muffin-Man amusing; Wild Irishwoman, Cornish Gipsy, Anemone, Gertrude, fair.

AUTUMN BERRIES.

Mother. I am sadly in want of berries for our harvest decorations. I wish you boys would make all expedition in search of some.

George. All right, mother. What kind of things do you want—acorns, nuts?

Mother. Do you know they are not berries? Berries are fleshy fruits, and botanists divide fleshy fruits into two kinds, the drupe and the berry.

George. Are plums berries?

Mother. No, for they contain stones. The peach, cherry, damson, medlar, and cornel are drupes; the grape, gooseberry, apple, and orange are berries. But the question now is, what you can find, whether drupes or berries, ripe this September, which will be effective in our work.

Frank. Oh, I know of some jolly berries growing by the brook, and hanging in great crimson masses like red grapes; they are nearly transparent and the colour of currants. Do you know what they are?

Mother. They are the fruit of the wild guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*), or water-elder.

George. Is that what I have heard called 'the wayfaring-tree?'

Mother. No; the wayfaring-tree is *Viburnum lantana*, and it bears berries of a black colour. I am so fond of Howitt's lines on it:—

'Wayfaring Tree! what ancient claim
Hast thou to that right-pleasant name?
Was it that some faint pilgrim came
Unhopedly to thee,
In the brown desert's weary way,
'Mid toil and thirst's-consuming away,
And there as 'neath thy shade he lay,
Blessed the Wayfaring Tree?'

Frank. I shall get elder-berries (*Sambucus nigra*). I am sure they will be effective, with all their varying shades of pink and red and black.

Mother. Be sure you gather plenty of blackberries (*Rubus fruticosus*).

Frank. Last autumn we gathered such a large kind of blackberry at the foot of the hills near Llandudno; they were larger grained than the common kind.

Mother. I think they were dewberries (*Rubus cæsius*); the stem is creeping, and there is a bluish bloom on the fruit. If you go into Hay Wood you will perhaps find some bilberries; I know the plant grows there. It looks like a shrub, and the berries are bluish-black and will stain your lips and fingers purple. It is also called whortleberry or blaeberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*). Perhaps on the heath you will find crowberries (*Empetrum nigrum*).

Frank. When I was in Cumberland I used to gather cranberries (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*) in the autumn for tarts; the berries were very bright and pretty.

George. Shall we bring you some privet-berries (*Ligustrum vulgare*)? They will look black and glossy among other things.

Mother. By all means.

> 'Or sloes austere.
> Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
> Disdains not.'

George. I do not think we shall be tempted to eat 'the harsh, unwelcome sloe.' By the bye, I suppose it is a drupe, is it not?

Mother. Yes, undoubtedly, for it is a stone-fruit and related to the cherry; its botanical name is *Prunus spinosa*.

Frank. Mother, we must have our mountain-ash berries (*Pyrus aucuparia*) gathered; they will be most telling.

Mother. Yes, and our barberries (*Berberis vulgaris*) also; a fringe of them will be lovely. Will you try and bring me some wreaths of bryony (*Bryonia dioica*), with its lovely scarlet berries, and I should also like some berries of the lily-of-the-valley (*Convallaria majalis*)—they grow in Hay Wood. I remember seeing them one autumn in the Via Gellia, in Derbyshire, brightening the banks with their vivid scarlet.

George. The autumn I spent in Cornwall, we used to find asparagus growing wild, and we often gathered its pretty red berries near the Lizard.

Frank. I daresay we shall find some lords-and-ladies' berries (*Arum maculatum*), cuckoo-pint; they are scarlet.

Mother. Don't forget some hips (*Rosa canina*); they are invaluable.

George. All this talk about berries makes me think of that capital play upon the words. Do you remember it, mother? It is spoken to a man named Berry.

Mother. Not quite. I should like to hear it.

George. You think me slow, Berry, but you have made a mull, Berry; I don't care a straw, Berry. I don't think the elder Berry would have been such a goose, Berry, as to have presented his bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry.

Mother. It is very good. And now, boys, you must really be off, or we shall have no berries.

L. S. R.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Historical Notices of Bells (Cape Jasmine).
Is silliness a moral and curable defect?

Stamps acknowledged: F. M. L., F. L. M. (if this latter would adopt a fresh designation it would be convenient, as the two are so much alike, and F. M. L. is the senior), Cat, Cape Jasmine, Alert, Roma, Bogoak.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Lady Betty—

'All Nature has a voice, and this the sunflower's word—
"I look unto the light, look thou unto the Lord."'

From Bishop Trench's *Century of Couplets.*—*E. B., Starcross.*

B. E. W.—Too full a question to be answered without more full experience. But perhaps the line should be drawn where amusements are not boisterous or disturbing, thus including museums.

Elisabeth.—The *Manual*, by the Rev. W. E. Heygate. *Carter's Treasury* is published at 1*s.* 6*d.*

V.—People are apt to have strange delusions on the subject, whereas all history, sacred and secular, is against them.

Tormentilla.—Old paupers like something full of incident. Erskine Clarke's *Parish Magazine*, or old volumes of the *Leisure Hour.*

Miss Coussmaker.—Freitag's *Soll und Haben*, also his *Ahnen;* Auerbach's *Edelweiss* (not all his books), *Die Bachfischer, Walks of Ottilie Wildemuth.*

WANTED.

A Life of Prudentius, also any collection of his poems in English, and its price.—*Char.*

Nettie would be greatly obliged to any one who would tell her where to procure the words and music of a song commencing 'Lady, too lowly my lot.' She is also anxious to procure a copy of Miss Wilford's 'A Maiden of our Own Day,' and would be glad to purchase a second-hand copy.

F. E. H. has forty-two foreign stamps to exchange, all different.

A scale of prices for children's work in the village school, including darning and marking, as low as possible to give *some* return.—*Clergyman's Wife.*

Any book containing not only the average prices of provisions and whatever else is most necessary in a household, but also the fair allowance, per head, of meat, milk, bread, &c., and, further, of house-linen.—*L. L.* [Mrs. Beaton's *Book of Household Management;* also *Common-sense Housekeeping, Common-sense Cookery* (Cassell).]

Wanted *Theodora Phranza* and *The Farm of Aptonga*, by the Rev. I. M. Neale. Condition unimportant if the copies are perfect. Address—*M. J. J.*, care of the Editor.

Four volumes of *Little Folks*, in publisher's covers, 1871, 1872, in perfect condition, for 14*s.* Address—*Miss F. Howes, Belton Rectory, Great Yarmouth.*

Wanted to borrow *Mission Life* each month in exchange for *Good Words.* Address—*Mrs. Burkitt, Buttermere Rectory, Hungerford.*

QUOTATIONS.

Can any one tell me the author of a poem beginning—

'A magpie pert, whose nimble tongue'?

It was learnt by my aunt seventy years ago, and she has never seen it since, and can still repeat it with the exception of two lines.—*E. M. R.*

The line—

'The conscious water saw its God and blushed.'

is by Richard Crashaw. It is part of a translation of a Latin 'Sacred Epigram.' R Crashaw died in 1650, Aaron Hill in 1750. (See Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations.*) —*F. M.*

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, 28th May, 1857.

'Eyes that the preacher could not school.'
—*Elizabeth B. Browning*, '*The Cry of the Human.*'
—*R. F. L.*

Old Toby wants to know where to find the line—

'Or lie forgotten in the tomb, the mummy of my race.'

Also the author of the hymn beginning—

'Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake,' &c.

In which of Goethe's works is the following passage :

'There are many echoes in the world, but few voices,'

quoted by Dean Stanley in an address delivered at Bristol ?—*Harebell.*

Anna asks name and publisher of the sermon preached by Dr. Pusey, in which allusion and answer is made to the book *Modern Christianity Practical Heathenism.*

BOOKS TO SELL, EXCHANGE, &c.

Miss Bennet, 6, *S. Mary's Square, Bury Street, W.* S. has the following magazines to part with :—Two vols., bound, of *Good Words*, 1865, 1867, 4*s.* 6*d.* a vol. ; 1872 to 1877 inclusive, unbound, 3*s.* 6*d.* a vol. ; nine numbers 1868, 2*s.* ; *Macmillan*, unbound, 1873, 1874, 6*s.* a vol. ; *Expositor*, 1877, unbound, 6*s.* ; *Argosy*, 1875, 1876, unbound, 2*s.* a vol. ; *Sunday Magazine*, 1871, bound, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 1873, unbound, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Will any one give 15*s.* for ten volumes of the *Churchman's Companion*, those for 1869, 1870, 1871, 1876, and 1877 ? The last volume is unbound. All are as good as new. Address—*Miss Clara Lance, Buckland S. Mary, Chard.*

Wanted *Churchman's Companions* from vol. xxxvi., old series, or any after those, at half-price or less. To dispose of, half-price *Magazines for the Young*—1860, 1861, 1862, 1864.—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

I have from eighty to a hundred volumes, for a Village Lending Library, to exchange, including twenty-eight volumes of *Voyages and Travels*, five volumes of *Churchman's Companion*, six volumes of Works of Mrs. Hannah Moore, &c.—*A. B. L., Frogmore Vicarage, S. Albans, Herts.*

Barbara is very much obliged to *S. J. B.* for her information respecting *The Blessed Damozel*, and also for her kind offer to send the *Athenæum* containing an account of the poem, &c. *Barbara* will pay postage both ways if *S. J B.* will oblige her by sending it. Address—*Barbara, care of Miss Shipley, 5, Leamington Terrace, Acton, W.*

Miss Scovil, 10, *Mason Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.*, would be very grateful to any one who would send her the Christmas number of *The Monthly Packet* containing a story connecting the *Castle Builders* and the *Pillars of the House.* In exchange a copy of the *Churchman* newspaper and also of the Canadian *Church Work.*

To exchange *The Monthly Packet* for 1877, unbound, for some books suitable for a Lending Library. I am also anxious to buy *Straight Forward and Patience Hart*, one vol., by F. C. Lefroy. It is out of print. Address—*Mrs. Q. T. Royds, Knowl Hill Vicarage, Twyford, Berks.*

Wanted the December number of *The Monthly Packet* for 1874 at half-price.—*Miss D. Vernon*, 62, *Sloane Street, S.W.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly supply me with a tidy copy of the Christmas number for 1874, in exchange for *Hanbury Mills*, or *The Castle Builders*, both in good condition, or, if preferred, I would pay the original price for it ?—*Miss Isabel Robertson*, 20, *Thicket Road, Anerley, S.E.*

To exchange—*good* Italian songs and pieces, sacred or operatic, singly or two or three together, for simple English ballads. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,' 'Priez pour Elle,' 'Clear and Cool,' specially wanted. Also a nice new copy of 'Wordsworth,' Nimmo's edition, for any of Miss Yonge's novels, or the second volume of Jean Ingelow's poems. Address—*Miss Helen Shipton, Barlow Vicarage, Chesterfield.*

Etta has all the numbers of *Temple Bar* for 1877, containing 'Cherry Ripe,' which she will exchange for *The Monthly Packet* volume for 1874, with the Christmas number for 1873. Address—*Sutherland House, Wellington, Somerset.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me, for a short time, *The Castle Builders*, by Miss Yonge, and *Chronicles of S. Mary's*, by S. D. M. ? Postage paid both ways.—*Miss Atkinson, Abbotsbury House, Newton Abbott, S. Devon.*

Will any reader of the *Churchman's Companion* exchange the reading of the *Churchman's Companion* and *Monthly Packet*, both to be returned ? Address—*S. E. Wrangham, Malton, Yorkshire.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* either lend or sell me the Christmas number of *The Monthly Packet* which contains a story connecting *The Castle Builders* and *The Pillars of the House ;* also the ninth volume of *The Monthly Packet*, first series ? If lent, postage paid both ways ; and if sold I would pay full price.—*Miss Pim, Green Bank, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.*

Will any one lend *F. D.* the first six numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1877, or exchange them for the *Quiver* for the same year ? If lent, care will be taken and postage paid. Address—*Miss Daniel, High Street, Daventry, Northamptonshire.*

Wanted volumes xxi. and xxii. of *The Monthly Packet* for 1876, for half-price, bound or unbound, without the Christmas number, if in good condition and quite perfect. Address—*Miss Backhouse, Thaxted Vicarage, Essex.*

Books wanted suited for boys, and simple Scripture stories, for a Children's Lending Library. Address—*Miss Farmer, Church House, Hitchin, Herts.*

I have the Old Testament, each book separate and in *large* print, and in good condition. I should be glad to send them where they would be useful. Address—*Mrs. R. G. Festing*, 1, *Queen Square Place, Westminster, S. W.*

M. E. D.—Theodora will be happy to lend *M. E. D.* Miss Muloch's poems. Address—*Backwood, Neston, Cheshire.*

Would any one take the *Student's Magazine* with me, either to pay 2*d.* and post the number on the 21st of each month, or 2½*d.* and keep it? Address—*Miss L. Coussmaker, Westwood, Guildford.*

M. C. Partridge, Horsenden House, Princes Risboro', would be glad to exchange *Etude sur la Vie de Montalembert* and *Adelaïde de Copece Minutolo*, both by Mde. Craven, *new* and *clean*, for *Fleurange* or *Mot d'Enigme*, by same author. Also *Deux Ans aux Lycée*, Mme. de Pressensé, a book for the young, for offers.

Will any one kindly lend me Hallam's *Constitutional History of England?* I do not want it till April, and then should like to be allowed to keep it for two months. Postage paid both ways. Address—*Mrs. A. Baily, Oakfield Lodge, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.*

Kate begs to thank *Vivian* for offering to lend her Mary Howitt's *Hymns and Fireside Verses.* The postage paid both ways. Address—*Miss Smales*, 25, *Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C.*

Will any one lend me Dr. Neale's *Theodora Phranza?* I will take great care of it, and pay postage. Address—*Miss Rivers*, 80, *High Street, Croydon.*

Wanted *Stories for the Christian Year*, by Miss C. A. Jones, bound, eight vols. Will give in exchange four vols. *Little Folks*, 1873 and 1874, four vols. *Magazine for the Young*, 1862 to 1865, and *Castle Builders*, all bound, in good condition. Address —*Mrs. Molière*, 57, *Gloucester Road, Peckham Grove, S.E.*

Miss Cooper, 30, *Clarence Terrace, Leamington*, will be happy to *give* to the lady who asked the price, *The Kalendar of the English Church* for 1877, if she will send her address.

The Editor would be much obliged to any one who could find and send her the twelfth number of the first edition of the Rev. Peter Young's *Daily Reading.*

Will any one buy some second-hand books at half-price, good fiction and poetry chiefly, proceeds to go to a church restoration? A list and prices will be sent on application to *Miss Cole, Herdford Vicarage, Petworth.* Also will any subscriber lend her Jelf's *Secret Trials of the Christian Life?* She will pay the double postage, and return in one month.

E. G.—I shall be glad to give 8*s.* for the volume of *The Monthly Packet* for 1877, not having any of the books you want in exchange. Address—*Miss F. Cochrane*, 12, *Crosthwaite Park South, Kingstown, near Dublin.*

CHARITIES.

L. C. D.—Committee for Relief of the Poor Clergy, 32, Southampton Street, Strand. We do not know which examination you mean.

Royal Asylum, S. Ann's, June Election.—The readers of *The Monthly Packet* are earnestly entreated for their votes and interest in favour of Ada Nicholls, aged eleven years, one of eleven orphans, whose father, a civil engineer, was murdered in Texas in 1874, leaving his widow and children totally unprovided for. Proxies will be thankfully received by the Rev. W. Lambert, Firehead, Taunton; R. Watts, Esq., Regent Works, Birmingham; Miss Nicholls, 21, Montpellier Square, Brompton Road, London, S.W. *Last chance.*

K. W. T. begs for any scraps towards a scrap-book for an Orphanage.—*K. W. Tucker, Ashburton, Devon.*

A Wild Irishwoman asks for coloured scraps or old Christmas cards to help in making scrap albums for the Children's Hospital. They should be sent to *Miss Warliters, Westgate House, Guildford.*

Will any one kindly send me contributions of list for making into clothes to send to poor parishes in London? Address—*J., Oakbank, Chislehurst.*

Will any kind reader of *The Monthly Packet* give us a *green altar frontal?* Length of altar, 6ft.; depth from super-frontal to ground, 2ft. 4in. Address—*The Sacristan, Loddon, Norfolk.*

An entreaty from the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square, for old

clothing for the patients. Also for boots and shoes, and for old numbers of the *Graphic* to be sent weekly. To be addressed to the Lady Almoner.

Assistance wanted for a collier-boys' library. Any books containing Church teaching thankfully accepted. Address—*Miss Bolton, Newbold Rectory, Chesterfield.*

Miss M. A. Jones would be very grateful to any one who will kindly send her any books that they can spare for a girls' lending library. Carriage willingly paid.—*S. Mark's Mission House*, 154, *S. John Street Road.*

Can any one tell me of a Home where a girl of thirteen may be received free, or for a small payment. She suffers from unkind treatment from a stepmother, and requires good training to fit her for service. Address—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

Two ladies, a mother and daughter, in the neighbourhood of London, are absolutely penniless and are both invalids. The daughter is skilled in designing and executing illuminations; the mother is glad to undertake copying documents, &c. Does any reader of *The Monthly Packet* know of a shop or a society where orders for such work could be procured? This is their only means of support. Address—*Miss Drage, Cathedral Precincts, Rochester.*

Can any one tell me of a school where an orphan girl, age thirteen, could receive a cheap and sound education to fit her for a governess, or be a governess pupil? Address—*O. K., Campden House, Weybridge.*

A.—A reformatory home for a girl of thirteen, an orphan, who has shown a tendency to dishonesty.

F. P.—Please send address.

C. A. has three linen surplices, a cassock, and an M.A. gown to give to a Mission, or some poor parish where they will be useful.

SOCIETIES.

Persons wishing to join an Essay Club may have the rules and other information by applying to the Hon. Sec., *Miss A. Sweet, Tenbury.*

Madge.—The *Musical* Improvement Association would in all probability meet her requirements. Application to be made to the Secretary, *Miss M. E. Granger, Newton Grove, Leeds.*

Miss Wood has received a letter with a Jersey post-mark, asking for the rules of her Work Society. No address enclosed.—*Miss Wood, Biddenham Vicarage, Bedford.*

F. D. wishes to hear of a society for practising music daily.—*Miss Daniel, High Street, Daventry.*

Wanted a French and German Class for girls (not advanced). Address—*F. E. Wrangham, Malton, Yorkshire.*

Wanted a German Class (advanced) conducted by correspondence.—*E. P. Chalcot, Westbury, Wilts.*

Members wanted for a Drawing Society, Critic, H. A. Harper, Esq. Subjects for illustration every other month. Subscription, 1*l.* Six prizes given at the end of the year—*Miss Rickards, 6, Southwell Gardens, S. Kensington.*

I shall be glad to hear of the rules of an English Reading Society with two vacancies. Address—*L. S. Highfield House, Uxbridge, Middlesex.*

Wanted members for an Essay and Reading Society. Two subjects monthly. Subscription 1*s.* a year. Address—*Miss M. Maddoch, Chestnut Lodge Weybridge.*

Amateur Illuminating Club.—Members wanted. Antique and modern illumination and etching allowed. Professional critic. Apply for rules, with stamped envelope, to *Miss M. Kennaway, Campden House, Weybridge.*

Alpha, 4, *Harley Place, Hereford.*—Wanted a society for painting and drawing. Subscription not more than 2*s.* 6*d.* a year.

Mutual Help Society.—The next half-year will begin in April. Rules may be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to *Miss Kitton, The Lodge, Kingstead, Lynn.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Dunnington Jefferson for hymn, 'Faith of our Fathers,' from *Mrs. Wells, Reading.*

H. B., C., C. E. S., Christmas cards from five little ones and others unknown, for scraps and prints.

Miss Lowe to *Harriett* for wools.

E. Dyson for a book for her class from a friend.

Miss Moffatt, I. Batt, Rathmullin, Donegal, for box of books, magazines, and weekly illustrated papers for Dublin Hospital.

K. Bright for newspapers. Please will our Rugby friends direct them to *Miss H. Costeker, S. John's Hill, Wandsworth, S. W.*

Miss T., Swallowcliffe Vicarage, Salisbury, begs to acknowledge, with most sincere and heartfelt thanks, parcels from M. E. C., L. M. S., E. L. P., Miss Anson, Shanklin, Post-mark Merton, Clifton, Pershore, H. S. F., M. A. B. V., Etta, Mrs. G. Oxford, A. R. B., Dorothy, A. P. G., J. E. M., M. E. L., Wickham Market, Suffolk, F. Y., Havant, R. U. L. Also eleven parcels by post, with no name, and post-marks effaced. Others answered by post. In this acknowledgment it would be out of place to use many words, but if it were not so, *words* would not express the wondering gratitude with which the beautiful parcels and kind notes have been welcomed. *How kind* people have been! If they could but know with what grateful feelings they are thought of and *will* be thought of. Miss T. wishes she could have thanked more of her kind friends by post, but especially R. U. L.

S. E. A. and *Rose Emma* and her sisters are thanked for *5s.* and *3s.* for the Daisy Chain Cot.

Numbers of *Monthly Packet* received safely from *Miss Williams* by *E. A. B.*

Mr. S. F. Allnutt begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following contributions to the Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—A Reader of *Nursery Tale, 5s.*; sale of pincushions by Miss Dobrée, *2s.*; six warm petticoats from M. A. T.

The *Lady Superintendent of S. Monica's Home* begs to acknowledge very gratefully the receipt of *10s.* from a reader of *The Monthly Packet, 5s.* from Margaret Stracey, and a box of toys for Christmas from M. P.

The *Mother of S. Saviour's Priory* acknowledges with many thanks the following donations for the work of the Sisters:—K. D., *2l. 2s.*; X. Y. Z., *6s.*; and L. M. G., a parcel of clothes.

The *Sisters of the Poor, Mark Street, Finsbury,* thank *L. M. G.* for a parcel of clothing received safely, February 8th.

Miss Susan Rice, 19, *College Street, Stratford-on-Avon,* acknowledges with many thanks *10s.* from *H. F.* for the cripple child.

W. H. S., Yaxley, Suffolk, is much obliged to *L. W.* for kindly sending *Little Mabel,* and informing him of the authorship.

Spider Subjects.

The Most Beautiful Thing I ever saw, taking it strictly, and as indeed ARACHNE meant it, a scene, is not a thing, and these were the terms of the question, not the most beautiful *sight*. This would exclude a great many, and leave little more than Bath-brick's Dying Gladiator and J. M. B.'s Milan Cathedral, also her Péna d'Aguilar, and Val de Rosa's Jungfrau. Probably what is most definite is most easy to describe, for those are really the best, except Denise's Dew-drops and Gossamer, which is so charming that if possible ARACHNE would insert it. The others are:—1. Bog-oak—Table Mountain on Fire; 2. Bath-brick—The Dying Gladiator; 3. A Brown Spider—Westminster Abbey; 4. Daughter of Erin—Sea, &c.; 5. Muffin-man—A Water-mill; 6. 81-ton—A Falling Star; 7. L. S. R.—A Wood in Spring; 8. White Daisy—A Summer Sunset near London (poetry); 9. Firefly—A Cove in Devonshire, three bathing-machines; 10. L. W.—A Rainbow (poetry); 11. Vyvyane—Sunrise on the east coast of Scotland (pretty); 12. August—Summer Evening in the Sound of Mull; 13. T. M. B.—Milan Cathedral, Mountain in Madeira; 14. Taupiri—Mountains; 15. Tipula—Moonlight in a Park; 16. Quilly—A Blue-bell Glade in Spring (very pretty); 17. Wild Irishwoman—Rime Frost (pretty); 18. Undine—Moonlight in the Bay of Uri; 19. Denise; 20. Bubbles—Sunset at Scarborough; 21. Val de Rosa—Jungfrau; 22. Brother—A Flash of Lightning.

DESCRIBE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING YOU EVER SAW—ACTUALLY, NOT MORALLY, BEAUTIFUL.

IN a small room in the Capitoline Museum at Rome is enshrined that masterpiece which is *per se* the most beautiful of all works of art. However high the ideal which we may form beforehand of the pathetic majesty of the Dying Gladiator, it is more than realised when we stand face to face with him.

All the world knows that he lies, a hero in white marble, rather larger than life, on the ground where his enemy's weapon has struck him down. His weight rests upon his right hand, which, placed upon the sand slightly behind him, props the figure in a half-recumbent position; the other hand is laid upon the right thigh, just above the knee, the leg being bent under him; the left leg is extended but not to its full length, the knee being raised where the right foot passes under it. The head, with its thick clusters of short curly hair, is bent downwards and inclines considerably forward and towards the right shoulder, so that the spectator must stoop to get a full view of the noble face, on which the expression of physical pain contends with that of the most heroic endurance; the brow is contracted with anguish, but the mouth almost smiles under the short moustaches—

'Consents to death, but conquers agony.'

The life is ebbing fast away through a deep sword or lance-wound just under the right breast, and we feel that the body will presently sink, and the muscles of the supporting hand relax, but the brave smile will linger round the dead lips when death shall have smoothed out all the lines of pain on the brow. The short sword with which he made a brave but vain defence lies broken where it fell, the cross-hilt close to his right hand, and two curious horn-shaped instruments lie on the ground beneath him; there are traces also of a shield. These accessories have greatly puzzled the antiquaries, some of whom take the horn-shaped objects to be trumpets, and thence infer that the figure represents a *parlementaire* or herald, who was treacherously slain when coming to offer terms of peace. It is now generally admitted that the name 'Gladiator' is misapplied to this statue, which clearly represents a warrior who met his death in free and fair fight; and grand as are Byron's descriptive lines, it is satisfactory to know that they are purely imaginative, and that our hero was not

'Butchered to make a Roman holiday;'

nor was his home in any 'hut by the Danube,' for his nationality is now proved to have been not Dacian but Gallic, the twisted cord round his neck being evidently the golden *torque* then worn by kings and chieftains of that race (*e.g.* Malachi of Ireland, who 'wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader'), and identical with the *torques* of gold frequently dug up in making excavations in Ireland and elsewhere, and to be met with in every museum of Gaelic and Celtic antiquities.

The Dying Gladiator, as he will always be called, was found in the gardens of Sallust, and is attributed to an unknown Greek sculptor; several other statues, also representing Gauls, were found at the same place, and it has been surmised that the whole group may have been designed to commemorate the defeat of a Gallic invasion of Greece. The age and authorship of the statue are consequently uncertain, but no other work of art comes near it in power of expression.

The exhaustion of the whole figure, the droop of the head, the languid curve of the back and shoulders, and yet more listless pose of the lower limbs, which retain less vitality than those nearer the heart, the utter weariness and pain of the body, and the brave resolution expressed in the face, which, spite of all suffering, seems to say '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*,' all enlist our sympathies as for a real sufferer. The sculptor has all but breathed a soul into his marble, and a soul too so noble and so pathetic as to draw ours to itself at once, and make us feel as if we had taken our last look at a dear friend, when we lift the crimson curtain that hangs before the doorway and pass into the outer world again.

BATH-BRICK.

Bubbles best; but The Turk, Thistle, Cape Jasmine, very good. Alert, L. S. R., Ancy, Tipula, Roma, Bianca, A Kentish Cherry, Mayfly, Daughter of Erin, fair. Lillie says nothing about the Armada. Inez and Don Quixote late. No one has the queer tradition that Mrs. Drake gave her husband up, and was in the act of being remarried when her husband notified his existence by firing right through the earth from the antipodes a cannon-ball, which came up between the bridal pair in church.

LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, called by a contemporary writer 'the first in obloquy abroad and renown at home,' was born in a cottage near Tavistock, in Devonshire, probably about the year 1545, though some authorities place the date of his birth as early as 1539. His parentage is also disputed; but the most credible account is that his father, a zealous Protestant, was obliged to take refuge in Kent during the persecutions following the Six Articles Act, during the last years of Henry VIII.'s life. He obtained a naval chaplaincy on Queen Elizabeth's accession, and is said to have been afterwards appointed 'vicar' of Upnor church on the Medway. As Upnor did not then possess a parish church, this probably means that he was chaplain in that place. Sir Francis, the eldest of twelve children, was educated at the expense of Sir John Hawkins, to whom he was distantly related. Drake's fortune commenced with the acquisition of a little coasting bark, left to him by its master, to whom he had been apprenticed when very young. He carried on the coasting trade for some little time, till he was induced by love of adventure to join Sir John Hawkins in his unfortunate expedition to the Spanish Main. In this enterprise Drake lost all the fortune he had acquired in his former trade, but gained a great reputation in seamanship, and brought the *Judith*, the vessel of which he was captain, safely back to England. In 1570 he obtained a regular privateering commission from Queen Elizabeth, which he immediately took advantage of by cruising in the West Indies against the Spaniards, to indemnify himself for his former losses. In 1572, with a squadron consisting of only three ships, the *Dragon*, the *Pacha*, and the *Swan*, he took and plundered the Spanish town of Nombre de Dios. He also took Vera Cruz, captured a train of mules laden with silver, and obtained his first view of the Pacific, which drew from him a resolve to 'sail an English ship in these seas.' On his return to England he fitted out three frigates at his own expense, and served with them as a volunteer under the first Devereux, Earl of Essex. The spirit which he displayed on this occasion gained for him a favourable reception at court, and subsequently the Queen's sanction for attempting a voyage to the South Seas. He assembled a little fleet of five ships, but only one of these, the *Pelican*, afterwards called the *Golden Hind*, 'turned up a furrow round the circumference of the earth.' He left England on the 13th December, 1577, and entered the port of S. Julian on the 29th May in the following year. Here he summoned a court-martial consisting of all his naval officers, and charged John Doughty, the second officer in command, with attempting to excite a mutiny in the fleet. After as fair a trial as the circumstances of time and place permitted, the man was found guilty, and immediately executed. On the 20th August, Drake entered the Straits of Magellan, and passed them on the 25th of September, having only his own ship, and in November he arrived at Macao, which he had appointed as the place of rendezvous in the event of his ships being separated; but Captain Winter, his vice-admiral, having rounded Cape Horn, passed the Straits, and returned to England by the same way as he had come. Drake therefore continued his voyage alone, and gained much plunder on the coast of Chili and Peru; and then coasted along the shores of North America as far as 48° N. lat., hoping to find a passage to the Atlantic. Being disappointed in this expectation, he landed and took possession in the Queen's name of the country, which he named New Albion. He then sailed boldly across the Pacific, and reached the Molucca Islands in less than six weeks. Thence he again set sail, in March, 1580, touching on his way at Java, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th June, having then on board only fifty-seven men and three water-casks. Having careened his ship and procured a supply of fresh water on the west coast of Africa, he continued his homeward voyage, and arrived at Plymouth on the 26th September, 1580. This voyage round the world, the first accomplished by an Englishman, was thus performed in two years and about ten months. The Queen hesitated for some time whether she should recognise his achievements or not, on the ground that such recognition might lead to complications with Spain, since war had not yet been declared between the nations. But she finally decided in the Admiral's favour, went on board his ship at Deptford, and there, after partaking of a banquet, conferred on him the honour of

knighthood, thus declaring her entire approbation of all that he had done. She also commanded that his ship, the *Golden Hind*, should be preserved; and almost a century later, when it had to be broken up by reason of decay, a chair was made of the sound timber, which was presented to the University of Oxford by Charles II. During the years 1585 and 1586, after Elizabeth had come to an open breach with the King of Spain, Drake, with a fleet of twenty sail, having a body of land forces on board, made another expedition to the West Indies, where he took S. Jago in Cuba, S. Domingo, Carthagena, and S. Augustin. He also went to Virginia, and brought back to England the remnant of the first unsuccessful colony planted there by Sir Walter Raleigh, and with them 'that Indian plant called tobacco and nicotia.' The profits of this voyage were but moderate, the design of Sir Francis being more to weaken the enemy than to enrich himself. In 1587 he sailed, with a fleet of thirty ships under his command, some provided by the Queen, others by London merchants, in order to hinder the preparations which the Spanish were making for the invasion of England. He scoured the coast of Spain; entered the harbour of Cadiz, in defiance of the Spanish fleet and of their batteries on shore, and there burnt, sunk, or carried off 10,000 tons of their greater ships, besides many smaller vessels, almost under the eyes of their Great Admiral. This feat he afterwards called 'singeing the King of Spain's beard.' He also, on his homeward voyage, captured a Portuguese carrack returning from the East Indies. In 1588, when the Spanish Armada was approaching England, Drake was appointed vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham. In the conflict with the enemy he captured a large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who surrendered, almost without resistance, through the mere terror of the name of Drake. The Spaniards of that age accounted in a most original manner for the disgrace and disaster which befell the 'Invincible' fleet! They asserted that Drake practised the arts of magic, and delivered England by taking a piece of wood and cutting it in pieces over the side of his own ship, when every chip became a man-of-war as it fell into the sea. Another instance is cited to prove that he used enchantment, namely, that wishing to supply Plymouth with water, he rode thither from Dartmoor, and a stream of water followed his horse's feet. This is a somewhat singular manner of representing the skill in hydraulics which he displayed on that occasion! In 1589 Drake took part in a disastrous expedition undertaken for the purpose of placing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. Some years later a more formidable expedition was fitted out, under Hawkins and Drake, against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, which were the principal source of that country's wealth. This enterprise, however, entirely failed, and Drake was defeated by a Spanish squadron. It is supposed that distress of mind at this defeat, joined to the effects of an unhealthy climate, brought on the fever of which he died on the 28th January, 1595. He died in his ship near the town of Nombre de Dios, the scene of one of his early victories, and his body was committed to the deep. Thus the death of this bold adventurer accorded well with his life. In personal appearance Drake was small and square-built, with a fresh, cheerful, and engaging countenance. He had devoted most of his life to the study of navigation, in which he was singularly proficient, especially in astronomy and the application of it to the art of sailing. Free-booter though he was, he won the character in his own day of the 'pious sea-captain.'

BUBBLES.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

The difference between self-respect and self-assertion (Money-spinner).

Enumerate the kings of the name of Charles in all countries.

ARACHNE has received stamps from The Turk, Tipula, Wild Irishwoman, Daughter of Erin, Lady Betty, J. M. B., Quilly, 31-ton, Mayfly, Val de Rosa, Bath-brick White Daisy, Vyvyane, Bubbles, L. S. R.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Maud.—The Rev. W. Skinner's *Guide to Passing Lent Holily.* May 3rd—In honour of the discovery of the Cross at Jerusalem by S. Helena, mother of Constantine. Sept. 14th—Of Heraclius' recovery of the Cross when taken by the Persians. August 7th.—In reverence of the Holy Name. An old custom of showing honour to Him who there imparts Himself.

To *Lady Betty*—

'All Nature has a voice, and this the sunflower's word—
"I look unto the light, look thou unto the Lord."'

From *A Century of Couplets*, by R. C. Trench.—*G. M. G.*

'As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.'

Also—

'Real faith is like the sun's fair flower,
Which midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
That wave it to and fro, and all the change
Of air, and earth, and sky, doth rear its head,
And looketh up, still steadfast, to its god.'

In France a pansy means *pensée* (a thought), and marygolds, *soucis* (cares). A motto often put beneath a group of the latter is—

'May they be far from thee!'

Motto for Ivy and Holly—

'Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the mastry, as the maner is—
Holly stand in the hall, fayre to behold;
Ivy stand without the dore, she is full sore a' cold.'

For Violets—

'Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it aside.'

Dead Leaves—

'Oh! the glad night is past, and the green leaves are dead.'

'The Rose,' taken from Anacreon—

'The rose, the flower of love,
Mingle with our quaffing;
The rose, the lovely leaved,
Round our bowers be weaved,
Genially laughing.'

—*The Muffin-Man.*

Miss Lewis.—*The Pillars of the House.*—ED.

Mita.—*Earth's Many Voices* is by Miss Saxby.—*Spear Maiden.*

L. E. C.—*Ent* is never pronounced; the *t* never unless where there is such a grammatical connection as between an auxiliary verb and participle.

Mrs. Edmund Johnson recommends for reading to the blind, *Blind People, their Works and Ways*, by the Rev. B. G. Johns, chaplain to the Blind School, S. George's Fields.

QUESTIONS.

What is the origin of the Fisherman's Ring worn by the Pope? From whence is its name derived?—*Henrietta Churchill.*

Signora.—The name of a good treatise on versification; also of a good account of the manners and customs of the Jews living in Rome between the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries.

A little book of devotional daily reading for girls of from twelve to fourteen years of age.—*Olive.*

In what child's serial, edited by a clergyman, is the 'History of Redburn Vicarage and the Guests' to be found?—*Frances.*

EXCHANGES OF BOOKS.

Some of the following books:—Wanted *Life of John Patteson, Missionary Bishop* (new edition); *The Face of Carlyon, and other Tales; Eastward Ho! or Two Years Ago; Vanity Fair; A Book of Worthies, gathered from Old Histories and written anew; My Young Alcides, a Faded Photograph; The Chaplet of Pearls*, in exchange for *Notitia Eucharistica*, by Scudamore, newest edition, published at 1*l.* 12*s.* Address—*S. H. S., Parish Church Schools, Leeds.*

Miss L. Collins, Kirkman Bank, Knaresborough, to exchange vol. iii., bound and nearly new, of new series *Monthly Packet* for vol. ii., or to buy vol. ii. half-price.

Agricola, 11, *Bridge Street, Retford, Notts*, will exchange, or sell at half-price, *The Monthly Packet*, from June 1876, to March 1878, and twenty-two 2*s.* Parts of *Cassell's Illustrated History of England.*

Miss Grueber, Granville Park, Lewisham.—Quarterly Review from 1860 to 1873 to exchange for first vol. of *Mill on the Floss*, or she would buy the latter.

Miss F. Donne, Belle Vue Lodge, S. John's Common, Hurstpierpoint.—Ten vols. of *Churchman's Companion*, from 1867 to 1871, bound, and in very good condition, for *La Terre* (Elisée Reclus), or *L'Univers* (F. A. Pouchet), or *Handbook to British Flora* (G. Bentham). Each of these must be *complete* and *illustrated.*

A. W., High Street, Solihull, Warwick.—The Mother's Recompense (Aguilar) for any complete copy, however old, of *Heartsease, The Daisy Chain*, or *Heir of Redcliffe;* also to buy *The Monthly Packet* from July to December, 1877.

Miss Walker having seen the advertisement by *Euodias* in the February number of *The Monthly Packet* for 1878, will be glad to know if the duplicates named are to be sold (if so, at what price?) or exchanged for another book? Address—*Radway, Sidmouth, S. Devon.* Also *E. V.*, 4, *Brooke Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.*

A. B. has many pieces of music which she would be glad to exchange with any reader of *The Monthly Packet.* Address—*A. B.*, 10, *Higher Terrace, Mount Radford, Exeter.*

Mrs. Lane, Witley, Godalming, has nearly 2*l.* worth of good magazines, mostly quarterlies, suitable for a workmen's reading-room, which she would be glad to exchange for pictures for hospital scrap-books. She is also in want of *Churchman's Companion* early every month, and the Christmas numbers of *Monthly Packet* previous to 1875. She would give half-price and postage.

E. C. Devonshire House, Battersea, W., wishes to exchange last year's *Churchman's Companion* for *The Monthly Packet* of the same year, and will give a small sum of money or *Motley's Dutch Republic* in 1 vol.

Wanted a copy of *The Daisy Chain*, by Miss Yonge. Would give in exchange a copy of *Winifred Bertram*, nearly new, and *The Castle Builders*, by Miss Yonge. Address—*Miss Oliver, Alfred Street, Bath.*

Wanted to exchange a perfectly fresh copy of *Ezekiel and Other Poems* for *Froggy and His Little Brother;* also Dr. Monsell's *Spiritual Songs* for *Froggy and His Little Brother.* Address—*Miss Crawley, Stowe Rectory, Weedon.*

Miss L. S., Seend, Melksham, has *The Spirit of S. Francis de Sales* to exchange for any of Mrs. Craven's works. It is well bound and almost new, translated by the author of *The Life of S. Francis de Sales.*

BOOKS TO SELL.

Miss K. E. Crauford, West Street, Stratford-on-Avon.—Numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1876 and 1877, all in good order, for 14*s.*

A few books from a lending library to be disposed of at a very cheap rate. For names, &c., apply to *Mrs. Longe*, 13, *Copt Hall Place, Folkestone.*

Miss Coulard, S. Breward Vicarage, Bodmin.—Four vols. of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, bound; the last half 1866, 1867, and the first half 1868, to be sold for half-price. Also four vols. of *The Penny Post*, 1867, 1869, 1870, 1871, for half-price. Also several books for a parish book-club for 1*s.* each. List sent on application. Not new, but perfect.

Monthly Packet for 1877, unbound, as good as new, for 10*s.* Address—*Miss C. M. Beadon, Latton Vicarage, Cricklade.*

Any one wishing to have *The Monthly Packet* for the years 1868 and 1869, containing 'The Caged Lion,' 'Bertram, or the Heir of Pendyne,' &c., can have them for 8*s.* by writing to the following address:—*Miss C., Ravenleigh, Betchworth, Surrey.* Carriage must be paid by purchaser.

WANTED TO BORROW (POSTAGE PAID BOTH WAYS).

(*Events of the Month were discontinued long ago.*)

By *Miss A. J. Gurdon, Kingham, Attleborough*:—Canon Norris's *Key to the Acts* (Rivingtons); Smith's *Student's New Testament History* (Murray); the volume of Dean Alford's *Commentary on the Greek Testament* containing the Acts; Freeman's *Principles of Divine Service*; Owen's *Introduction to Dogmatic Theology*.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* be so kind as to allow *M. D.*, 22, *Waterloo Road, Dublin*, the reading of it after he or she has finished it? Will of course pay the postage both ways.

BOOKS BEGGED FOR LENDING.

Miss M. A. Jones, S. Mark's Mission House, 154, *S. John Street Road, E.C.*—Any books for a girls' lending library. Carriage willingly paid.

Sister Teresa, Convent, Claydon, Ipswich.—Books for parish lending library.

Alex. Jones, Horn Lane, Acton, W.—Any books suitable for lending to Choir and Sunday Scholars of the poorer and middle classes.

A clergyman's wife will be most grateful for contributions of useful books for a small parish library, or she would buy such, at a low price. Address—*Mrs. D. Tarrant, Keynstone, Blandford.*

SOCIETIES.

We only notice Societies we think useful as promoting mutual improvement, in which we do not reckon walking ones, or those where there is no comparison of results.

Members wanted for a Young Artists' Society. Sec.—*Miss Katharine Percy Smith, The Cottage, Herring's Bridge, Rotherham.* Also, Musical Society for Classical Music only. Sec.—*Mr. L. B.*, 30, *Clarence Road, Finsbury Place, N.*

Wanted a Monthly Drawing Society, not too advanced, with an art critic. Address —*Miss Newell, Lydbury North, Shropshire.*

George.—Omitted because there would be no sense in such a Drawing Society.

Otter Vale Drawing Club.—A few additional members required. Apply to the Hon. Sec., *Mrs. Neumann, Capo di Monte, Torquay*, who will send a copy of the rules on receipt of a stamped envelope. A specimen drawing will be required.

Wanted the rules of an Early Rising Association, commencing *after* the 1st May. Address—*E. Weir*, 6, *Haddo Villas, Blackheath, S.E.*

Anglo-Saxon.—*Miss Wilkinson, Horsham Road, Dorking*, holder of Cambridge Honour certificate, gives instruction by correspondence in Old English language and literature to candidates for the Higher Local Examinations and others.

CHARITIES.

We never insert appeals of merely local or personal interest for money, nor advertisements of work, &c., to dispose of.

K. B.—Depot of the Society in Aid of the Poor Clergy, 23, Southampton Street, Strand.

Mrs. Cary.—Miss Beckinsale, S. Anne's Street, Salisbury, has such a Home as you want. The terms of S. Cyprian's Orphanage are 1*l.* per annum, not 5*l.*

Scraps for scrapbooks wanted by *Mary Helen Clifton*, 20, *Cross Street, Islington, N.* Also, old photographs, Christmas and Easter cards, for the Capetown Orphanage, by *Miss Trever, East Tahant, Chichester.* Coloured scraps by *Mrs. Lane Witley, Godalming*, who will give plain ones, patterns, or songs, in exchange. List, or pieces for patchwork, by *L. B. S., Seend, Melksham.* If sent by rail, address Seend Station (only).

Invalid furniture for a recently opened Home for Incurables in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Address—*E. M. B., Shadwell Lodge, Carlisle.*

Subscriptions and many articles needful for education are wanted by the Industrial School founded by the Bishop of Bombay. Those willing to contribute any should offer them in writing before sending them to *Miss Maclachlen*, 2, *Great Stanhope Street, Bath.*

Some old music offered to any Home where it might be useful, by *Miss Lewis*, 12, *Kensington Gardens Square, W.*

Inquired for—Home for an imbecile child of seven, with a small yearly payment. Address—*Mrs. Farrer, Mells, Frome.* School for an officer's daughter of fifteen as governess pupil. Address—*Mrs. Meynell, Langley, Derby.* Means of disposing of needlework and illuminations. We never advertise work for sale.

The Ladies' Industrial Guild requires that those sending work should be personally known to some member.

Confirmation Memorial Window to Bishop Wilberforce.—282*l.* has been received; 187*l.* is all that is now required to make the memorial complete. The window will be required in eleven months' time. *Miss Lucy Phillimore*, 5, *Arlington Street, London, S.W.*, will gladly receive contributions, and supply circulars to any one who may wish to help in collecting for the memorial.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

'Gentle blood, in dangerous hour,' &c.

is from Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*—*E. M. B. S.*

'Rouse to some high and holy work of love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth, which in the world above
The good begun by thee while here below
Shall like a river run, and broader flow.'

is from *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, one of the 'Lily Series,' by the author of *The Gayworthys.*—*A. C.*

'The angel of the flowers one day,'

translated from Krummacher.—*Bog Oak.*

QUOTATIONS ASKED FOR.

'Men rise as monks of old, but not for prayer;
Men quail with famine's pangs, but not for God;
Men crush their limbs with toil, but all for gold;
Men live and die in shame, but not for sin.'

Quoted in *Hawkstone.*—*E. M.*

'They are going, only going,'

will be found in Canon Bayne's *Lyra Anglicana.*

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

L. A. S., Pictures for scrapbook—*Kathleen, K. V. C.*, and other unknown friends.

L. E. C. begs to thank those who have answered her notice for *The Monthly Packet* to be sent each month.

Miss H. Kosteker, books for the Infirmary, from *L.* and *E. P.*

Mrs. Wells, Reading, all kind friends for scraps and pictures for her scrapbooks.

Miss Russell, 86, *Queen's Gate, S.W.*, an unknown friend who sends *The Queen* from Chester, and to inform her that the invalid lady is already regularly supplied.

C. M. B., Harriet, and the other ladies who kindly sent list and some wools to Holy Trinity Crèche, Winchester.

Mignonette.—*Love Beyond the Grave*, post-mark Brighton.

Mr. Allnutt, for the Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—Warm petticoats from M. A. Y.; 12 lbs. of West India arrowroot from E. F. B.; 1*l.* from Bournemouth; a box of knitted stockings, socks, petticoat, and framed pictures from G. W., Otterbourne.

Miss Hensman, parcels of wools received from *Ellen* and many others for a workhouse.

Miss Rust, 6, *Bloomsbury Square, W.C.*, for books for the old women in S. Giles's workhouse.

O. B., Old Place, Whyte, Chichester, begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the kind contributions in answer to her advertisement in *The Monthly Packet*. They have been all most acceptable; but *O. B.* is obliged to say she can only receive what are prepaid, having just received a parcel by the Great Northern for which she had to pay 4*s.*, with nothing but the *commonest* scraps in it, and a few *Illustrated News* pictures, which will be only useful for a sailor's scrap in the boxes from the Waterside Mission, Gravesend.

Spider Subjects.

Inez's dialogue is an admirable imitation of 'Evenings at Home,' but too long for insertion, and deals more with the Silliness of the last century than the present. L. S. R. ascribes Silliness to castle-building. Bath-Brick—very good; Spinning-Jenny, Lady Betty, Grizel Howard—good. Tipula does not enter into the subject enough. Chelsea China is the best put together on all points.

SILLINESS.

I THINK this is the hardest question ever asked of a Spider! A friend answers it in the affirmative, saying that it is generally conceit that makes people silly, and if we include in conceit the desire to attract attention, I think much may be said for this view, especially when we consider that people generally sensible, whose heads are turned for a time by unusual circumstances, sometimes do very silly things. The silliest people I have ever known have had an intensely good opinion of themselves; and one's own silly speeches have generally been uttered at moments when one thought oneself very superior. Silliness may exist with a good deal of intellectual cleverness, and unhappily with a good deal of right feeling. Queen Elizabeth was a very clever woman, but her coquetries were often silly in the extreme. On the whole I think conceit and vanity, leading to affectation, cause a very large share of human folly, and thus silliness is so far a moral and therefore curable defect.

The other great cause of silly speeches and silly actions is want of proper reserve. Little sentimentalities and little enthusiasms may be justifiable, and even tender and graceful, when cherished silently and in secret, but when spoken of they immediately sound foolish. This is true, in an ascending scale, of friendship, hero-worship, love, and most of all of religion. This want of reserve, or 'gush,' if not a moral, is I think a curable defect, by education.

It is important to distinguish silliness from slowness and dullness. It is quite a different thing; and though no doubt some, by mental capacity, are quite devoid of it, I think it is always connected with moral defect, and I must add that I do not think that intellectual tastes or training are in themselves any preservative from it whatever.

CHELSEA CHINA.

The Bells are very well done, Bog-Oak the best. To her we would add from Myrrhis' fair but confused paper, The Bell of S. Mura, in Ireland, which was said to have descended from heaven, ringing all the way, till, when it had nearly reached the earth, the clapper went up again. Bubbles reminds us of the beautiful legend of the bells of Bottreaux, and has many curious stories of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh bells. Spear Maiden tells of the Great Bell of Zaragoza, which rang of itself when the King of Aragon died. Undine, Flotilla, Cape Jasmine, the Turk, Alert, Roma, Amy —very good.

A DREAM OF BELLS.

'Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.'

I SAT by my fireside on the last night of the old year. The bells had been tolling and ringing a muffled peal for some time, when, wearied out with watching, I fell asleep. I slept, and dreamt that on a sweet evening in summer I beheld a venerable man standing in a wood, wrapped in thought; a grassy path on which he stood led to a woodland church, which stood in a clearing. He was clad in priestly garments, and seemed to be listening for some sound; at his feet grew some tall, handsome blue flowers, and he must have just picked one, for he held a spray in his hand. I drew near and saw that it was a *Campanula*, and the graceful flower seemed to occupy part of his thoughts. Suddenly, with a clear, sharp sound, a bell was struck. Again and again it rang forth its sweet note on the forest air, and the face of the saint brightened with holy joy as he clasped his hands, and gave thanks that at length his invention was complete, and that henceforward a voice from Heaven would call His people to church, and the heathenish gongs might be laid aside; and I saw that this was S. Paulinus of Nola, listening to the first church bell that ever rang, whose form the *Campanula latifolia* had suggested to him. I had been wafted in my dreams to the beginning of the fifth century.

And now the dream changed, and I stood in the presence of a dying monarch; a mighty conqueror he had been, but now the greyness of death passed over his face. The first light of early dawn crept into the convent chamber where he lay, unconscious apparently of all around. A sound of bells came up from the city, which could be seen through the windows, lying at the foot of the hill on which the convent was built. The dying sovereign opened his eyes, and asked what bells those were,

adding that they sounded like the bells of Notre Dame in Rouen. One of the Fathers of S. Gervais, who stood by the bed, replied that they were the bells of S. Mary's ringing for Prime. 'Then,' said King William, 'let them pray for my soul;' and while the sweet bells were sounding the spirit passed away, and the conqueror of England lay a corpse in the convent of S. Gervais.

Methought I stood in one of the gateways which pierce the tower-studded wall that girdles like a crown the fair city of Florence. Within the streets a wild, fierce hum filled the air, as of many voices, all wrought up to one stern determination. Towards the heart of the city all seemed bending their steps, when one deep, loud sound seemed to send a thrill of alarm through my heart; it was repeated, again and again. Surely this must be the great alarm-bell! and alarming the sound was now. The street near me was nearly deserted, and a small group of men on horseback rode quickly up to the gate. A young man, richly dressed, rode in the midst; he had strongly-marked, noble features, but a wonderful weakness of expression. The gentlemen halted, spoke a few words to this young man, and, on his seeming to desire to return to the city, asked, 'Dare you meet the results of that bell?' He shook his head sadly, and with only one attendant passed the city gate and rode off rapidly, and the gentlemen, after looking in the same direction a few moments, prepared to return, one remarking, 'I fear we have seen the last of Pietro dei Medici.' 'His father would not have been thus driven away,' said another. 'The Magnificent was of another mould,' observed a third. 'There goes Pietro de' Caponi, the sternest Republican in the city,' said the first speaker. I looked, and knew it was he who a few days later, when Charles VIII. was making his unconstitutional demands of the Florentines, exclaimed, 'If this is what you want, *you* may sound your trumpets and *we* will ring our alarm-bell.' But already the tones of the alarm-bell were growing indistinct to me, and——

Again I was in Rouen; all the bells were ringing for joy, as, on a sweet summer morning, a young king was riding through the streets, being welcomed by loyal shouts. Among the bells one of deeper tone than the rest was heard distinctly in its turn, and the citizens rejoiced in their grand bell. But what was wanting in that last peal? Had the great 'George d'Amboise' ceased to ring? And peal upon peal follows, and what is that jarring sound which mars the harmony? Alas, alas! the great bell has cracked! Never more will its sweet, powerful voice be heard in Rouen. A sad look spreads over the face of the young monarch. Does he accept this as an omen of discord and sorrow in his reign? Does Louis XVI. foresee how that bell will be melted down for cannon to be used in the sad war of a kingdom divided against itself?

The scene changes to silence. The bells have stopped at last, I thought, dreamily; the new year must have begun. But I soon noticed a group of monks assembled outside a monastery; all eyes turned to a bell which hung from some temporary wooden beams, erected in front of the building, which, as I learnt from a looker-on, was the monastery of S. Gall. 'There is Tandio,' observed my informant; 'they say he can't rest day or night for anxiety about his bell; it's the second he has made.' I looked at the monk, who moved uneasily nearer the bell. 'Charles the Great sent him the silver to make it of, the sound ought to be beautiful,' continued my friend; 'but,' he added, in a lower tone, 'they do say he has hidden the silver, and made the bell of inferior metal.' But all was ready. The ringer seized the rope; the monk moved closer still, the bell struck with a dull, heavy sound, and Tandio fell dead, struck by the clapper, and Charlemagne was avenged. 'It is the judgment of God!' cried the Abbot.

The Swiss mountains have faded away, and instead it is a peaceful English country scene. One solitary figure sits to rest on a wayside stile. It is a plainly-dressed youth with a small bundle beside him; his head rests on his hand, and he seems lost in melancholy thought. A distant peal of bells begins to ring, bearing a strange resemblance to a peal I have heard before. And lo! the bells have voices, and they are addressing the lonely stranger—

'Turn again, Whittington,
Three times Lord Mayor of London.'

And the future Sir Richard Whittington obeys the sound of Bow-bells, and turns again to the fortune prepared for him. Yet in my dream I was puzzled as to how the bells rang six strokes the first time and seven the second.

But the dream changed again, and I seemed to be climbing up endless flights of stairs. I wondered if the ascent would ever end, but at length I stood in the dim light, which was all that even at noonday found its way into the ancient belfry at Ghent. At last I was able to discern a huge bell hanging before me. On the top was a dragon of copper, gilt, and round the bell I read the inscription, 'Mijnen naam is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, en als ik luy is er victorie in het land.' And in rapid succession I seemed to see the scenes of Roland's history pass before me. I seemed to see it hanging in the glorious church of S. Sophia at Constantinople; and then, in the times succeeding the Fourth Crusade, I beheld it transported to Bruges, and placed in the great belfry there. And at length I

'Saw great Artevelde victorious
Scale the Golden Dragon's nest,'

and the bell was transferred to Ghent. And even as I dreamed the belfry seemed to dissolve around me, and I only heard the huge bell ringing the words—

'I am Roland! I am Roland!
There is victory in the land!'

And now I beheld a large army encamped before a city. Over the army floated a banner bearing three marks emblazoned, which might have been toads or might have been *fleurs de lis*. The army, drawn up to assault the town, is listening to an unfamiliar sound. The citizens, in alarm, have caused the bells of S. Stephen's to be rung backwards; and as the gloomy clash reaches the superstitious army of Clothaire II. a panic seizes them, they throw away their arms and fly across the river in wild confusion, and Sens is saved.

My dream now changed to the Eternal City. A deep gloom seemed to hang over the crowd that waited in awed silence for some announcement. At length a whisper spread around, 'He is dead! the Pope is dead! Innocent III. is no more! Peace be with his soul!' And then another piece of news was passed from mouth to mouth—'The Senators of Rome have ordered La Paterina to be tolled! Let us go to the Capitol and hear it!' But ere we could reach the spot the tolling of the huge bell had begun. Sixteen years before the Romans had carried it in triumph from Viterbo, and, hanging it in its present place, had named it after the sect of Paterini, whom they had vanquished. 'It is always to toll for the death of the Supreme Pontiff henceforth,' a voice beside me said. 'Yes,' said another, 'it is to be established as a sure custom, which will never cease as long as the world lasts.' 'Only for four and and a half centuries,' I found myself saying; 'it will not toll for Pius IX.' What answer might have been made to my prophetic speech I know not, for at that moment—

I saw a long procession of pilgrims sweep by me through the streets of an old cathedral city. The sweet notes of a Latin hymn were borne to me on the breeze. It ceased, and all at once the pilgrims began to ring the little bells they carried in their hands, the Canterbury bells, or *Campana Thomæ*, which they afterwards took home with them as charms or remembrances of their visit to the tomb of S. Thomas of Canterbury.

The sun was now getting low in the heavens, when I seemed to be joining the throng who were wending their way across the sweet Sicilian plain, in obedience to the bells which were calling them to hear vespers at the church of Monreale, near Palermo. Methought I could discern two races of men and two kinds of countenance among the crowds. There were gay French soldiers, with a confident and nonchalant air, joking with all around; and there were Sicilians, of dark countenance and steadfast though sad expression. While still the silvery vesper bells were ringing, a shout arose—a rush, a wild struggle, and a French soldier lay a corpse on the ground. In an instant the rumour seemed to spread through the air, and there were no crowds at vespers that day, and ere compline time a thousand swords had been unsheathed, and, as if with one consent, every Frenchman was slain.

And now in my dream I seemed to be sailing over a dark sea in a small vessel. The men who managed the ship were speaking a rude tongue, which I seemed able to understand. They wished the light had lasted longer, as the coast was so dangerous that now they could hardly dare put into the Frith of Forth till the morning. Suddenly across the dark tide came the sound of a bell, rung at irregular intervals. 'The Inchcape Bell!' they all exclaimed; 'we are saved!'

> 'Where the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
> The mariner heard the warning bell;
> And then they knew the perilous rock
> And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.'

A small village green in England, where a group of Saxon churls were listening moodily in the dark to the ringing of a bell. Two thanes standing together turned and walked towards a large house near. 'I like not that sound,' said one; 'it puts me in mind of the hateful Norman.' 'Nay, nay,' replies the other, 'that bell, the curfew, was not invented by William. It hath been rung before, both in England and Normandy, only never was it enforced in small villages as now.' 'I mislike its sound,' returned his friend. 'It is a wholesome preservative against fire, and moreover all honest men should go to their beds at eight o'clock.' 'Ay, but King William doth enforce this bell for the prevention of conspiracy, as he calleth the meeting together of the stout Saxons who love their native land.' 'Mayhap; but we should have fought ere this. Had we been united, we might have driven hence the invader. Now 'tis too late, and honest men's lives would only be lost for no avail; wherefore I have bidden my family to extinguish all fires and lights. So good e'en to you; I must hasten in.'

It was midnight, but lights still burned in the Palace of the Louvre. The young king was still dressed, and seemed to have no intention of retiring to rest. A few persons of different ranks were in his apartment. All looked perplexed, as if they knew not wherefore they had been summoned. The king's state of excitement boded no good. An hour passed, and now the guard, which seemed unusually large, mustered in the palace court. All wore small white crosses, yet they looked not like men going on a crusade. Half-an-hour more, and the palace-bell rang forth three slow strokes. A wild clamour followed almost at once, and all around the work of death began, and S. Bartholomew's Day dawned on a scene of slaughter that has stamped itself more deeply on the human mind than almost any other. A soldier approached me; I felt my doom was sealed. I began to run, but my feet seemed like lead. My pursuer was close; I stood still, and awaited my death-blow. Bells seemed to sound all round me. At one instant I seemed to hear the Jewish High Priest sweep past with the bells ringing on the border of his garment. On the other side, S. Gall seemed to be ringing his little convent-bell near Bregenz, which is still preserved in the great abbey of S. Gall. Then it was S. Pol de Leon requesting from King Marc, his Cornish convert, the gift of the castle-bell for his Hermitage, which bell afterwards floated over to him in Britanny in a fish's mouth; and then Dr. Tresham seemed to be rebaptizing the Great Tom of Oxford by the name Mary, in honour of Queen Mary Tudor; and at last the bright, merry peal of our own parish church sounded distinctly on my ears, and I woke up to know that the New Year was come at last, rung in by

> 'Those climes that tell a thousand tales,
> Sweet tales of olden time;
> And ring a thousand memories
> At vespers and at prime.'

BOG-OAK.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

(Produced by L. S. R.'s answer) Is Castle-building wholesome or unwholesome? Who was Prester John? (Chelsea China).

Stamps received.—Spinning-Jenny, Flotilla, Frances, Mary (too late), Inez, Lauriston.

The omission of the Spindle-berry was noticed by several correspondents in 'Autumn Berries.' It was mentioned by several, and was to have been added, but space failed.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

Will some reader kindly inform me if there is any historical import connected with Haddon Hall, and where it is situated? Also, where is Dunstanbury?—*Frede, Dulwich, S.E.*

Does any one know to whose music the *Story of the Cross* is sung in the Garrison church, Portsmouth? Answer—*Miss Swabey, Langley Marish, Slough.*

Can any one tell me where I can get *Drumclog*, the psalm-tune which Black mentions in *A Daughter of Heth*?

CHARITIES.

No advertisements of things for sale, or for servants.

Our readers will like to see the following account of the Daisy Chain Cot, 1, Cumberland Street, Belgrave Square. If they send P. O. orders to the Editor they had better be payable at the General Post Office:—'In the Daisy Chain Cot was a little maiden recovering from a very severe scalding, and able to sit up and look with much interest at the preparations for tea which were just beginning. I was very much pleased with the hospital; everything was in excellent order, and yet there was an air of home and an absence of rigidity about the place which looked as if the children were very happy. Two most comfortable cats, with highly ornamented collars, walked about very much at their ease. Most of the children seemed in the way to be better; but in one still corner was a wan little creature, slowly creeping back to life from a terrible burn, whom we did not like to disturb, and one baby-boy lay on his side and would not be roused to interest. The others were either sitting up at the clean deal tables or had their little shelves before them in the cots, waiting for grace to be said before they began upon their milk, bread, and water-cresses.'—*F. M. P.*

We would also speak urgently of the needs of the Portsea Nursery of the Good Shepherd, an excellent institution as a *crèche*. Clothes, pictures, and toys are very valuable. Gifts in clothing, &c., received by Mr. Alnutt, 28, Union Street, Portsea.

Wanted—Scraps (coloured) especially, and Christmas cards for hospital albums, by *F. M. P., Boxworth Rectory, S. Ives, Huntingdonshire*, and *E. P. B.*, 13, *Powis Road, Brighton;* also *Miss Coombe, Chippenham House, Slough.* Flowers, ivy, or any fresh green country leaves, &c., for the East End poor, by *Miss Barlow, S. Augustine's Mission Home, Greenfield Street, Commercial Road, E.*

Institutions or Homes—For an idiotic child of five.—*A. C.*

For an intelligent young woman, able to be useful, but not strong enough for service.—*Mrs. Bayne*, 40, *York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.*

Home or Institution where a cripple girl of seventeen can be received; 13*l.* a year could be paid for her support. Her lameness is from the ankles, but she can walk without assistance, stand all day at the wash-tub, and is clever at her needle. She has no home, and is not eligible for the Cripples' Home in Marylebone Road.—*Miss B. C. Curteis, Leesom, Rye, Sussex.*

The address and the manner of applying for Hetherington's Charity for the blind?—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

EXCHANGES OF BOOKS.

Adam Bede, 2 vols., cloth, or Knatchbull-Hugessen's *Fairy Tales*, as good as new, for *The Water Babies.—Mrs. Seymour Smith*, 153, *Gordon Road, Nunhead, S.E.*

One vol. of Morris's *Earthly Paradise* for a vol. of R. Browning's *Poems.—Edith Hardcastle, S. Thomas Street House, Cirencester.*

To exchange monthly, the *Cornhill*, or other good publication. Each posted on the 15th.—*Mrs. Thorne, Bridgham Rectory, East Harling, Norfolk.*

To exchange, *The Lost Chord* (Sullivan), *The Flower Song* from Faust (Gounod). Wanted, *My Love has gone a Sailing* (Molloy), *It was a Dream* (F. Cowen), *O come ye from Newcastle?* (Macfarren). Address—*Miss Lizzie Godfrey, Court-y-Gollen, Crickhowell.*

Good Words, 2 vols. 1865, 1867, at 4*s.* 6*d.* 1872 to 1877, unbound, 3*s.* 6*d.* a vol.; *Macmillan, Expositor* 1877, *Argosy* 1875, 1876, *Sunday Magazine* 1871. Any of the above, or Keble's *Poems*, nearly new, exchanged for *How to Follow Christ*, either in

the twelve separate parts or bound. It is published by Masters. Address—*Miss Bennet, 6, S. Mary's Square, Bury S. Edmunds, Suffolk.* [The above address was wrongly printed in the March number.]

I want a copy of Molière in 6 vols. quarto, ed. 1734, and would gladly pay any price that may be asked, or give the same value in books. Address—*Miss B. C. Curteis, Leesom, Rye, Sussex.*

Wanted to exchange two vols. of *The Sunday Magazine*, from October 1874 to September 1876, unbound, in good condition, for *The Monthly Packet* for 1877. Address—*Miss Dixon, Arthur Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.*

BOOKS TO SELL, &c.

Miss M. Hardy, 45, *Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E.*, has the following magazines to sell: *The Monthly Packet* for 1876 and 1877, unbound, at half-price. *The Churchman's Companion* for the years 1868, 1869, 1870, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, all unbound and half-price.

Miss L. Penrose, Grenmore, Queenstown, Co. Cork.—Good Words for 1863, 1864, 1865, 1868, for any moderate sum, well bound, not too large to send by post. Also, to give away, *The Net* for two or three years back.

Complete unbound numbers of *Good Words* for 1877, including *Good Cheer*, for 3*s.*, carriage or postage being paid by the purchaser. Address—*M. B. H., Peer's Court, Dursley.*

Two vols., in very good order, of *The Churchman's Companion*, vols. xxxv. and xxxvi., 1864, to dispose of for 4*s.* 6*d.*, postage free; and one vol. *Penny Post*, 1867, for 1*s.* 6*d.*, both nicely bound. Address—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

Miss M. Dyer, Madame Roffe, 4, *Waterloo Terrace, Newbury, Berks.*—Christmas numbers 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, *Monthly Packets*, unbound, 1875, 1876, 1877, and last six months of 1874, at half-price, or to exchange one year for vol. iii. of Miss Yonge's *Cameos*, or *Art Schools of Christendom.*

G. M. Carr, Whitworth Parsonage, Willington, near Durham.—Ten bound vols. of *The Penny Post*, from 1851 to 1855, also for 1857, 1858, 1860, 1861, and 1863, 1*s.* a volume, in fair condition. Carriage not paid.

Miss Davies, 178, *Oakley Street, Chelsea.*—Fifty cloth-bound copies of the S.P.C.K. *Children's Service and Hymn Books*, price 1*d.* each. They are quite clean.

Miss L. Donne, Belle Vue Lodge, S. John's, Burgess Hill, Sussex.—Ten vols. of *Churchman's Companion*, from 1867 to 1871, in perfect condition, bound in cloth, for 1*l.*

Miss Turnour wishes either to sell at half-price, or to exchange with some other village library, from thirty to forty books, almost all containing simple and pretty stories. Address—*Ellenhall Vicarage, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.*

Will any one send illustrated papers—*Graphic, Illustrated News, Punch*, &c.—for the benefit of a Working Men's Club in Kensington? The papers need not be new, but it would be a great boon if they could be sent every week regularly. Address—*C. A. A*, 6, *Marlow Road, Kensington, W.*

F. S. H. has a quantity of old music she would be glad to exchange or sell. Address—*Miss F. S. Hughes*, 16, *Dix's Field, Exeter.*

Miss Inland, Downton, Shrewsbury, would be glad to sell or exchange *Church and No Church*, by Rev. A. H. Hore (new). Wants a *Concordance* to Shakespeare at moderate price. Will not mind taking an old copy, or would give for a good one Tyrrell's *War with Russia*, 6 vols., cost 2*l.* 5*s.*, good condition.

Wanted *The Monthly Packet* for April 1869, also April 1871 and January 1873. Address—*Miss E. Manning, Diss Rectory, Norfolk.*

Will any one help a small library in a London parish by giving books or magazines for circulation amongst the poor? Address—*Miss Finn, The Elms, Brook Green, London, W.*

BOOKS WANTED TO BORROW.

Will any one kindly lend me *Le Mot d'un Enigme*? I will of course be glad to pay the postage both ways. Address—*Miss E. A. Burton, Shadwell Lodge, Carlisle.*

Blackie on *Self-Culture*. I will pay the postage both ways. Address—*Fera, Post Office, Cardiff.*

Will any lady kindly lend me *At Sixes and Sevens*, by Alice Weber, for a short time? Much care shall be taken of it, and of course postage paid both ways. Address—*Miss L. Howes, Cathedral Close, Norwich.*

G. G. G. very much wants the following books, but cannot afford to buy them:—*S. James's Lectures* (*Companions for Devout Life*), Professor J. C. Shairp's books,

and Mrs. Browning's *Poems*. Would any reader of *The Monthly Packet* exchange them for very well worked S.A.N. designs for furniture, or Giacomelli's *Elements of Singing*, cost 16*s*. ? It would be a *very* great kindness, and if they will send their addresses to the next month's number *G. G. G.* will write to them.

BOOKS BEGGED FOR.

The Guild of S. John the Baptist, for young women living in active life, has a library for lending to them much in want of almost any kind of useful, interesting, and innocent books. They will be received either by the *Assistant Superior, House of Mercy, Clewer, Windsor*, or the *Rev. A. L. Jukes, care of Sister Superior, S. John Baptist House, 9, Rose Street, Soho Square.*

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Mrs. C. Smyth, Woodford Rectory, Thrapston, would be glad to correspond with any one having second-hand copies for disposal of the undermentioned or other books suitable for a parish lending library, in fairly good condition :—*Kenneth, Master of Churchill Abbots, &c., The Bishop's Little Daughter, Lances of Lynwood, Castle Builders, Little Duke, The Pigeon Pie*, any volumes of *Magazine for the Young* from its commencement, any volumes of *Penny Post* from 1850 to present time, any volumes of *Churchman's Companion* from its commencement to 1860, Jones's *Stories for the Christian Year, Maiden of Our Own Day.*

Mrs. H. Walker, Witton Lodge, Blythe, Worksop.—Christmas numbers of *Monthly Packet* before 1873. Half-price or exchange.

M. L. M. would be glad to buy all the numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1877, except the Christmas number. She will give 6*s*. for them unbound, but complete. Address—67, *Parkfield Road, Liverpool.*

Wanted at half-price, two or three days after publication, *Punch*. Address—*M. Alice Morgan, Milford Haven, South Wales.*

Christmas number of *Monthly Packet* for 1877. Address—*Mrs. Lurton, Woodville, Ilfracombe.*

BOOKS TO GIVE AWAY.

K. E. D. has vols. ii., iii., iv., v., vi., vii. of *Church Bells*, bound up, to give away. Carriage to be paid. Address—*K. E. Daly*, 23, *Albion Street, Hull.*

If *Student's Gibbon* (*Rome*), *Smith's Small History* (*Greece*), *Pinnock's Rome, Pinnock's Greece*, French Dictionary, and some other school books are of any use to a reading-room or society they shall be sent, carriage paid. Address—*Mrs. Swabey, Langley Marish, Slough.*

I have the unbound numbers of *The Literary Churchman* for 1876 and 1877, and would be glad to give them to any one who would like them. Address—*Miss J. Armitage, Dadnor, Ross.*

ANSWERS.

Daisy.—The *Name* necessarily involves the doctrine of God as revealed to us, therefore of the Holy Trinity.—ED.

Signora.—(1) There is a book by Tom Hood the Younger called (probably) *How to Write English Verse*. (2) *Cristiani ed Ebrei nel Medio Evo, del Prof. Giuseppe Levi dei Vercelli*. Firenze, Le Monnier, 1865 (4 fr.) Not quite what you want, but helpful.—*R. F. L.*

Henrietta Churchill.—The 'Fisherman's Ring' (*Anello Pescatorio*) is the Pope's ring of office, and is so called because engraved with a figure of S. Peter dragging nets out of the water from a boat. It is first mentioned as in use in 1265 ; and though originally employed as the Pope's private signet for his personal correspondence, the custom ever since about 1450 has been to use it for sealing Papal Briefs only, that is, formal papers and licences concerning matters not important enough to be dealt with by Bulls. The Fisherman's Ring is taken from the finger of the dead Pope by the Maestro di Camera, and by him given over to the Cardinal Camerlengo or Regent, who causes it to be broken in presence of the Cardinals on their first general assembly, the day after the Pope's decease. A new seal is engraved for the new Pope.—*R. F. L.*

Betty.—There never was any such story in *The Monthly Packet.*

C. A. W.—The 'sardonic smile' was named from a root growing in Sardinia, so nauseous that it contracted the features.

A Reader of 'The Monthly Packet.'—If Miss Sewell's *History of Greece* be not sufficiently advanced, either the single volumes in Longman's series on *Ancient History*, or Thirlwall's *Greece*. Lord Derby's translation of Homer is the best for your purpose.

Alpha recommends *Meditations for Three Weeks*, price 4*d*. It is to be procured at any bookseller's. It is written anonymously, and is extremely good.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

'Rouse to some high and holy work of love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,' &c.,

may be quoted in *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, but *S. H. O.* met with the lines many years before the publication of that book in a little volume of American poetry, called, she thinks, *The Harp of American Poetry*. She unfortunately does not recollect the name of the author of the lines.

Whence comes—

'At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen
A page with a courser black,
When out came a knight of noble mien
And leaped on the courser's back'?

—*H.*

Nita.—*A Thankful Heart* was written by the late Superior of the Sisterhood of S. Thomas, Oxford—Sister Beatrice. She died August, 1872.—*C. R.*

Frances.—'Redburn Vicarage and the Guests' is in *Chatterbox* for December 23d, 1876.—*E. L. W.*

B. A.—

'What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's power
How vain were all I knew!'

—From the oratorio of *Solomon*.

Vera would be much obliged if any one will tell her whence the Litany of Bishop Andrewes, at the end of the *Eucharistica*, comes. It is not in Newman's translation of his *Devotions*. Also, is the bit quoted in *Our Young Ladies*, beginning 'O Thou who hast likened Thy Second Coming,' &c. a part of it, as these words are not in the *Eucharistica* version?

SOCIETIES.

Where it is possible to compare results, these should always be included in the rules. Drawing, work of all kinds and the results of reading can be compared, and ought to be. It is a hard saying, but to enter societies trusting to honour alone may be putting oneself into temptation.

Music Practising Society.—Prizes given. Rules may be had by sending a stamped envelope to *Miss Parry Thomas, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire*. Miss Thomas would like to hear of a society for practising singing.

Three members are wanted for an Essay Society, in which there are excellent criticisms and no subscription; a first and second prize. Rules may be had from *Mrs. Sutcliffe*, 2, *Bideford Terrace, Great Yarmouth*.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Miss T., Swallowcliffe Vicarage, Salisbury, begs to acknowledge with grateful thanks parcels from C., Puss, Belfast, H. M., A. T., M. C. W., Mrs. F., Louie, A. T. D., H. B., E. F. Baker, Rica, A Sympathiser in Scotland, H. E. C., Ethel, Maude, and Bryan, A Very Humble Offering, Mrs. Edwin Courage. Also parcels with the following post-marks:—Uppingham, Lifford, Asley, Guise, Darlington, Birmingham, Wimbledon, Thetford. Also eleven parcels with no clue to their kind senders or the place from which they came. Some nice parcels of filoselle and other silks are most useful; indeed everything received is useful.

E. K. 5*l.* for Daisy Chain Cot.

Miss Dromington Jefferson, Miss C. A., Mc D., M. Otter, Springfield, for *Faith of Our Fathers, Daily, daily*.

Miss Cole, Kirdford Vicarage, to many subscribers to whom she was unable to reply separately.

Barbara's best thanks to S. J. B. for *The Atheneum* containing the account of 'The Blessed Damozel.' She is also much obliged by S. J. B.'s kind note, with permission to keep the paper.

A. H. P. for scraps from Birkenhead.

F. thanks Miss N. very much for the books, which will be most useful. The extra carriage was 7*d.*

For Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—C. M. B., 1*l.*; Mrs. Allen, 12*s.* 6*d.*; Rev. C. Mackie, 1*l.*; A. B., 1*l.*

A Wild Irishwoman very gratefully thanks F. C. L., Miss Burgess, E. W., A. E. A. and G. H. B., Miss Hatfield, L. D., Maidenhair, Netta, Mary Smith, F. M. B., A. B., S. B., Y. B., Miss Moore and Miss Annie Moore, Nellie, E. K. H., Mrs. Dymond, and from York and Aberavon, for Christmas cards and scraps they have so kindly sent her.

Miss G. B. Curteis begs to thank all the friends who so kindly sent gifts for New Zealand in 1877. *Miss Frances Robertson Macdonald*, 41, *Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill, London*, will receive any gifts this year, as Miss Bathie is no longer able to do so. The name of the sender, and 'For New Zealand,' should be on the outside of parcels, which should be prepaid; and it is requested that a letter may be sent *by post* with a list of the contents, and a directed post-card for acknowledgment. Any information will be gladly given by *Miss C. A. Gordon*, 23, *Lansdowne Road, Tunbridge Wells.*

Adelaide wishes to know of a book of instructions on modelling in clay.

Spider Subjects.

Self-respect and Self-assertion—not Self-esteem, as Bath-Brick made it—has been answered by seventeen Spiders. S. B. and Lady Betty seem to approve self-assertion in man, whereas simplicity, and performance of duty without a thought of self, would, it seems to us, have nerved the orator and soldier much better; and certainly if Lord Nelson had had self-respect he would never have presented such lamentable contrasts. Lancashire Weaver and a new Spider are good in substance, but the wording confused; A. D., good, but not well put together; Alert, not quite clear; Simple Susan, very good; Brown Spider, good conversation; Wampas, Grizel, E. S. M., M. B., Elfie, fair; M. A. M., if so short, should be more effective; Spinning-Jenny goes deepest, which space, alas! forbids ARACHNE to insert.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-ASSERTION.

THERE were once two generals (their descendants, if not they themselves, exist to the present day)—the name of the one was Self-respect, that of the other Self-assertion.

Now one of these generals had a good reputation, the other a very indifferent one indeed; yet, strange to say, there were some people who professed themselves unable to perceive any difference in their characters, assuring every one that such differences as even they could not fail to observe were merely superficial, and that the two commanders were very closely connected, in fact members of the same noble house—a house, at least, that called itself noble. And this mistaken notion did not conduce to the raising of the reputation of Self-assertion, but to the damage of the character of Self-respect; nay, some went even so far as to say that the former was really almost the better man of the two, inasmuch as *he* never pretended to be other than he really was, and was not deficient in a certain kind of courage, whereas (they said) Self-respect, though really of much the same character as the other, was just clever enough to manage to keep from open blame. And by degrees they began to dislike that brave and good general, and even to give him opprobrious names, more than can be told.

Now while Self-respect was still under this cloud, it chanced that war was declared with his country, and to each commander was given an important town on the frontier; they were to keep the enemy in check till the king himself should come up with the main body of the army which he was busy collecting.

Self-assertion received his command as every one knew he would; vowing loyalty to death to his monarch; but he had not much fear; he rather thought *he* could protect the town—the enemy knew something of *him*, and so on. So he went off, trumpets blowing and colours flying, to his post. Town gossip said that of all the trumpets none blew so loudly as his own. I said that every one was pretty sure how Self-assertion would receive his charge; but Self-respect's manner puzzled them. Some had said that he would decline the command altogether; but he accepted it without a word, simply bowed respectfully to the king, and went his way without parade or fuss of any kind. However, if his enemies, and even his friends, were disappointed in their expectation of some grand heroics on the part of the injured general, the king himself was perfectly satisfied.

At last the invading army came up to the attack of the town held by Self-assertion. This commander had been keeping up the spirits of his garrison (and perhaps his own) by recounting his former victories, the towns he had stormed, the celebrated prisoners he had taken, and so on; but it was remarked afterwards that all these achievements had been in the aggressive line. The truth was, that Self-assertion had not sufficient courage to enable him to stand long on the defensive, and his valiant manner was assumed as much to conceal his real weakness as for any other reason. Nor were his soldiers long in discovering this, and they soon lost their respect for him altogether.

Nevertheless, for some time Self-assertion managed to restrain the natural presumptuous rashness of his disposition, and keep his garrison to guarding the walls without exposing themselves; but this could not last long. The enemy knew him of old, and soon thought of a means of bringing him out. One of their chief warriors rode round the city, offering a challenge to the defenders, in contemptuous terms.

This was quite enough for the governor. He fell into the trap, and rushed out with a badly-armed and undisciplined band of followers, too glad to be able again to assume the offensive. The result was what might have been expected; the sortie was beaten back, he himself wounded, and, worst of all, the enemy burst through one of the now weakly-guarded gates, and the city was taken.

This then was the end of Self-assertion's city; and the enemy, emboldened by success, marched on to the attack of that held by Self-respect.

They found here none of the ostentatious display of strength which had marked the scene of their recent victory, and it was not till the attack commenced that they began to discover how very strong both garrison and defences really were. Now Self-respect had that perfect command of every soldier under him, the want of which had been so fatal to his companion in arms. He never tried to encourage them by tales of his deeds of valour; but they knew that they had a master-hand over them, and while they respected and obeyed, they loved him none the less.

The enemy finding that direct assault of the apparently weak walls would be a fruitless task, tried the same device to draw the garrison out of the town which had succeeded so well with Self-assertion. But in Self-respect they had a very different adversary. Perfectly unmoved by taunts and reproaches, he remained quietly behind his walls, and they found themselves obliged to try something else.

Late one night an arrow was shot into the town, to which was attached a letter addressed to the governor. It contained a seemingly friendly hint, from an unknown hand, to the effect that his present line of action (or rather *in*action) was quite mistaken. A little less dignity, a feigned sally even, would (the writer knew on good authority) have the happiest effect on the enemy, whose respect had been won by his conduct, and who only wanted a decent excuse for retiring. If then he had the good of his country more at heart than the sustaining of his own reputation for caution and discipline, he would not fail to embrace this opportunity of asserting his superiority without endangering his charge. But the wise general saw too plainly that what they wanted was to induce him by any means to leave his posture of defence, and take the aggressive line which they had found so convenient in their former attack; so he took no notice whatever of this missive, knowing that while he kept his men together and stayed quiet nothing could take the town by force.

But the details of the lengthy attack cannot be told here, however interesting. Suffice it to say that Self-respect, standing steadfastly on the defensive, kept the city till the king, coming up, put the enemy to flight, and in one or two battles brought the war to a successful close.

Self-assertion had, by that time, entirely recovered from his wound, severe though it was (he had a wonderful constitution), and appeared again at court as cheerful as ever: but when the king, in the presence of all the nobility of the realm, bestowed the highest order in that country on General Self-respect, one hearty and unanimous burst of applause broke from all present; and there was no one who failed to perceive and acknowledge the essential difference between Self-assertion, the son of a knight better known than respected, of the name of Self-conceit, and Self-respect, the worthy representative of that branch of the noble house of True-Valour, which is closely

connected with that of Di cretion, and boasts of no less an original ancestor than Humility. INEZ.

Of the Charleses, Cape Jasmine, Bubbles, Lady Betty, have made good little histories, but too long to use. Roma, Undine, Sewing-Machine, Muriel, The Turk, New Spider, Bianca, Dan, Daughter of Erin, Amy, Topsy, Pussie, Hecla, Gretchen, will see their omissions by a reference to Bog-Oak.

KINGS OF THE NAME OF CHARLES.

KARL, a *man* in his perfection, as it is originally a Teutonic name, so it has been carried by Teutons into all countries where they have borne rule. It is connected in derivation with the words *carle* and *churl*, an instance of how words deteriorate in meaning. We find it first in Sweden, where indeed it dates from a fabulous antiquity. Then among the Frankish Emperors of France and Germany, whence the name spread successively to Naples, Hungary, Navarre, Savoy, Spain, and England. The following tables give the sovereigns in these countries, in the order in which the name began to be used by the kings in each. The dates and one or two remarks are attached to each name for purposes of identification. This seems necessary even to a mere enumeration.

KINGS OF SWEDEN.

	A.D.	
Karl I. Karl II.	} —	These two kings reigned some time between Noah and the Christian Era.
Karl III.	131—169.	——
Karl IV.	670—676.	Son of Hakon II.
Karl V.	676—685.	Son of the above.
Karl VI.	856—868.	——
Karl VII. (Karl Swerker).	1162—1168.	Son of Swerker II. elected by the Ostrogoths, first king of Sweden and Gothland.
Karl VIII. (Knutson Bonde).	1448—1470.	Twice expelled by the clergy, during which period his nephew reigned.
Karl IX.	1604—1612.	Youngest son of Gustavus Vasa. Raised to the throne in the lifetime of his nephew, K. Sigismund.
Karl X. (Gustavus).	1654—1660.	Succeeded his cousin Christina on her abdication.
Karl XI.	1660—1697.	Son of the above.
Karl XII.	1697—1715.	Son of Karl XI. Invaded Russia. Was succeeded by his sister.
Karl XIII.	1809.	Chosen on the exile of his nephew Gustav IV. He adopted Bernadotte as his successor.
Karl XIV. (Jean Baptiste Julien Bernadotte).	—	One of Napoleon's generals. Chosen crown prince of Sweden and took the name of *Karl*.

KINGS OF FRANCE.

Charles I. le Grand, or Charlemagne.	768—814.	Emperor of Germany and King of France and Italy.	Charles VII. le Victorieux.	1422—1461.	Son of Charles VI. Recovered his kingdom from the English.
Charles II. le Chauve.	841—877.	Youngest son of Louis le Débonnaire.	Charles VIII. l'Affable.	1483—1498.	Son of Louis XI. Left no children. Was succeeded by his cousin, Louis XII.
Charles III. le Simple.	898—929.	Son of Louis le Bègue. Put to death at Peronne.	Charles IX.	1560—1574.	Second son of Henri II. was succeeded by his brother, Henri III., the last of the house of Valois.
Charles IV. le Bel.	1322—1328.	Youngest son of Philippe le Bel.	Charles X.	1824—1830.	House of Bourbon. This sovereign was the last "King of France."
Charles V. le Sage.	1364—1380.	Of the house of Valois. Son of Jean le Bon.			
Charles VI. le Bien Aimé.	1380—1422.	Son of the above. Insane for 30 years.			

N.B.—Some writers omit Charlemagne, and include Charles le Gros among the French kings of this name. But all agree that the Fourth Charles is le Bel.

EMPERORS OF GERMANY.

Karl I. Charlemagne.	800—814.	Carlovingian race. First Emperor of Germany.	Karl VI.	1711—1740.	Succeeded his brother, Joseph I. Was father of the Empress Maria Theresa.
Karl II. Charles le Chauve.	875—877.	Can scarcely be considered to have reigned as emperor.	Karl VII. Charles of Bavaria.	1742—1745.	Became a candidate for the Empire on the death of Charles VI. Was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle during the war of the Austrian succession.
Karl III. Charles le Gros.	879—888.	Son of Louis the German.			
Karl IV.	1347—1378.	Of the house of Luxemburg. Son of Johann of Bohemia			
Karl V. (of Ghent).	1519—1558.	House of Austria. Also King of Spain and sovereign of the Low Countries.			

KINGS OF THE FIRST HOUSE OF ANJOU IN NAPLES.

	A.D.			A.D.	
Carlo I. Charles of Anjou.	1265—1285.	Brother of St. Louis of France. Received investiture of the Two Sicilies from Pope Urban IV.	Carlo III. (of Durazzo).	1382—1385.	Great grandson of the above. Succeeded his aunt, Giovanna I. Murdered in Hungary.
Carlo II. the Lame.	1285—1309.	Son of the above. King of Naples only.

SPANISH HOUSE OF BOURBON IN NAPLES AND SICILY.

Carlo I.	1746—1759.	Afterwards Carlo III. of Spain.

KINGS OF HUNGARY.

Charles Martel.	1290—1301.	King of Sicily. Crowned K. of Hungary, but never reigned.	(Parvus).		Durazzo. Adopted by Louis the Great.
Charles Robert, or Carobert.	1310—1342.	Of the house of Naples.	Charles VI. Emperor and King of Hungary.	1712—1740.	House of Austria.
Carlo.	1385—1386.	Son of the Prince of			

KINGS OF NAVARRE.

Carlos I. or Charles IV. le Bel of France.	1322—1328.	Reckoned as the first of the name in Navarre, but he was succeeded by his niece, Jeanne, daughter of Louis Hutin.	Carlos III. le Bon.	1359—1386.	Son of Carlos II.
			Carlos IV. le Noble.	1386—1426.	Son of Carlos III.
Carlos II. le Mauvais.	1349—1359.	Son of Jeanne, Q. of Navarre, and Philippe d'Evreux.	Carlos V. (Prince of Viana).	1441—1457.	Never really bore the title. Was poisoned by his father, Juan I. of Aragon.

DUKES OF SAVOY (KINGS OF CYPRUS) AND KINGS OF SARDINIA.

Charles I. the Warlike.	1482—1489.	Duke of Savoy and K. of Cyprus. Succeeded his brother.	Charles Emmanuel I. the Great.	1580—1630.	Son of Emmanuel Philibert.
Charles II.	1489—1496.	Duke of Savoy and titular K. of Cyprus. Son of the above.	Charles Emmanuel II.	1638—1675.	Succeeded his brother.
Charles III. the Good.	1504—1553.	Duke of Savoy and titular K. of Cyprus. His dominions were taken by François I.	Charles Emmanuel III.	1732—1773.	Succeeded his father, Victor Amadeus II.
			Charles Emmanuel IV.	1796.	Son of Victor Amadeus III.

KINGS OF SPAIN.

Carlos I. or Charles V. of Germany.	1516—1556.	First of the house of Austria in Spain. Son of Juana of Aragon and Philip of Austria.	Carlos III.	1759—1788.	Son of Philippe V. Of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Succeeded his brother, Fernando VI.
			Carlos IV.	1788—1808.	Son of the above. Abdicated in favour of his son, Fernando VII.
Carlos II.	1665—1700.	Son of Philip IV. Last of the Spanish house of Austria.			

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

Charles I. the Martyr.	1625—1649.	Second sovereign of the house of Stuart. Beheaded.	Charles II.	1649—1685.	Son of the above. Restored 1660.

The present King of Wurtemburg is Charles.

BOG-OAK.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

The history of a porcelain tea-cup.

Mention the chief battle-songs, with historical associations, ancient and modern ?

Stamps received: Elfie, New Spider, Grey Squirrel, Polypodium.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'We read the mystery of life in Jesus dying,
The victory of life in Jesus dead,' &c.

—*A. H. M.*

'O for a heart to love our God—
A heart from sin set free!'.

—*M. E. L.*

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

'At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen
A page with a courser black.
There came out a knight of noble mien,
And he leaped on the courser's back;
His arms were bright, his heart was light,
And he sang this merry lay:
"How jollily lives a fair young knight—
He loves, and he rides away."

'A lady looked over the castle wall,
And she heard the knight thus sing;
The lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring.
"And did'st thou then thy true love plight,
And was it but to betray?
Oh, tarry a while, my own dear knight—
In pity don't ride away!"

'The knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful glanced his eye;
He gave the spur to his prancing steed—
"Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!"
And soon he vanished from her sight,
While she was heard to say—
"Oh, ladies, beware of a fair young knight—
He'll love, and he'll ride away!"

A ballad written probably fifty years ago. I have the music, but it is not very interesting.—*M. K.*

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

A. S.—*Rosamond Fane, Old Oak Staircase, Snow-ball Society, Chronicles of Æscendune, Gaudentius.*

Frances.—Monro's *Harry and Archie*, Tom Hood's *Rules of Rhyme.*

ANSWERS.

Anna is informed that the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Pusey in which allusion is made to the pamphlet, *Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*, is entitled *Christianity without the Cross a corruption of the Gospel of Christ.* It was preached in 1875. Price 6*d.*, and is sold by Rivington and at Parker's.—*C. J. D. W.*

Lambda.—(1) The phrase of St. Ambrose, 'Where Peter is, there is the Church,' occurs in the thirtieth section of his sermon on Psalm xl. (xlj. A. V.). The whole passage is in St. Ambrose's very obscurest style, but the context shows that his meaning is, that what was said to Peter by Christ in St. Matt. xvi. 18, 19, was said to the whole Church, and is not to be restricted to St. Peter alone. Even so, the passage is anything but clear, till we compare it with other sentences in the saint's remaining writings, and in them (*e.g. De Incarn. Sacram.* iv. 33; *Expos. S. Lucæ*, vi. 94, 95, 97—99) we find that faith in Christ is the foundation of the Church, and that all true believers may be rocks, foundations, and Peters, if only they hold closely to Christ. (2) If you have not much time for reading, and have but little acquaintance with theology, you can do better for yourself than embark on so wide, discursive, and

unsystematic course of study as the Fathers; but if your mind be made up on that head, the following authors' treatises will give you enough to work upon. The Apostolic Fathers:—(Ignatius, Clement, Polycarp, Hermas); St. Justin Martyr's *Apology, Apostolic Constitutions;* Neale and Littledale's *Translation of the Primitive Liturgies;* St. Cyprian on the *Unity of the Church;* St. Cyril's, of Jerusalem, *Catechetical Lectures;* St. Augustine's *Confessions, City of God, Sermons on the Psalms, Commentary on St. John.* All these can be had, some in Messrs. T. and T. Clark's Ante-Nicene Christian Library, others in the Oxford Library of the Fathers.

Haddon Hall is in Derbyshire. An account may be found in any guide book.

BOOKS ASKED FOR.

Books or magazines for a Sunday School Library which much needs increasing.—*Miss A. Innes*, 22, *Feddes Row, Edinburgh.*

Any volumes of Mr. Isaac Williams's *Commentary*, or Keble's or Liddon's sermons, very gladly received and forwarded to New Zealand by Miss Weale, if sent by post or railway, carriage paid; also books suitable for Parochial Lending Libraries.—*Church House, Whitchurch Canonicorum, Bridport.*

EXCHANGES OF BOOKS.

L. B., Spixworth Park, Norwich, has a new 6*s.* edition of Tennyson's *Harold* for Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches*, in good condition, 6*s.* edition.

Ten vols. of *Sunshine*, bound, and one vol. unbound, two vols. of *Chatterbox*, bound, and the numbers for 1877 unbound, and the numbers of *Little Folks* for 1877 unbound, all in good condition, some nearly new, half-price, or exchange for any volumes of *The Monthly Packet* or other books by Miss Yonge, in good condition. Address—*K. M. H., S. George's Vicarage, Ravensbourne Park, Catford, S.E.*

Churchman's Companion for 1876, well bound, in two vols., for *The Monthly Packet* for 1877, either bound or unbound.—*Beverlac, Beverley, Yorkshire.*

Two vols. of *The People's Magazine*, one vol. of *Sunday at Home, Good Stories*, Erskine Clark, and about twenty story-books published by the S.P.C.K., for any books suitable for a Lending Library.—*Mrs. Keenlyside, Vernon House, Surbiton.*

Heller's *Petit Album* (Boosey, No. 161), *quite* new, for Mozart's Symphony in E flat, or Haydn's *Ox Minuet.* Neither of these need be quite new, as long as they are in fair order.—*Miss J. Allen, 7, York Place, Clifton, Bristol.*

F. M. S. has four bound volumes of *All the Year Round*, which she wishes to exchange for Mrs. Browning's *Poems*, or for two vols. of Ruskin's works, or for *The Treasury of Botany* and *Musings on the Christian Year.*—*F. M. S., Little Hickstead, Cuckfield.*

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

The Castle Builders, by Miss Yonge; *Winnie's Mistakes*, by Florence Wilford.—*Mrs. M., The Croft, Walton-on-Thames.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* supply me with the Christmas number for 1877? Full price and postage.—*J. W., Ewell Manor, Maidstone.*

Half-price offered for *Monthly Packet* a few weeks after publication.—*Miss M. Denston, 3, Church Terrace, Malvern, Worcestershire.*

The volume of numbers of *Monthly Packet* for 1874, either bound or unbound.—*Mrs. George Hewlett, Preaner Green, Worley, near Weston-super-Mare.*

BOOKS WANTED TO BORROW.

The Castle Builders, by Miss Yonge.—*Miss Sorge, Green Fields, Little Sutton, Chester.*

Regent Rosalind. Care shall be taken of it, postage paid both ways, and it shall not be kept long.—*Miss L. Howes, Cathedral Close, Norwich.*

Will any one lend me a copy of Bishop Sparrow's *Sermon on Confession*, preached before the University? It is sometimes bound up with his *Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer.* Great care shall be taken of it, it shall be speedily returned, and postage paid both ways.—*Rev. G. S. Cuthbert, The Vicarage, Market Drayton.*

M. D., 14, *Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh*, will gladly send a copy of *Drumclog* to the individual who asks for it in last month's *Monthly Packet*, if she knows where to address it.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

The Canticles and Psalter arranged for Gregorian Chanting, by Dorant Nottingham, half-price.—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

Vol. xviii., New Series, of *The Monthly Packet*, at half-price.—*Miss Lowder, Wood Bank, Lordship Lane, Surrey, S.E.*

Twelve numbers of *The Monthly Packet*, unbound and in good condition, for the year 1877, half-price. Carriage to be paid by the purchaser.—*Miss Maddy*, 10, *Queen's Gate Terrace, Queen's Gate, S. W.*

Forty vols., newly bound, of various magazines, suitable for a lending library, at half-price, altogether or separately. List will be sent on application to *Miss Glennie*, 68, *Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.*

Held in Bondage and *Winifred Bertram* for books by Miss Yonge or Florence Wilford; and she would give *Friendly Leaves*, unbound, for 1877, to Girls' Lending Library, if postage paid.—*E. H.*

At half-price, *Monthly Packet*, from 1857 to 1873; *Churchman's Companion*, from 1864 to 1870; *Martin Chuzzlewit; Once a Week*, from 1868 to 1870; *Chambers's Journal*, from 1867 to 1869; Routledge's *Boy's Annual* for 1865; Beeton's *Boys' Magazine for* 1865, 1866; *Boy's Own Book, Young Gentleman's Magazine, Goldsmith's Animated Nature* (coloured illustrations), Markham's *France* and *England*, Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry*, and two Latin Dictionaries.—*A. B. S., care of Editor.*

Miss Cowlard, S. Brewood Vicarage, Bodmin.—Sixteen vols. of *The Magazine for the Young*, 1860 to 1875, unbound numbers, 1871, 1873, 1874; bound vols. to be sold for 1*s.* 3*d.* each vol., numbers 1*s.* each year. Six vols. of *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, from two to seven, New Series, from April, 1861, to October, 1863. One vol. of *The Young Englishwoman* for 1867; to be sold for 1*s.* each vol. Also some music, to be sold for 3*d.* each piece. List sent on application.

I have 1864 and 1865 of *The Penny Post*, one vol., to be sold for 1*s.* 6*d.*; and one vol. of *Our Own Fireside*, vol. iii., for 2*s.*—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

QUESTIONS.

Name and publisher of the song of Barnby's mentioned in the April issue of *Sundays and Holidays.*—*Wild Thyme.*

The meaning of the term *Chauvinism.*—*E. C. C.*

CHARITIES.

A hospital for a poor girl suffering from epileptic fits.—*Mrs. Every, S. Kew Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

Can any one tell me of a nice home, near the sea if possible, where a motherless girl of fourteen can be taught and trained for service on payment of 6*l.* to 8*l.* per annum?—*Miss S. E. Rouquette, Walthamstow, Essex.*

Miss L. Whitford, S. Columb Major, Cornwall, will be thankful for scraps and pieces for knitting into quilts, &c., for the poor.

We are trying to complete the sum of money needed for the restoration of our parish church, in a small agricultural village, by a sale of work. Many of the parishioners are working heartily for it who are not able to furnish their own materials. We shall be very grateful therefore for any contributions, either of finished or unfinished work, or for any remnants of material which we could use for children's dress or for fancy work.—*Rev. A. Newcomb, Claydon Station, Bucks.* Postal address—*Steeple Claydon Vicarage, Winston, Bucks.*

Surplices, communion-linen, or altar-cloths, for churches in New Zealand. Even if not new, if in good condition, they would be acceptable, and forwarded in a box which I shall be sending out to the Bishop in the autumn.—*Miss Weale, Whitchurch Canonicorum, Bridport.*

Flowers, ivy, and fern-leaves will be gratefully received by *Miss Barlow, S. Augustine's Mission House, Greenfield Street, Commercial Road, E.*, on the first Friday morning and Saturday evening of the month and any Tuesday morning.

Scraps, coloured pictures, and Christmas cards, for a book which she is making for a Home for Sick Children near London. All parcels to be pre-paid.—*I. R. E., Cowesfield House, Salisbury*, or *Dean Station, L. and S. W. R.*

L. K. J. would be very grateful to any readers of the *Monthly Packet* if they could spare her any coloured cards or scraps to add to her own small collection for a second scrap-book she is making for the Bloemfontein Mission. Those who have made scrap-books for the same purpose will understand what an innumerable quantity it takes, therefore the advertiser would be thankful for all the outside help she can obtain. Please address—*Miss M. E. B. Webster, Woodmancote Vicarage, Micheldever Station, Hants.*

Nassau, Bahamas.—Who will help to raise the 3,000*l.* still required for the re-endowment of the Bishopric? Money for this, or for Miss Fletcher's work among the native women, may be sent to *Miss J. A. Heathcote, Hursley Park, Winchester*, who will also answer inquiries respecting the Diocese.

SOCIETIES.

A Society for the study of the Scriptures and the Common Prayer-book, conducted by correspondence.—*E. J. H.*

Miss Cane, Mrs. McRie, Ernespie, Castle Douglas, N.B.—The rules of a Reading Society and an Early Rising Society with two or three vacancies.

Miss E. Gipps, Eckington Rectory, Chesterfield.—German Corresponding Class, not too advanced.

Ladies' Plain-work Society, half-year commenced June 15th. Subscription reduced to 1*s.* 6*d.* Prizes half-yearly. Rules sent on receipt of 4*d.* by the Secretary, *Miss Wood, Biddenham Vicarage, Bedford.*

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

K. W. Tucker, parcels of pictures she has received from A Schoolgirl, F. E. E., and one with the Bovey postmark.

Two little frocks and pinafores and 10*s.* by the Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory, from *G. M. H., Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road.*

L. B. S. Send to *A. K. B.* for pieces for patchwork.

For the Daisy-Chain Cot.—Aucuba, 5*s.*; Ethel Sophy Norris, sixth birthday offering, 6*s.*; Miss T. H. Blunt, 1*l.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window, in S. Mary's, Southampton.—*Miss L. Phillimore, 5, Arlington Street, S. W.*, begs to acknowledge with her best thanks for the above:—Miss C. M. Tidswell, 10*l.*; Miss M. Winthrop, 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. A. L., 10*s.*; E. M. Ford, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon., Theale, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Coningsby C. Sibthorpe, Esq., 1*l.*; Miss K. F. Drop, 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; S. P. L. G., 5*s.*; E. M. Ford, 2*s.* 6*d.*; In memory of a Confirmation in Freal Church, 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. A. L., 10*s.*; per the Rev. W. W. Perrin, 9*s.* 6*d.*; S. P. L. G., 5*s.*; Lady C. Guest, 3*l.*; Mrs. C. Edwards, 3*l.* 3*s.*; C. Sibthorp, Esq., 1*l.*; G. E. S. L., 10*s.*; H. S. D., 1*l.*;—321*l.* received; 144*l.* still required to complete the memorial.

Miss M. Moffett.—Illustrated London News weekly, from unknown friend in England for Mercers' Hospital, Dublin.

L. B. S., two parcels of list from Brighton.

NOTICE.

From henceforth advertisements of books for purchase or to borrow, societies, things to sell, and requests for subscriptions for individual or local purposes, must be paid for at the rate of sixpence for twenty words.

Questions of general interest and their answers will be inserted as before.

Advertisements to be sent with stamps, addressed to the publisher.

Spider Subjects.

The Spiders are much divided as to the weaving of aërial webs. Bath-Brick calls it opium-eating; L. S. R. shows up a girl who will not attend to her brother because she is in a dream; Wampus, Weasel, W. L. G., Madge Wildfire, Tipula, Lady Betty, New Spider cannot decry it enough, none of them apparently perceiving that it is the abuse of the thing they deprecate. Bog-Oak is the leader of those who can see both sides of the shield—namely, A Bee, Lauriston, Beppo, Undine, Howard, Frieda, The Muffin-Man, Cape Jasmine, E. D. B., Stella, Lunette, Fly (whose new name is pre-occupied), and May-Fly. Tipula answers a question asked by some, that *Chateaux en Espagne* were taken from the plans of conquest of the French in Spain. Grey Squirrel sensibly points out how the reins may be given to fancy over some mechanical employment; Germania, Quilly, and Colleen are all in favour of it, and Chelsea China has perhaps treated the matter with the most spirit and due reference to fitness of time and place.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CASTLE-BUILDING.

THE most commonly urged objections to castle-building are—First, that it is a great waste of time; secondly, that it makes people discontented with real life; and thirdly, that as the castle-builders generally put themselves in very interesting situations, it is a direct incentive to vanity and conceit, and on these grounds it is almost universally condemned, and many books for young people speak of it distinctly as a temptation to be avoided.

I am going to take up the cudgels for this much-abused propensity; not that I do not think it liable to tend to the errors above-mentioned, but because I believe that they are not of its essence, that it encourages good qualities to a greater degree than bad ones, and that I hold, with the authoress of the once-famous *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, when she said 'that half her sense and three parts of her virtue came from building castles in the air.'

Now, what *is* castle-building?

It is the framing imaginary pictures of future events that may or may not come to pass, may or may not be desirable, may or may not be even possible. As in childhood and early youth the future is much vaster and more vague than in later life, the practice is then much more common; but so long as hope and life lasts it exists for others, if not for ourselves. Now I think this castle-building in persons devoid of a turn for story-making takes a much more distinctly personal character. It is not only imaginative persons who foretell to themselves the future; but the edifices erected by those devoid of the faculty of fiction require more substantial bricks, and indeed are so probable that they fall with a much greater crash. A girl who can summon a lover from the ranks of the Crusaders or those of the nobility; who can see him die on the battle-field in a war not yet declared, for a cause not particularly specified; send him in heroic solitude to the most dangerous field of missionary labour, and give him her hand, amid showers of orange blossoms, with 40,000*l.* a year, and a ruined abbey to live in; yield him without a murmur to a rival, or refuse a duke for his sake, and live with him in an attic—all while she ought to be writing her German exercise—is less likely to be *deluded* by dreams of the future, however she may delight in them, than she who can but look a little further than the actual fact, or perhaps only picture the sweet past over again; while the mother who makes her son lord chancellor or missionary bishop, according to taste, will not depend so much on her visions for his future as she who only looks for the next step forward—which is often, after all, a perilous one.

But as practical people are not usually supposed to be castle-builders, I will take the more ordinary case of a person fully competent for aërial masonry, who can call spirits from the vasty deep, and find them answer to her summons. Did you ever, when you were a little girl and your playfellows were out of the way and life was dull, wander out into the garden on a summer day, and stray about, and look at the flowers and the sky, or the stones on the gravel walk, till—you did not know how then, and you don't know how now—you were not dull any longer; but you were living in your own future all dim, and yet dazzling; you were your very self, and yet you were knight and lady, princess and sprite. Some day you found that you had a new sister, or an aunt or a brother; that your family was suddenly ruined, and *you* their only support; that your nose, now short and snubby, was 'a Greek nose,' and your hair, at present brown and straight, 'fell in golden curls;' that you knew intimately the butcher's little daughter, and found her a congenial friend; that you had a white kitten with a bushy tail; that the Prince of Wales, suddenly deprived of his royal estate, appeared in rags before you, and you hid him in the summer-house and saved the school-room bread and butter for his support. Did you ever do it then? And sometimes when you are out on a holiday, and there no letters to write, and circumstances are *very* favourable, do you *never* do anything like it now?

It was a great waste of time. Was it? You had your holiday, and there was no one to play croquet with, and you had read all your story-books; and when the bell rang for school-room tea, you did not eat the bread and butter less heartily because the hour had been happy instead of dull, and though the Prince of Wales did not require the crusts. Of course, if you did not attend to the bell, or snubbed off your little brother who wanted to play with you, you were very naughty; but the croquet or the story-book would have offered an equal temptation. I think those dreams of the morning were among the childish pleasures which, as George Eliot says, are worked into the fabric of our lives.

Then, did you ever, as you grew older, find an idle hour and look out on life? The age of dragons and enchanted castles had not quite passed away; miracles were still just possible,; still, life had shown its face, and the fancies took soberer forms. On the whole, you didn't expect now to see the Black Prince; but you met face to face the living heroes and heroines, the authors and authoresses of your enthusiasm. Doubtless you found that they appreciated you; but oh, how splendid they were in your eyes! You painted a picture; Millais happened to see it in the Academy. You wrote a book, and woke up and found yourself famous. You passed an examination—ah! in that case I hope you waited to dream till the examination was over. You went to a ball—well, perhaps in a paper to defend castle-builders from a charge of idleness and vanity, *that* lovely vision is better left to that other form of castle-building which calls on memory instead of hope. But I think sometimes your visions pointed out hopes of future usefulness and self-devotion, which steadied and cleared the aims of life, however imperfectly they were fulfilled. I am sure that those that touched on the joys and sorrows of future life did something to soften the wilfulness of girlhood.

Did you waste your time? I dare say you did, over that and many other things. Did these dreams encourage vanity? Perhaps; but a hundred other things too—self-devotion, high purpose, lawful ambition, admiration of goodness. What was in the heart already they helped to grow. And *was* real life the duller for them? I can only say that I don't think it was.

But now perhaps you are a girl no longer, and you have learnt that the air will hold gloomy keeps as well as fairy palaces—'dark towers' indeed; that all dreams are not pleasant, nor all forecasts fair. You *know* that you won't astonish Millais, and the vision of a ruined family has lost its unaccountable early charm. Also it is just as well that desert islands are scarce, and that you are not likely to be cast on one. Some of your dreams are fulfilled, and you see how inadequate was the vision; and of some other things you have never known the sweetness but in a dream. Well, your bird has had his wings clipped, but he takes little flights still, does not he, now and then, on a fine day? There is still a little bright mistiness over pleasant projects and possible treats.

Dare I venture to suggest that if the visions have grown purer, if the aim has grown higher, as life has gone on, the fancy that has now employed itself on the future may help to realise the building of that City, to a House in which we are all bidden to look forward?

Yes; but that is a great *if*. I have purposely shown the mixture of folly and aspiration that I believe exists in the castle-building of an ordinarily well-disposed girl. I am sure that in many cases the dreams of youth are higher and better than I have attempted to describe, and I know, too, that if formed on fiction of a certain class they may be utterly mischievous. What I want to show is, that where the *character* of day-dreams is good, or even harmless, they brighten life rather than dim it, encourage good rather than evil, and are no more and no less 'waste of time' than any other innocent recreation.

CHELSEA CHINA.

Prester John may be taken as the outcome of the castle-building of our ancestors. The best is Bog-Oak; Alert, good and painstaking; Bubbles, careful; L. S. R., Polypodium, Grizel, Cape Jasmine, very good. Lady Betty, Bianca, The Turk, Prester John, Roma, Myrrhia.

PRESTER JOHN.

FAR in the wilds of Central Asia there reigned in the middle ages a mighty monarch, who had been raised, like David, to the crown from a shepherd life. His rule extended from India to China, and reached on the other side as far as Babylon. He ruled many tribes and nations, some of whom were cannibals, and in return for conquering their sovereign's enemies they were permitted by him to eat them. His land was rich in animals, plants, and precious metals and gems, and also in marvellous enchantments, including a fountain whose waters could cleanse men from sin and heal all their complaints. No vices were allowed in this wonderful kingdom, and he who told a lie was regarded as dead. But in the midst of all his magnificence the mighty Emperor felt a want, a longing for something higher and greater than royal power and riches; and one day his eyes were opened to see what was this higher power which even a mortal could possess. He, with one Christian knight, came, on the Saturday in Whitsun week, into a church in Egypt. There he beheld a Bishop conferring Holy Orders, and marvelling at the power which was bestowed, he inquired what was the degree of the men on whom the Bishop laid his hands. Being told that they thus became priests, he determined that 'he wolde no longer ben clept kyng ne emperour, but preest.' And inquiring the name of the first priest who left the Church, he took it for his own, and was ever after known as Presbyter Johannes, or Prester John. At length he led his armies forth to contend with the Mussulmans, and after an obstinate battle of three days he defeated them with great slaughter. On this he sent messages to his fellow-Christians in Europe that he would come to the help of the Crusaders. He also addressed a long letter to Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. Afterwards Pope Alexander III. wrote an epistle to him, reminding him of the paramount claims of the Apostolic See. The end of Prester Johannes is uncertain; but it is said that he tried to repress the rising power of the Tâtar tribes, who, retiring to the north, returned again under the command of Yenghis Khan, engaged Prester John in a desperate battle, slew him, and carried off his children into captivity.

Such was the story told by many grave authorities in the middle ages, and such was the vision which, like the El Dorado, the Fountain of Youth, or the Terrestrial Paradise, fired the breasts of many a voyager and discoverer. Popes and monarchs, soldiers and travellers, all dreamt of the vast, rich Christian empire, brilliant with all the gorgeous magnificence of the Orient, and ruled by the priestly-royal shepherd. Among those who wrote on this subject, with more or less belief in it, Baring-Gould quotes Otto of Friesingen (1156), Maimonides (1135–1204), Joshua Lorki (eighteenth century), Benjamin of Tudela (1159–1173), who however turns John into a Jewish king, Albericus Trium Fontium (1241), Sir John Maundevil, Rubruqius the Franciscan (1253), Marco Polo (1254–1324), Gregory Bar-Hebræus (1226–1286), John de Plano, Carpini, and Bishop Jordanus. From all accounts put together we find that Prester